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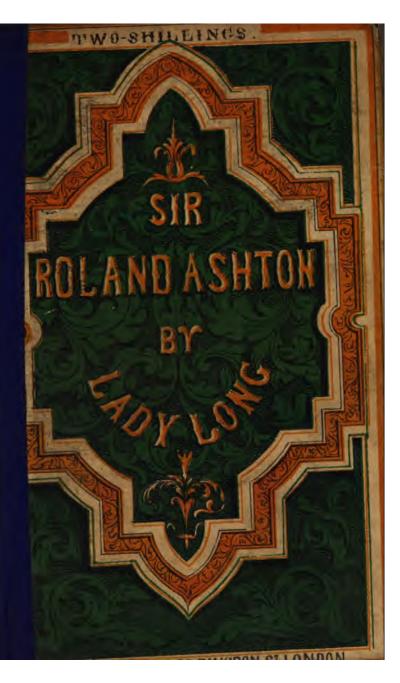
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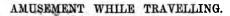
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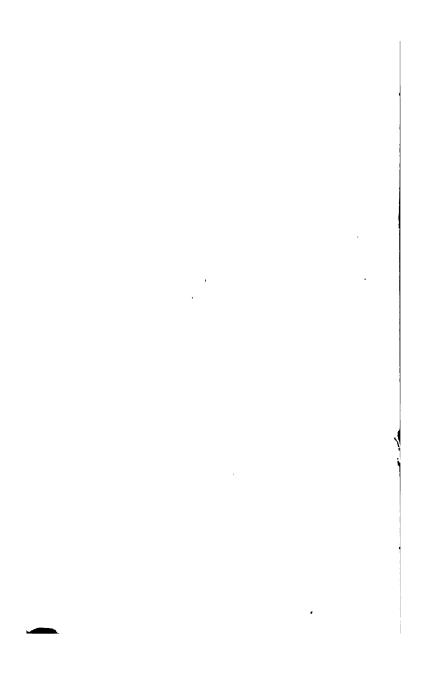
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### HENRIETTA ANNE,

# COUNTESS OF CARNARVON.

### My DEAR LADY CARNABVON,

I DEDICATE this Work to you as a memorial of the friendship and affection which have subsisted between us for so many years, and which time, it is pleasant to feel, not only cements, but causes continually to increase.

Your idea is also particularly associated with it in my mind, for you are fully acquainted with the motive, wholly distinct from personal considerations, which originally induced me to think of writing, and you were among the very first to encourage me in the undertaking.

I know there are many most excellent people who do not approve of religious sentiments being brought forward through the medium of fiction, and who think that works of that nature are not calculated to produce good effects. But my experience has taught me decidedly the contrary; for not only have they often been instrumental in awakening and exalting spiritual feelings, but in some instances they have been the means, in God's hands, of conveying vital truth to the soul.

I am fully aware that my hero is not perfect, nor have I endeavoured to make him so, for perfection is not to be found in man; but I have endeavoured to prove, as far as fiction can prove any thing, that religion has power greatly to overcome the natural faults of disposition, and to strengthen and sustain the soul under the trials and temptations of life. The tale flows on "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," pretty much as real life does to those who, though not of the world, are constrained to live much in it; and I have not thought it necessary. in the least, to lower the tone

of innocent cheerfulness, or of natural feeling and affection; on the contrary, I have endeavoured to represent love in its very highest degree, believing that in the noblest characters it will always hold that place; and also thinking that it gives the love of God a much higher triumph to represent it as capable, which it truly is, of subduing the lofty and vehement feelings of men, than as able merely to control the tame and placid emotions of commonplace character.

In dedicating my book to you, I am not afraid of compromising you in any way; for though we may not always feel the same on religious subjects, yet we both know that the difference lies merely in the depth of tone, and not in the nature of the colouring; and you therefore have not feared allowing yourself to be associated with my wholly untried work, while I do not dread, by any sentiments brought forward in it, bringing a shadow of discredit upon a name so justly dear to me.

Believe me ever,

My dear Lady Carnarvon,

Your truly affectionate

CATHARINE LONG.

Spa, June 18, 1844.

# SIR ROLAND ASHTON:

### A Tale of the Times.

### CHAPTER I.

"Now in thy youth beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That His light in thy heart become not dim
And His love be unforgot;
And thy God in the darkest of days shall be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee."
BERNARD BARYON.

"" VOYAGER c'est un triste plaisir" (travelling is a melancholy pleasure), said Sir Roland Ashton to Lady Constance Templeton, as he walked with her in the garden at Claverton, just before he

started for the Continent.

Claverton, the seat of Lord St. Ervan, Lady Constance's father, was situated in Cornwall, very near the coast. Only a few miles distant from it was Sir Roland Ashton's residence, Ilanaven, which was a magnificent place, and surrounded by an immense property; which, together with an ancient baronetcy, Sir Roland had inherited from his father when only fifteen years of age. His mother had been a most intimate friend of the late Lady St. Ervan's; and a similarity in feeling and principles had drawn the bonds of amity between the two families very close. Lady St. Ervan's death (which took place when her youngest child, Lady Florence, was about three years old) robbed Claverton of half its attractions for Lady Ashton; yet her friendship for Lord St. Ervan continued unabated, while the motherless state of his two little girls formed a new claim on her sympathy and kindness; and when, a few months afterwards, she lost her own husband, her deep grief found a partial relief in the almost maternal care she bestowed on the children of her friend, who, with her own two sons, Sir Roland and his younger brother Henry, formed the solace and charm of her existence.

The children of the two families had grown up together on terms of the fondest intimacy. Their homes were so near, that they continually saw each other; and during absence at school or college, or when Henry, who was in the navy, went to sea, constant communications between them had prevented their ever being separated in heart; and letters were as frequently exchanged between Lady Constance and her absent friends, as between them

and their mother. She had ever felt for them the confiding love of a sister, and Henry returned her affection in like manner; but Sir Roland's feelings had gradually deepened into one of exclusive love and attachment. Having, however, on one occasion, hinted his wishes to Lord St. Ervan, the latter had begged him, for a time, to defer making them known to their object, considering her too young (she was but in her seventeenth year) to know her own mind on such a subject. Finding it extremely irksome to continue near, and yet be obliged to repress the feelings which were ever hovering on his lips, Sir Roland determined to go abroad for a year, trusting he should be permitted at the expiration of that time, to open his heart to her in whom all his warmest affections centred; and the day on which this story opens was that on which he was about to commence what he considered a dreary exile.

After quitting Llanaven, he had to pass the park-gates of Claverton; and, having taken leave of his mother at the former place, he could not resist paying a farewell visit at Lord St. Ervan's. He found Lady Constance in the garden, and was taking a last walk with her, when he made the exclamation with which this chapter commences,—"Voyager c'est un triste plaisir!"—"At least, so it seems to me," he continued, "when it begins with partings such as these. Dear Constance, I cannot bear to go. Does it not seem like madness to hurry away from what one loves best on earth, 'pour aller là où personne ne vous attend?' (to go there

where no one is expecting you.)"

"I am sure you will enjoy it when onee you are abroad," said Lady Constance; "but parting is always sorrow, and never even sweet sorrow,' I think, though Shakspeare calls it so. It is bitter sorrow to me, I know, parting with you, Roland;" and she burst into tears.

"Constance, dear," said Sir Roland, in great agitation, "do not,

I beseech you,—I cannot bear those tears!

"Oh! they are only for a moment," she answered, smiling through them; "and selfish tears too, for I know you will enjoy your travels so much; but just at the time—" and again her tears burst forth.

Sir Roland abruptly left her, and threw himself down on a seat in a summerhouse near; he could not trust himself with her at that moment. She soon, however, joined him with an April face. and, sitting down by him,-

"There," she said, smiling, "I have wiped my tears away, as

you had no compassion on them." Sir Roland could not answer.

"You will write very often," she continued; "we shall delight in tracing every step of your journey. It will be so dull when you

as well as Henry are away."

"Oh, yes! I will write continually, and you will write to me,all of you. Do not forget me. Constance," he added, a deep seriousness resting on his countenance, "will you grant me one favour ?"

"Gladly, if I can."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Then meet me every night, at midmight, before the throne of

God. It will be a solace to me to know that there, at least, we shall be together."

"I will, and pray for me, Roland—pray that my weak faith may be strengthened, and that I may continually grow in grace. And

what shall I pray for specially,—for you?"

"Pray, for me, that I may be preserved from, and in temptation. I go where God is not much honoured or regarded; pray, that my love may not become cold. I do not fear it," he added with a sigh, "as regards my earthly feelings; but I dread as the worst evil,—yes, truly as the worst evil, coldness of heart towards God. I rejoice that you have made this appointment with me, Constance, it takes away some of the sting of parting; God will surely bless our meeting in His presence, and I shall long for the quiet night-hour, for then I shall know your heart is with me."

Lady Constance held out her hand to him, and smiled through

fresh-springing tears.

"Oh! I hear those hateful wheels," she cried, starting up; "why did you order the carriage round so soon?"

"I must not be late," said Sir Roland; "and the sooner we part, the sooner will this terrible pain be over. Do not come with me to the carriage, Constance; I cannot say farewell before others. I shall like to think of my last look of you here in your own flowery summerhouse. You will often think of me, my dearest?"

Lady Constance could not speak. Sir Roland looked at her for one moment, then, kissing the hand she had held out to him,

turned, and was gone.

### CHAPTER II.

So spake the scraph Abdiel, faithful found Among the faithless, faithful only he. Among innumerable false unmoved, Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified, His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal; Nor number, nor example, with him weigh'd To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind. Though single." MILTON.

Or all the characters that the imagination of genius had ever aketched, the one that had most delighted Sir Roland, even from his boyish days, was that drawn with the master-hand of Milton, and quoted above; and often had he prayed that he might be enabled to follow the bright example of the glorious being there portrayed. God had heard and recorded the aspirations of his youthful servant, and had given him a strength of character rarely met with. Continual, indeed, were the failings and evils he found in his own heart; but the knowledge of his infirmities ever led him to throw himself with greater self-abandonment on Christ, for all his strength and all his salvation; and thus, like the fabled Anteeus of old, he rose the stronger from every fall. The light of hely truth had early shone upon him, and the blessing of God had berne him, almost harmless, through scenes that too often wreck

both the virtue and the peace of youth. Though entering with the kindest sympathy into the feelings of others, his own heart seemed lifted above the world, and continually dwelling in the presence of God; and in him was realized, to a most unusual degree, the power of a living faith; evidencing the truth of Scripture, "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon Thee." The generality even of true Christians pay, as it were, but visits to the throne of grace, and are too apt to suffer themselves at other times to be overcharged with the cares and affections of this world; but with Sir Roland the peace of God abode, for his soul was stayed

upon his heavenly Father.

On leaving Claverton, he proceeded direct to London, where he was joined by a friend whose mind was wholly congenial to his own, and who had agreed to accompany him in his travels. Scott was three years younger than Sir Roland. He had not been blessed, like him, with parents who had trained his youth in the ways of piety and usefulness; but, having been brought up for the world, he had pursued its pleasures and dissipations with eagerness and delight. His mother died early; and his father, though he had thrown his son into the society he thought most advantageous in all worldly points of view, yet when he saw the evils it led him into, mourned over that which his own hand had done. He died when his son was about twenty, and during the previous seclusion of a long illness, he learned the insufficiency of earthly things to bring comfort and peace in the hour of death; and bitterly did he then regret the life and strength he had wasted on the things of this world. His son's dissipated life filled him with alarm and self-upbraiding. When he spoke to him on the subject, he would laugh, saying, "he must live as others did;" that "young men must be young men," &c.

But when his father's illness assumed a dangerous aspect, it seemed to sober him at once. He was most attentive and kind, and seldom left the house. Yet there seemed no conviction of sin, no awakening of the conscience, or turning of the heart to God; and the unhappy father had to leave the world under the agonizing apprehension that the son, whose late unremitting attentions had made him dearer to him than ever, was a stranger to God, and wholly given to the follies of the world. He had neglected to commend his young years to his Maker, and now he had to leave him alone in the world, without one human counsellor to assist him, and wholly ignorant of Him in whose service alone there is true

wisdom.

After the first feelings of natural grief and mourning had subsided, Mr. Scott, having nothing within to sustain and comfort him, naturally fell back to the companions with whom his life had been spent. In very kindliness they tried to raise his spirits, after their own fashion, by leading him to "drown care" in renewed folly and dissipation; and he entered into the snare with the gusto of one who takes up again a favourite enjoyment after having been for a time debarred from its pursuit. But he soon became surprised at finding that these things had not the charm for him that they formerly possessed. He no longer returned from the haunts of folly

or vice light-hearted, reckless, and cheerful; but a weight and oppression hung over him, and his heart, uneasy and disappointed,

Still, however, he went on, and even plunged deeper and deeper into sin and folly, in order to stifle the voice that was speaking within. Though he had never been convinced by what his father had said to him, yet his conversation had brought new subjects before his mind; and when he began again to mix in the world, the aspect of things seemed changed to him, and he gradually lost all power of enjoyment in scenes that had once seemed so enchanting. Yet still he knew of nothing better, and his old associates could in no way help him; they "being tied and bound with the chain of those sins," which he began so earnestly to desire to shake off.

Just when his mind was in this state, one of his cousins, who had been abroad for some years, returned to England. He had seen but little of him before that time; but, as soon as he became well acquainted with him, he took an extreme liking to his society, which his near relationship gave him frequent opportunities of Mr. Singleton was one whose principles and pursuits were wholly at variance with those of his young cousin; yet hoping to do him good, and feeling a great regard for him notwithstanding his many faults, he let him be as much with him as he chose; and an extreme intimacy thus grew up between them. He was several years older than Mr. Scott, and of a most commanding style of countenance and character. He was very desirous to be of use to his cousin, but he determined not to press the subject of religion too much upon him. He felt sure, from what he saw, that his mind was unsatisfied with his present pursuits, and he thought it best to let him feel his misery fully, before he tried to relieve him from it, by pointing out the only path of peace and happiness. With every one he would not have acted in this way; but he was well versed in reading human character, and he saw so much of determination and indomitable energy in Mr. Scott, that he felt convinced that if he commenced the attack, the other would never willingly relinquish the defence of any point.

One morning thoroughly out of humour with himself and all the world, Mr. Scott threw himself on a sofa in his cousin's room,

exclaiming that "he was a miserable wretch!"

"I shouldn't wonder," said the other, coolly, continuing a letter he was writing.
"Why so?" said Mr. Scott, rather indignant at the readiness

with which his assertion had been received.

"You seem to me to labour under many disadvantages," said his

"I am generally considered," returned Mr. Scott, now apparently set upon making himself out to be remarkably happy, "to be rather an enviable fellow, and to possess an unusual share of advantages in the world."

His cousin was silent, and pertinaciously plied his pen.
"Why should you fancy I was miserable?" said Mr. Scott.

<sup>&</sup>quot;One reason was, that you said you were," replied his cousin.

"Oh! one often says things one doesn't mean."

"Does one?—I don't."

"What an odious fellow you are, Singleton!"

"I suppose one is saying what one doesn't mean now," replied his cousin, quietly sealing his letter.

"No, I do mean it. I hate you when you are in these humours." "In what humours?" asked Mr. Singleton, extinguishing the bougie, and turning to his cousin in an attitude of patient attention: "I have finished my letter now, and can attend to you and to your misery—or happiness. Which is it to be?"

Mr. Scott was excessively provoked,—the more so, that he could

not help laughing.

"I shall not talk any more to you," he said, starting up; "but

leave you till you are in a better mood.'

"I assure you I am in quite a sweet mood," said Mr. Singleton: "so let us discuss leisurely this very interesting, and seemingly rather obscure point."

"I wish it were made law," said Mr. Scott, "to strangle people

who provoke one, on the spot."

Mr. Singleton laughed loud and long; so loud and so long that his cousin could not refrain from joining him; and all preliminaries being thus brought to a happy conclusion, they entered on the business under discussion.

"Well, why, I ask you once more, should you take upon you to imagine that I am miserable; and why do you say that I labour

under disadvantages? What are they?

"Your misery we will let rest upon your own assertion. The disadvantages rest on mine, and I am prepared to name and prove them. You are young, rich, clever, agreeable, fashionable, idle, and godless."

"I am not going to dispute the latter points," replied Mr. Scott, with rather a heightened colour; "but how, with all your love of paradoxes, will you make it out that being (as you obligingly fictionise me to be) rich, elever, agreeable, and fashionable, is to be labouring under disadvantages. They are things usually rather coveted than otherwise."

"My sayings," replied Mr. Singleton, "are perfect as wholes; I cannot be answerable for them in fragments. I again assert, that a man endowed with all the attributes and qualifications I have named, united together, labours under great disadvantages.

"I suppose you mean, that to a godless man, as you are liberal

enough to call me, the things first on your list act as snares."
"I do mean that, my dear Willy," said the other, kindly; "the freight that would be very valuable if God were at the helm, tends

but the more to sink the ship when Satan steers.

This pious but eccentric man then proceeded to lay before his cousin many valuable views of himself, and of God; and the result of many conversations, of many hard-fought battles, and of much patient exertion on his part, was that, by the blessing of God, Mr. Scott was brought to see things as the Almighty sees them; and not only to lament, but entirely to give up, his former mode of life. The energy of character which had made him go farther than many in the pursuits of the world, made him now surpass most others in the diligence with which he subdued the evils of his own nature, and sought occasions of mercy and kindness towards his fellowereatures. It was after this great and happy change had taken place, that he became acquainted with Sir Roland, whose mind was not less energetic than his own in all good things; and the similarity in their habits and feelings produced between them a strong and lasting friendship.

Though Sir Roland was so much attached to Lady Constance Templeton, yet his reserve was so great on this subject, that he and Mr. Scott had travelled together for some time before the latter became at all aware of the state of his feelings; and then it was by accident more than intention that the secret of his heart escaped him. He nursed it as a treasure too delightful, too sacred, to be laid open to common eyes; though, after it had once been mentioned, he often found a solace in speaking of his future hopes.

After spending some months in the more southern parts of Europe, the two friends went to pay a visit to Sir Roland's uncle, Lord N.—, his mother's brother, who was then ambassador at one of the northern courts, and who was delighted to see his nephew, and invited both him and Mr. Scott to remain in his house during

their stay at -

On Sir Roland's arrival, he found that the secretary of embassy, Mr. Anstruther, an old acquaintance of his, had been dangerously ill, and was consequently unable to fulfil the duties of his office. He had, indeed, wholly resigned his employment, as he had been told that his best chance of recovery was going to a warmer climate, which he purposed doing as soon as he should have regained a little more strength. This was a great trouble to Lord N—, who had been long accustomed to him, and who had none but young thoughtless attachés about him, in whom he could place but small reliance. The person who was appointed to the vacant post was at that time in a distant part of the world, and some months must necessarily elapse before he could enter on his new situation, and, in this dilemma, Lord N— asked Sir Roland to act as secretary till the one newly appointed should arrive, if government would consent to his doing so.

Sir Roland, anxious to continue his journey, and longing to be again at home, felt very averse to complying with this proposal; but his uncle was not young, and had much important business on his hands, and he felt that it would be selfish to refuse his assistance in such an emergency; so he sacrificed, as was his wont, his own pleasure to the gratification of others, and yielded to his uncle's wish for him to remain for awhile with him at —.

He expected to find his new situation extremely irksome, accustomed as he was to perfect freedom of action, and to associating chiefly with such friends as he liked; but it was galling to him beyond all that he could have conceived. In the midst of a dissipated capital, and living in the ambassador's house, he found that a very different course of life and of conduct was expected from him than any to which he had ever before been accustomed, and which it was totally impossible for him to adopt. His upright mind was

shocked continually at things which occurred in the course of the business he had to transact; and he ventured to mention to his uncle several matters, which seemed to him to bear far away from the open, truthful conduct, which had hitherto been his only line of action. Lord N—— smiled at his nephew's "unnecessary scrupulosity," as he called it, and which he attributed solely to his inexperience in the ways of the world; for long as he had known Sir Roland, he had not yet penetrated into the recesses of his noble mind. He was, perhaps, of a rather reserved temper; but this, though proceeding partly from natural disposition, was much increased by finding few who could understand the exalted Christian characters written on his heart. They were like hieroglyphics to the people of the world, therefore to such he unconsoiously closed the volume; while to those who knew him well, and were able to appreciate his feelings, every line of his bright and godly character

was open for perusal.

The old Machiavellian style of policy is now happily much exploded from our councils; but Lord N—, though of an upright, honourable character in ordinary life, was a man of the world, and retained much of the old routine of conduct which formerly was thought necessary in his situation. To disguise his wishes, rather than make them plain, was, he thought, the grand desideratum; while no art was considered dishonourable that could tend to the discovery of the secret intentions of the powers with whom he had to act. Sir Roland, however, stated at once that it would be impossible for him to use falsehood or deceit in any way. He did not, of course, fancy that he was to dictate what measures were to be adopted, such things depending on persons much higher in power than himself; but in carrying out those measures, as far as he was intrusted with their conduct, he assured his uncle he could not act otherwise than with candour and honesty; and he felt convinced, he added, "that openness would, in the end, be found to answer the best, even in this world's estimation."

"I must let you take your own way, I suppose," said Lord N——, good-humouredly; "but you will soon have had enough of truth-

telling in this lying world."

"Tiuth is, surely, the least difficult of all positions to attain and to defend," replied Sir Roland. "'The worst part of telling one lie, some one said, 'is the having to tell so many to uphold it. Now, without approving the morality of my friend of the single lie, yet the correctness of his position is, we well know, matter of

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history and experience."

"It may be so," returned his uncle; "but the first lie in diplomacy was told such centuries ago, that I confess that I quail under the attempt of cleansing this Augean stable. If Diogenes was forced to take a lantern to find an honest man in his day, I am sure it would need a Bude light to discover one now, at least amongst our ranks. And I suspect you will find one very necessary, too, in your pertinacious search after truth, which lies, they say, at the bottom of a well."

"'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet," said Sir Roland; "that is the only light which guides to truth—all others lead astray; and

Scripture warns us that it were better to cut off the right hand

than to let it cause us to offend."

"Cut off your own hand, by all means," answered Lord N-"if you have any particular predilection that way; but pray remember that you have your country to consult as well as your own fancies; and don't be like the lady, who, determining to have her own way with the loaf, cut herself through, and the footman behind her."

Sir Roland laughed, and was about to speak, but his uncle continued, "Your country will not feel very grateful, I can tell you, if you sacrifice her interests to follow some phantasm of your own, which no one can understand when they have got it, probably not even yourself. You may, perhaps, think it your duty in private life, to go about telling people how frightful and disagreeable you think them; but that will not do here. When there are conflicting duties, we must reconcile them as well as we can.

There was much in the contemptuous tone of his uncle which was unpleasant to Sir Roland, but his usual self-command did not desert him. His uncle's age would have prevented any quick reply, even if otherwise he might have been tempted to have given way to one, and with great temperance he answered, "I cannot but think it is an error, though I know it is a common one, to talk of conflicting duties; such cannot surely exist. There can be but me line of action at one time that is right; all others, therefore,

nust necessarily be wrong."

"All that sounds vastly pretty, and amazingly conclusive," answered Lord N——; "but I conceive, with all due deference to your greater experience, that it may so happen that what is well to do at one time is ill to do at another. Truth is a very good thing, where it will achieve the purpose we have in hand; but even the truth will not bear telling at all times, or in all places. If these rascally fellows saw we had set our hearts upon any thing, do you think they would let us have it? Not they. It would be putting whip, spur, and bit into their hands, to use as they pleased on us. No, no, depend upon it, it is not your four-footed pig alone who must be told we are taking him to Fermov if we would get him to Kilkenny.

"But if all act on the same plan," replied Sir Roland, "we may also find ourselves at Kilkenny, some fine day, without intending it."

"There is that danger, to be sure," answered Lord N—; "but we must have our wits about us, and only sleep with one eye at a time. It is useless, if you really want a thing, to act in such a way as to cut up your own project by the roots. In the prosecution of a great end, smaller interests must give way."

"As was the case with the unfortunate Princes Mediatises at the

Lord N—shook his head at him, though a smile lurked at the corners of his mouth. "You are quick enough at finding out the faults of your betters, I see," he said; "but if you are so malapert, I shall give you double work to do to keep you quiet. But I'll answer for it you are just like your father; there never was any persuading him to do a thing like other people. Sometimes, when

we were boys together—and a bold boy he was—aye, and a noble fellow, too—he would be wanting perhaps to do, or to have, something or other, (reasonable enough, I dare say,) and would be always for going directly to ask his father about it, who was one of the most capricious bodies that ever lived. I used to say to him sometimes, 'Wait a little, and see what sort of a humour he is in.' But, 'No,' he would answer, looking very fierce and virtuous, 'if it is a right thing to do, it is a right thing to ask for at all times! I hate your deceit.' So off he went, going bolt up to his father—at a time when no man in his senses would have ventured to have spoken to him, even to tell him that he had had a fortune of twenty thousand a-year left him,—and out he comes at once with his request. 'It needs no ghost' to tell what was the invariable result. 'Well,' I would say, when he returned, 'you have got your wish, of course.' 'No,' with a sigh of resignation, 'but I dare say there is some good reason why it is refused me.'"

"My dear father!" exclaimed Sir Roland involuntarily, his

heart glowing at the recollection of him.

"Yes, he was a very dear father, and a very good father," said Lord N—; "and a good husband, and a good man. And your mother is just such another spirit. Honest, open, truth-telling people, both—worthy and excellent—and intellectual too, especially your father; but they would have ruined the interests of any nation in a fortnight. Happy thing that they settled quietly in the country! 'I cannot wonder,' he continued, looking slily but kindly at his nephew, "that you are no better than you are, considering

from whom you spring.

Sir Roland smiled gratefully at the implied compliment to himself and to his parents, while his countenance lighted up with the beauty of filial love. "The thought of them is, indeed, most cheering to me" he said, "showing what single-minded faith in Christ will do. Yet I must confess I do not quite agree in my father's boyish sentiment; for if you do want a thing, it is best to take all lawful measures to obtain it, if it is a matter of indifference, it were best not to irritate the other party by mooting the point at all. I think he should have waited till his father was in a mood, quietly and reasonably, to judge of his request; and not have asked it of a person who, to all intents and purposes, was at the time non compos. We are told to use the wisdom of the serpent as well as the simplicity of the dove."

"Well, well, my dear boy, that is just what I have been saying. If you have a point at heart, gain it—honestly of course, if you

can.'

"Nay, nay, my dear uncle," replied Sir Roland; "I say, be honest, and gain your point, if you can. A Christian does not reckon that he can gain a point with other than honest weapons."

"My young Solomon," said Lord N—, "we must beat our enemies with their own weapons, if we expect to beat them at all."

"'Duties are ours, events are God's,' "said Sir Roland, gravely; "no Jesuit should be allowed to creep into our councils. It was one of my father's sayings, I remember well, 'that the path of duty is generally clear to those who have no secret wish to turn aside from it.'"

"Well, have it your own way, for a headstrong, wilful boy, as said Lord N-, who, nevertheless, could not help secretly admiring what he considered his nephew's chivalrous romance of character; "ask the light, then, of your chosen lamp on

the subject."

"You will think I am determined to gainsay all your advice," said Sir Roland, good-humouredly; "but I cannot ask counsel on a point where plain commands have been laid down. It would be like Balaam, going to inquire of God, in hopes of being allowed to curse, where God had pronounced his determination to bless."

"Upon my word, young gentleman, you are rather strong in your language," said Lord N—.

"I beg your pardon, my dear uncle," said Sir Roland; "I did not at the moment perceive the strict application of the words; for nothing would induce me wilfully to say a disrespectful word to you. But still, dear sir, if you would but only consider the matter, I am sure you would see it in this light; we know that all insincerity is condemned by God, and He certainly pronounces anything but a blessing upon it."

"No one, as you well know, Roland," said Lord N-, mildly, "disdains a lie more, as man to man, than I do; but I assure you, in public business you will find it absolutely impossible to do

without it.'

"I cannot believe it," said Sir Roland; "nay, it is impossible it should be the case. Is it not God's intention that nation should have intercourse with nation? Most assuredly, then, such intercourse can be, and should be, carried on in accordance with His most truthful laws."

"Well, I see you are determined to beat me out of the field," said Lord N-, puckering up his eyebrows into a tremendous frown, from beneath which his quick, clear, grey eye twinkled with the most good-humoured expression; "there is no such thing as reverence for the wisdom of age in these degenerate days; so I shall hand you over to George Anstruther. There's a scholar who has far outstripped his master! and you will be quick, indeed, if you are able at all times to give him a 'Rowland for his Oliver.'"

So saying, and shaking hands kindly with his nephew, he left

the room.

"Strange," thought Sir Roland, when alone, "that Satan should have such unlimited range through this world! Well is he called the 'prince of this world,' 'the prince of the power of darkness.' But a day will come, and that soon I trust, when his power shall be cast down, and the Lord of truth shall reign throughout His earth.

### CHAPTER III.

"That keen sarcastic levity of tongue, The stinging of a heart the world has stung." Phantasmagoria.

Mr. Anstruther was, indeed, an apt pupil of Lord N-'s in the arts of diplomacy; or rather, he might properly be called, his

active master; for bold, unscrupulous, and full of resource, he led, rather than followed, his nominal chief. Lord N- made use of deceit in his way of carrying on affairs, in submission to the supposed necessities of the case; but Mr. Anstruther rejoiced in it as in an exercise of ability and ingenuity. To him the keen encounter of wits in these matters was a most exhibit exercise; and he seemed to have little amusement at any time, but in playing with the weaknesses and sins of his fellow creatures. Yet, notwithstanding that this was his well-known character, he possessed such a power of fascination that, when he chose it, he could unlock almost every heart: and wind its most secret feelings from the unsuspecting mind. Penetrating to the keenest degree, he delighted in reading the thoughts of others. He quickly perceived if there existed in any one a dislike towards another; and by a judicious throwing in of now a little praise, now a little censure, of the obnoxious personage, would bring out all the unkindly feelings that lurked in the heart of his companion, and not unfrequently create a vast deal more than had before existed.

He amused himself, too, in diving into the heart's secrets, as regarded its likings, as well as its dislikings; and it might be said truly of him, "qu'il aimait planter le couteau dans le cœur d'un homme, pour en faire sortir ce qu'il y avait." (He delighted in planting a knife in the heart of a man, that he might find out what was in it). If he wished to ascertain the state of any one's feelings, he would casually mention the name of the person towards whom he suspected a preference; or more frequently, perhaps, say something disparaging of them, in order to elicit a burst of feeling. If he were desirous of observing secretly the effect of his words, he would let his eyes fall vacantly upon his companion, in the midst of the conversation, gathering at that one, apparently listless glance, worlds of knowledge; or if he wished to obtain power over him, by letting him see he was master of his secret, he would, when he was in the height of the turmoil his observations occasioned, suddenly fix his dark, keen eye upon him, in a way from which there was no retreat, and with an expression which told him plainly that his heart was wholly open before him. He delighted in boasting of the various acts he practised; yet such was the ability with which he made use of them, that few were aware of his designs when directed against themselves.

His mother had been a great friend of Lady Ashton's, for they were kindred spirits. Not so their sons! If there was a being in the world who was distasteful to Sir Roland—if there was one whom he could have looked upon with a well-defined wish of never looking on him again, it was George Anstruther! For his mother's sake he had kept up his acquaintance with him, though chosen companions they had ceased to be for many years. As well might the frozen Laplander and the heated denizen of the tropics expect to flourish in the same temperature, as George Anstruther and Sir Roland Ashton to find breathing-space in the same moral atmosphere,—each poisoned the air for the other. There was something in the reckless want of principle—the daring disregard of all things sacred—the wily reasonings, and cool, playful contempt, of Mr. Anstruther—mingled too, with a careless, gaily good-humoured.

manner, under cover of which he gave vent to the most biting sar-casms,—that seemed to paralyse Sir Roland's very heart and soul; while there was that in Sir Roland's real dignity of mind and uprightness of principle—in his keen discernment, and calm, penetrating eye, under which Mr. Anstruther writhed and shrunk like a victim under the knife.

There was one point, and one only, which seemed to be a link between their common natures; and that was the devoted love which Mr. Anstruther bore to the memory of his mother. She had died when he was yet a child, and he seldom spoke of her; but when he did so, the whole current of his being appeared for the moment changed; the evils of his nature seemed driven back to their own dark abodes, and feelings, scarcely natural, almost angelic, for an instant flooded his mind. To the very outward eye his appearance was changed at these times, and his marked and handsome features wore a heavenly expression, in place of the

repellent, harsh restlessness, which was their general character. It was strange, that to Sir Roland alone did he ever show these intense workings of feeling. Never would be voluntarily have revealed them to any living soul,—it was no relief to him to do so;—no comfort did he seek, in speaking of her he had loved with so intense a love; but when the remembrance of her took full possession of his mind, he seemed to realize her very presence, and to be borne away as by a resistless flood; and though old recollections, by associating Sir Roland's idea with the loved remembrance of his mother, might have somewhat to do in accounting for his confidence with him, we must seek its chief cause in the secret, unacknowledged, even unsuspected influence, which his truthful character and deep feeling exerted over him. He felt, intuitively, that with him all secrets would be safe—that he would never make his feelings subjects of ridicule, or even of conversation with others; and therefore, though in the presence of any one else he would probably have preferred dying in the effort to suppress emotion, yet with him, the restraint being a shade less powerful, the sluice-gates of his soul would at times give way, and all the feelings of a naturally affectionate heart would "burst forth in one wild flood;" though when he regained power to pen them back again, he hated him the more for having been witness to their outflowings.

But on Sir Roland these scenes had a far different effect; they awakened in him an interest which not all the horror he felt of Mr. Anstruther's general tone of feeling could wholly do away. They kept alive a hope within his heart that the awful fiat might not

yet have gone forth against him as against Ephraim of old: "He is joined to his idols—let him alone."

He therefore determined to keep up a kindly intercourse with him, how disagreeable soever to himself, in the hope that, sooner or later, he might be enabled to show him "the way, the truth, and the life," which were now so wholly hidden from his eyes. He knew what must be his eternal portion unless his heart were changed and his sins pardoned through the blood of Christ; and, not for even his worst enemy, could he have brooked to think of the horror of everlasting death.

Then marvel not if such as back
In purest light of innocence,
Hope against hope in love's dear task,
Spite of all dark offence.
If they who hate the trespass most,
Yet, when all other love is lost,
Love the poor sinner, marvel not;
Christ's mark outwears the rankest blot."

Yet, for all his kindly wishes, it was with a heavy step that he now proceeded to pay the invalid a visit, which he feared would be

a painful one in every way.

Mr. Anstruther had been so weak hitherto, that he had been unable to see any one; but the interdict was now taken off, and a few of his most intimate acquaintances were allowed to visit him. He lived in Lord N---'s house, in apartments just over Sir Roland's; so ascertaining from his servant that he was ready to receive him, the latter mounted the stairs and entered his room. It was partially darkened, and Mr. Anstruther, who was reclining on a sofa, lay with his back to the light. Serious and almost fatal, as had been his illness, his vanity was still in full exercise, and he could not endure the idea of any one's perceiving the great ravages that sickness had made in his looks. One point of his ambition had ever been to be supposed superior to the common weaknesses of human nature; therefore to have been sick and ill, like any ordinary man, was a terrible downfal to his vanity, and galled immensely his arrogant spirit. In receiving the visits of his acquaintance (friends he had none—Sir Roland and Lord N- forming probably the sum-total of those who took any real interest in him) he assumed the most animated spirits, though often suffering severely afterwards for the efforts he was so ill calculated to sustain.

"Roland, my fine fellow, how are you?" he said, holding out two fingers as Sir Roland approached him; "where have you been disposing your person since last we met? You see me here in a new character. I had got tired of all the old ways, or rather they of me, I suppose, and so they tossed me over to a sick-bed by way of something new. However, they knew their man, and gave me the only really gentlemanlike, aristocratic illness in the world—the only illness I could endure to die of. 'Inflammation on the lungs' has something really romantic in its sound; as if one had nothing more gross or material about one than the breath of life—the ethereal and only point on which one was vulnerable. Then the 'sleepless night,' the 'fluttering pulse,' the 'hectic colour,'—are all so interesting! The very sounds are euphonious, and flow so well from the lips of the Clementinas and Seraphinas who hover about your door in spasms of anxiety, and mourn your untimely fate in laced and scented handkerchiefs. But now, Sir Baronet, recount

all your exploits since last we parted."

He waited for Sir Roland's answer, glad to avail himself of the opportunity of rest; for even such small exertion nearly overcame

"I have been travelling very soberly," answered Sir Roland, "over many kings' highways, through France, Italy, &c., 'doing

all the sights,' that other people do." He then proceeded to "say where he'd been, and what faces he'd seen," as far as he thought it might amuse his auditor, who lay with his eyes shaded by his hand, looking the picture of death. He was much shocked by his appearance, and in a short time rose to depart, saying he thought he had already stayed too long.

"Not at all, my dear fellow," said the sick man, in the most vivacious tone. "Charmed to see you, only those stupid fellows of doctors have kept the room so dark for some time that the light oppresses my eyes now. Sitstill as long as ever you like. What! you will go? Well, come in whenever you choose—do not stand on

any ceremony with me."

Sir Roland could scarcely repress a smile at the condescension with which he was given the entrée to a stifling sick-room in the bloomy time of spring, when everything without offered him freshness and fragrance; in company too, with the man least tolerable to him of any on earth; (though that perhaps, was not known to his patronising friend, though probably suspected; for we seldom cordially hate another without having some faint idea of the dislike being reciprocal.) But controlling his features, he merely said that he would come and visit him again the next day; and glad of the release, he returned to his own apartment.

### CHAPTER IV.

"Spring, on thy native hills again Shall bid neglected wild flowers rise; And call forth, in each grassy glen, Her brightest emerald dyes! There shall the lovely mountain rose, Wreath of the cliffs, again disclose.

The mountain rose may bloom and die,

—It will not meet thy smiling eye!"

MRS. HEMANS.

WHEN Sir Roland entered his room, he was glad to find Mr. Scott waiting for him. "Put on your hat and come out with me," he said; and they strolled together out on the ramparts. Taking a long deep breath of the heavenly air, "What a relief!" he said; "what a change of atmosphere, moral as well as physical."

"Why, where have you been?"

"In Anstruther's room, oppressive to both soul and body. But now—shall we ride?" And ordering their horses, they were soon far from the city, amidst scenes where mere existence was luxury, and where their young buoyant hearts swelled up with earth's ten thousand voices to the Giver of all the beautiful things which surrounded them. It was spring-time; and the very hedgerows were pictures, with the red shoots of the rose, the early honey-suckle, the hawthorn, and maple, with all their various tints of green.

"If God has made such a world for His enemies, what must be-

that world he has prepared for His friends!" Such, or some such, were the feelings of the two beings who, with their reins upon their horses' necks, wandered about through woods fragrant with the smell of the early foliage; where the larch hung its slight pensile boughs like verdant fountains all around, and the beech unfurled its fairy banners to the breeze, with many other trees, all adding beauty to the scene, and sending out their leaves so fast, in the warm bursting air, that the shade seemed really deeper when they quitted the precincts of the woods than when they had entered them. Deep, indeed, it might scarcely yet be called, for the young silken leaves but faintly obstructed the rays of the sun.

—it was softened light rather than shade.

But lovely was that bright spring day, and fully did the two friends enjoy it, though Sir Roland's fancy would often turn to his own deep woods, now in their first flush of green, with the sparkling ocean seen between; and to his mother—and to her who was to his heart as "April dews, that softest fall, and first;" and that sick yearning of the spirit for those we love, ever felt most, perhaps, at such seasons, began to steal over him, and turn his enjoyment into regret. "How irksome it is," he exclaimed, "to be kept away from home at this season! for I had hoped to see my own leaves unfold this year; and instead of being with those who are all truth and sweetness, I am kept perpetually battling with the falseness and selfishness of these people. I feel as if my mind were stiff—as one's arms become with swimming against a current. I long to be at rest and peace, and to be at home again. But it is a shame," he added, rousing himself, "to sully this pure air with one breath of discontent; so let us gallop across the plain, and leave all gloom behind.

### 'Shame on the heart that dreams of blessings gone,

When nature sings of joy and hope alone, Reading her cheerful lesson in her own sweet time."

"I must beg to decline your obliging offer of violent exercise this hot day," said Mr. Scott; "but if you wish for it, don't let me detain you; you can play at El Djereed around me, if it please you, 'but leave, oh! leave me to repose.'"
"You are the idlest dog I ever saw, Scott, and always like bask-

ing in the sun.

"I'll be revenged for that," said Mr. Scott; "and tell you I heard you very much abused the other day, and by a lady too. A quotation you made a minute ago just reminds me of it in good time for that purpose; though, after all, I dare say you are one of those vain fellows who had rather be abused than forgotten."
"Perhaps I am," said Sir Roland; "but now, what was I abused

for? and by whom?"

"Oh, ho! you can ride quietly now, can you, and bask like

others in the sun?"

"I can always be quiet if there is anything to be got by it," said Sir Roland, good-humouredly: "so now tell me."

"I thought you felt no interest about any one here?" said Mr. Scott, in a quiet way.
"I feel interested about myself everywhere, at all times, and

all seasons," replied Sir Roland.
"Well, that is honest, and a great exertion for a hot day, so I think I will tell you; though I am afraid you will be disappointed, when I say that your fair traducer was only my respected aunt,

Lady Wentworth!"

"Only Lady Wentworth! But Lady Wentworth is one of the last people here I should wish to be abused by, being one of the very few whose good opinion I think worth having; or rather, I should say, one of the few who is capable of forming one (for every one's good opinion is worth having). Good old lady! though she is rather vehement in her anathemas, sometimes, I would fain not deserve them from her. But what did she abuse me for?"

"She abused you—but only to me, be it observed—for doing what you did just now, and what you frequently do."
"What! quoting from the 'Christian Year?"
"Yes. \*I.can't conceive,' she said—and she waxed quite wroth - how Sir Roland Ashton can quote anything from such an author. I trust I have not been mistaken in him; that he has no tendency to Puseyism!' But I assured her that she need be under

no alarm about her favourite; I was sure you were as much opposed to those doctrines as she was herself."
"I am, indeed, no Puseyite," replied Sir Roland; "but I quote from the 'Christian Year,' because 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;' and I not only have much of the 'Christian Year' by heart, but I trust I have many of the sentiments it contains continually at heart. It is a lovely book of poetry, and was my delight long before I thought anything about Puseyism, and indeed, before that fearful evil had shown itself openly to any extent. I always loved poetry; but amidst the beauties of the Greek and Latin authors, there was ever a something which, while it pleased, never satisfied me. Their writings have a beauty that 'plays round the head, but touches not the heart; to say nothing of the many portions of them that had better never have been written at all. But in Keble's poems there breathes a spirituality of mind, which stretches from the heights of heavenly love to the humblest walks of practical Christianity. In it, the love of God, and love of man, are so forcibly, and so beautifully, pressed on the heart, that I have found it a most valuable book to me. I can despise no good thing, let it come from what quarter it may; and I think, I confess, that we are often too apt to forget, that though salvation is a free—thank God, wholly free gift—yet that labour and love are the appointed paths to heaven. Too many of us are satisfied with being safe, without striving sufficiently to be holy. Satan is sleepless and busy, whilst we are slothful and idle; and to me, therefore, these poems of Keble's are particularly animating and arousing, for they bring our duties as well as our consolations continually before us. always felt that there were in them expressions and sentiments whose meaning was not clear to me, but I left those for what was

distinct in its truth, its depth of piety, and heavenly love. I can now trace portions of the leaven which has since worked so fearfully in their author's mind; but still I cannot reject the rest on their account, nor cease to value what God has so often blessed to me. But oh! to think of such a mind as that being brought again to look to outward things, to be involved in the mists of such error! It seems scarcely 'less than archangel ruined;' it shows the dire malignity of that poison, which can reach and corrode a mind like his. It makes my heart wretched, and my soul sick, to see this work of ruin going on!"

"Well, if my good aunt heard you now, she would be satisfied,

I think."

"I had quite forgotten what brought me on the subject; for, when it takes possession of my mind, I seem to lose thought of all else. It is so terrible to me to see Satan striving to satisfy the craving souls of men with something short of the righteousness of Christ, leading them to trust to their own works, and making them satisfied with a mere form of godliness. Dreadful it is to hear men, permitted to remain in the Church of England too, saying, 'that the Atonement is to be preached with reserve.' The Atonement preached with reserve! What, then, would they preach? Where else can they find the 'glad tidings of great joy that are to be unto all people.' Grievously have they, spite of their cherished 'succession,' forgotten the principle of the apostle: "I am determined henceforth, to know nothing amongst you but Christ Jesus, and Him crucified.' Do they forget that 'out of Christ'—without His atonement—'our God is a consuming fire?' Their doctrine, too, enforces no holy separation from the world in its vanities and follies, no consecration of the whole being to God. In the morning at church—at the midnight hour with the God-forgetting world, in the dissipations and vanities of the ball-room. Fasting one day—the next at all the abominations of the theatre. What a sickening mixture! How contrary to the spirit of the Gospel! how destroying to the souls of men! setting completely aside our Lord's declarations, 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon'—'the friendship of the world is enmity against God.""

"You have reason to thank God, my dear Ashton, from your inmost heart," said Mr. Seett (and a shade of sadness crossed his brow), "that though you speak so justly of the things of this world, you know them only by report. Its foolish dissipations eat out the very heart of spirituality; and truly, though in happy ignorance of them, do you speak of the 'abominations of the theatre.' They are amongst Satan's most approved workshops; and you may be most thankful that you had guardians of your young days faithful, and pious, and wise enough, to keep you from ever entering their unhallowed walls. Yours is, indeed, the whitest page of the human mind I ever met with, 'the princely heart of innocence,' and that it is which makes you so particularly de-

lightful to me.'

"I thank you, Scott," said Sir Roland, with pleased emotion; but do not write vain things on the tablet you fancy so pure, by your kindly flatteries. Remember that the heart within gives one

enough to do; and this experience it is which makes Puseyism so fearful to me, for it leads man, from the inward spiritual grace, to rest in outward forms and ceremonies. The only comfort I can derive from these things is the additional proof they afford that the end of this dispensation is at hand. The increased power permitted to Satan to deceive the nations, is one of the predicted signs of the Lord's second coming; and the rapid strides of this fearful apostasy make it, I cannot but think, evident, that the evil one is exerting himself a thousand-fold, 'knowing that his time is short.' One would almost think that Keble prophesied of this very thing (in the fulfilment of which he himself is aiding) when he said,

'Foe of mankind, too bold thy race,
Thou runn'st, at such a reckless pace
Thine own dire work thou surely wilt confound:
'Twas but one little drop of sin
We saw this morning enter in,
And, lo! at even-tide the world is drowned.'

It seems such a delusion, so monstrous! and of such rapid growth, too, that I feel lost in astonishment at it. Yet," he added, looking earnestly up, "Thou, O God, art in the midst of us, and we are called by Thy name; leave us not!"

"I was perfectly sure that you did not agree with these doctrines," said Mr. Scott; "but I really did not know that you felt

so strongly upon the subject."

"I feel more strongly on the subject to-day than I did yesterday, and yesterday than the day before; for the evil hourly increases, and each time I hear of it, or think of it, it assumes a more awful aspect than before. But I have not of late much canvassed these things with you, for I like best to dwell on the bright and sunny side of all subjects; and there are so many pleasant views to take of the present times that I turn to gaze on them rather than dwell upon the deepening shades of the twilight of error."

"It is certainly delightful," said Mr. Soott, "to have encouragement to believe that the 'time of the restitution of all things is at hand;' it makes even these dark spots bring comfort with them, though brighter and better things also tend to produce the same conviction. Good, as well as evil, is a sign of the Lord's coming, and certainly true religion flourishes now to an unprecedented degree; and more has been done for the spread of the Gospel within the last forty years than in the eighteen hundred which had elapsed before. That reminds me of Keble, where he says, in that splendid stanza.—

'Thus bad and good their several warnings give
Of his approach, whom none may see and live;
Faith's ear, with awful, still delight,
Counts them like minute-bells at night,
Keeping the heart awake till dawn of morn,
While to her funeral pile this aged world is borne.'"

"They are magnificent lines," said Sir Roland; "and one can

but earnestly hope that a mind so gifted as his must be who wrote them—a heart that seems really to have been touched with 'a live coal from the altar'—may be led to see the whole 'truth of God;' and not be permitted to use his heavenly powers to lead astray the souls of men. Well, we may, perhaps, help in his rescue from error as well as in the general furtherance of God's glory on earth. 'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man,' let us remember, Scott, 'availeth much.' We are, I trust, both of us, though sinners in ourselves, amongst those who are 'counted righteous before God,' for Christ's sake; let us use our high privileges, and 'offer up our supplications out of a pure heart fervently.''

They passed on, through cheerful meadows, where the field-flowers sent forth an almost overpowering fragrance; and through stilly woods, where all was hushed, except the thronging notes of

the innumerable birds, which at that season

"Pour their forgotten multitudes, and catch New life, new rapture, from the smile of spring."

Then, issuing forth again, they crossed the plain, and entering the city—where their horses' feet echoed with ringing sound through the almost empty streets—they at length dismounted at the gate of

the Embassy-house.

What was there in those two young beings to distinguish them from the generality of those around them? The one was certainly pre-eminently handsome; his tall figure, fine countenance, and dark meditative eye might have caught the attention of the passer-by; but his companion had nothing but the bright animation of his look to attract a moment's notice: they might both have passed even as others. Yet on their youthful brows was set the "signet of the Lord," unseen indeed by man, but recognised

by Him who had Himself sealed them by His Spirit.

Side by side the children of God and the children of the world go through life; together perchance they quit this mortal scene; these tranquillized by the comforts of the Gospel, those sleeping under the delusive spells of Satan; but oh! what a difference in the awakening! We may see two young sisters who, though brought up under the same roof, are totally different in their spiritual views and feelings. We may behold them, perhaps, in the same chamber, stretched by the same disease, in the repose of the same death! Their last words may have been words of love and sweet affection for each other; and they may have c'ied each with the other's hand clasped fondly in her own. As far, therefore, as regarded each other, they may have been "lovely and pleasant in their lives," but in their deaths they are divided—the one soars to the realms of eternal day, the other sinks to endless night; for to the one the "Saviour was precious," while to the other His "cross was foolishness."

Or look, where a little space from the bloody plain of battle (Satan's much-loved work) two soldiers drag their wounded, suffering forms to the stream, to slake the agonies of their dying thirst. Together they stoop and drink—together die! The impress of pain is alike stamped on each contracted brow; but the

one loved the "Lord his righteousness," while the other would not have Him for his God. Therefore, between them thenceforth, "there is a great gulph fixed," which neither can pass. On the one side hell "heaves her floods of ever-during fire," while on the

other are the realms of eternal life!

And when the day of the Lord comes, "as a thief in the night," of such—so undistinguished in outward appearance, but so differing in the "inward man"—the "one shall be taken and the other left"—left, to be swept away by the flames that must clear the path of the Lord of all those "who would not have Him to rule over them;" whilst the other is "taken"—"caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and so to dwell with Him for ever." "Oh! think of this, ye that lorget God, lest He pluck you away, and there be none to deliver!"

### CHAPTER V.

"It is a weary and a bitter task

Back from the lip the burning word to keep,

And to shut out heaven's air with falsehood's mask."

MRS. HEMANS.

SIE ROLAND made a point of going to Mr. Anstruther once at least every day; for he knew, notwithstanding the indifference which the latter pretended to feel, that his visits were, in fact, great resources to him. Solitude, to a mind like his, was anything but exhilarating; and few of his gay acquaintance cared to waste their time on one whom they neither esteemed nor liked. His health continued to improve, though he was unable to leave his room.

One day he said to Sir Roland—

"Your respected uncle has handed you over to me, to be initiated in the noble art of diplomacy. Now, what are the points on which you wish to be enlightened?"

Sir Roland smiled, and said, "I shall be much obliged by your explaining some things to me—some matters which I have to

take up in the middle.'

"The best advice I have to give," continued Mr. Anstruther, taking no notice of Sir Roland's answer, "is that you should conceal your own thoughts, meanings, and feelings, and set all your wits to work to find out the thoughts, meanings, and feelings of others. That, in few words, is the concentration of diplomacy; like the poor gentleman's thirty Westphalia hams, reduced to one small bottle of essence; take it, and use it à discretion."

Sir Roland smiled, and shook his head.

"Now, pray don't affect to be sanctimonious," continued Mr. Anstruther; "for that is acting as well as speaking a lie. We all lie—we all know that we lie; and the only one who speaks any truth at all is he who confesses that he lies; as to making faces about it, that is childish—ridiculous!"

"I can understand its being extremely difficult," said Sir

Roland, "to keep upright under such crushing burthens; but it is certainly not impossible, and I hope there are those who do so."

Mr. Anstruther turned his head, and looked at him with an affected smile of surprise and inquiry. "Are you so young, so very young, as to suppose that?" he said. "Well, I thought even you had more sense; though I know, as Willy Scott said the other day, 'that the making you a diplomat was more hopeless than looking for the needle at the pole!—the most amusing idea he ever heard of! Yet I was foolish enough, I confess, to have some hope of you; but I see I am wrong, decidedly wrong. Not that you will be a jot better than others—that I never expected" (with a contemptuous smile); "but I perceive, if ever you do become like them at all, it will be a sort of caricature likeness—a something which one perceives is meant to resemble something, but is manifestly a failure. I am sorry for you, for it is no use resisting: the world will turn and twist you her own way, do what you will; and if you will only go through the process quietly, there may still be a chance for you. But if you are to plunge and kick all the way through, you will be mutilated in all manner of ways, literally 'mis en lambeaux' (torn to rags). You have heard, of course, of that machine where your live sheep, put in at one end in the morning, comes out from the other at dinner-time in the shape of roast mutton and men's coats? So will you be transformed—pure lamb, that you doubtless think yourself at present in you must go, and out you must come: only your mutten will he worse roasted, and your coat worse cut, than others—that's all! But now to enter a little more into particulars, after my fashion; for it would really give me prodigious satisfaction to mould you a little into form. We must first consider the ends we have in view, and then the means whereby they are to be attained. Without joking, what you have first to master is the secret intentions of your enemy; for-all the people you have to do with must be considered as enemies—politically, I mean: that is, all of them will pursue their own interest, without the slightest regard to yours, preferring, indeed, rather to rise on your ruins than otherwise.

"It is a pity," said Sir Roland, "that people have not as yet, in general, found out that what benefits one will probably in the end benefit another too; and that, on the other hand, by outraging others, we are sure, finally to injure ourselves: as a man, sowing thistles in his neighbour's field will find that in time the seeds

blow over into his own."

"We leave such vulgar considerations for those whom they may suit," replied Mr. Anstruther, contemptuously; "what we have to do is to set our point before us, and follow it, 'coute qui coute' (cost what it may). The pace is too good to stop and 'pick up the bits' of those who are overthrown in the scramble: indeed, if our horses' hoofs were wholly to obliterate the features of a friend, I am afraid—it is very horrid! but I really am afraid—it would be rather a pleasant thing than otherwise."

"'Hateful and hating one another," said Sir Roland, indig-

nantly.

"Just so, if that is the view it amuses you to take of it. But as I was saying, your first point must be to find out what are the particular things which the enemy wishes you not to find out. Now, one very good way is just to observe the subject which, in your intercourse together, they treat as trifling, insignificant matters. Depend on it those are their hidden treasures—there lie the golden eggs they are trying to hatch. From them they will endeavour to draw off your thoughts, just as the partridge flaps and flutters away to draw you from her nest. There fix your eye, and never take it off; for, somer or later, you will find the root of the matter to be in that quarter. But, probably, you would not be up to all that—at least not at first," he added, condescendingly; "so your best way will be to get round somebody, to tell you all about it. I dare say you are a great adept in the arts of pleasing?"

"I have never yet put them to the proof," said Sir Roland,

laughing.
"You expect that I should believe that, of course?" said Mr.

Anstruther.

"I do," replied Sir Roland.

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, my good sir, for the neglect of the goods bestowed upon you! Why! with that 'preux chevalier' face of yours I would have broken all the hearts in Christendom before this, and have joined the expedition to Central Africa, to find out new worlds to conquer. However, if you have so long neglected to manufacture your raw—I am afraid very raw—material, to meet the demand of civilized society, it is time you begin; so I advise you to make your apprenticeship with 'la belle Louise,' the young French minister's charming little sister. Her brother makes her the choice depository of all he knows, suspects, and invents; and a little judicious attention on your part will soon win all from her."

"Your first recommendation I am really much obliged to you for," said Sir Roland; "but the other I beg to decline, as I have no wish to carry home a foreign wife, and have, moreover, no liking

for 'la belle Louise.'

"You are really most unpleasantly matter-of-fact and obtuse of intellect!" said Mr. Anstruther—" distressingly so, indeed! Who talked of your liking—or even marrying—any one? I suggested neither of those painful predicaments. I merely proposed that you should do what many others of your calibre have found very useful."

"And then leave the poor victim to die of a broken heart; as

George Stanley did last year to that pretty girl at——."

"As to dying, that is a matter of choice or accident, I imagine," replied Mr. Anstruther. "People do not die of love now-a-days, even if they ever did—which I consider rather apocryphal. I suspect there was a 'feverish cold,' or something of that sort, added to the love, in that case. I do not give George Stanley credit for producing 'une si belle passion;' and I should not much fear for 'la jolie Louise,' I confess, in this instance. I really advise you to traitle show of attention, a few 'petits soins' (little attentions) towards the sisters or daughters of a minister, help those uncommonly who cannot help themselves."

Mr. Anstruther said this without the slightest idea of Sir Roland's adopting his suggestions, but merely with the desire of mortifying him, by appearing to think him no better than the common run of unprincipled men of the world.

"Your code is mightily at variance with mine on all subjects," answered Sir Roland, coldly. "I wonder you can exist, Anstruther, with such a lining to the heart and imagination as you must

have.

"My codes and my linings have nothing to do with the case," rejoined the diplomat. "I never engage in matters of that kind, for I do not need such resources and assistances. I love no one—nor do I affect it." And a sardonic smile curled his lip.

"I almost think that with you, Anstruther, the will to love is wanting more than the power," replied Sir Roland, with a kindly

smile.

A strong emotion rushed suddenly over Mr. Anstruther's mind; but with a great effort subduing it, he replied, coldly and carelessly: "Will and power are, I imagine, pretty well synonymous with me. As regards love, however," he continued, with a vivacity evidently affected, "I have a thorough contempt of the article as imported into high life; what it is amongst your boors and savages I have yet to learn. But I rather like, when I am 'desœuvré,' and trouble myself at all about such light matters, to amuse myself with contravening the little outbreaks, and manifestations of liking, between the young and foolish of the world. The old I leave to themselves, as best qualified to work out their own absurdities, and to expose themselves unbidden in all the shapes of folly which long use and experience enable them to command. But the 'chasse à l'homme' diverts me in every way. Now you, I dare say, would rather foster all those pretty weaknesses, and would think them uncommonly amiable! Apropos," he added, fixing his quick eye full on Sir Roland, "how is my old friend, the pretty Constance? Does she favour your suit? or are you wandering here in hopeless exile?"

Sir Roland's colour mounted to his temples, and his dark eye flashed with a sudden expression of anger, as he replied quickly,— "If you mean Lady Constance Templeton, you must speak with

respect of her, as of all my friends; and not affect an intimacy with those who have scarcely ever honoured you even with a bow."

"I really beg your pardon," replied Mr. Anstruther, in an affectedly soothing voice; "I spoke quite at random, I had no idea of there being anything so serious. I am exceedingly sorry to have annoyed you; but I assure you it shall go no farther—your secret is perfectly safe in my keeping."

The confidential air with which this was said was beyond measure annoying to Sir Roland, who rose and went to the window;

he soon, however, replied in a calm tone,-

"I especially dislike the impertinent familiarity of the present day; where men think it a mark of importance, I suppose, to 'Susan,' and 'Mary,' and 'Arabella' every body whom they know by sight or name."

"I am sorry to have ruffled you, my dear fellow," rejoined Mr.

Anstruther, "really very sorry. I had no idea the subject was of so tender a nature; but as I see now how the land lies. I will be more cautious for the future."

Sir Roland was about to reply hastily; but checking himself, he

said, after a few moments' silence,-

"I do not mind whom you talk of, only let it be in a proper tone. But my horses must be waiting for me now, so I must go, and will

send my servant up with that book you wished to see.

Mr. Anstruther threw a compassionate smile into his countenance. as Sir Roland crossed the room to depart, in hopes that the latter would turn and perceive it; but as he failed to do so, he let it fade away; and as the door closed, and he listened to his steps rapidly descending the stair, a sigh, involuntarily, broke from him. "I am half sorry I vexed him," he thought, "for there are few like him!"

Though Mr. Anstruther had delighted in harassing Sir Roland on a point on which he knew he would be particularly susceptible. yet there was a feeling within him which would have made it impossible for him to have betrayed the knowledge he had so ungenerously obtained, to any other human being. His mind paid an involuntary tribute of respect to the noble qualities of his late companion, though he would not on any account that this feeling should have been perceived. He did not, indeed, acknowledge it even to himself; for like many in this world, in order to deceive others, he tried first to deceive himself.

Sir Roland, having escaped from what was to him as a scorpion's nest, gladly exchanged Mr. Anstruther's society for that of Mr.

Scott, with whom he generally rode at that hour.

"It is very wise of me," he said, as they passed into the pure and fragrant air, "to go through my 'purgatorio' just before my hour for going out and being with you. I always go to Anstruther before my ride, for I do not think I could sit down to my papers immediately on leaving his room. My mind always feels as if it had been rubbed up the wrong way, and I need the air to smooth it down again; and you gain, too, prodigiously by the contrast, Scott—the foil sets you off to admiration."

"I am much obliged both to him and to you; but you seem more than usually 'rubbed up' to-day, Ashton; you look gloomy and wrathful. It is very odd, but though every one that knows Anstruther agrees, that not a word he says is worth attending to, yet every one does attend to it; and he is so full of those 'reckless sarcasms, those jests which scald like tears,' that he has the power of sending every one from his presence with a sting in their mind—a something which spite of themselves irritates them whenever it recurs, fretting the mental cuticle, as the needle arrows of the Lilliputians tormented the corporeal epidermis of the unfortunate Gulliver. He either abuses your mother—or praises your father with a 'but'-or tells some pleasant story of some one, 'who made himself so very ridiculous, quite forgetting, of course, till the end, that it was all about your own brother,—laments the propensity that the person he fancies you like 'has to flirting,' &c., -or repeats, or rather invents for the occasion, something that

your best friend has said against you—quite shocked, when he has done so, at his inadvertence—as he was 'particularly charged not

to repeat it."

"Yes; he pretended to repeat something that you had said of me to-day; but 'il volpe sopratino' (the over-cunning fox) overleaped the mark there. Had he put it upon any one else, I might have fancied it true; but I certainly did not as coming from you."

"What was it?"

"Oh! merely samething about my not being a perfect Metternich—nothing of any consequence; merely thrown out to give the pleasing impression that you talked to him contemptuously of me."

"Was it that which gave you your unwonted ruffling? or had our experienced friend been fishing in deeper waters?" asked Mr.

Scott

"They must be deep waters, indeed, if they are deeper than those you swim in, as regards me," returned his companion, with a kindly glance, which, however, gave immediate place to a look of annoyance and displeasure, as he continued, "but, perhaps, truth makes me confess it was the deepest depths that he disturbed to-day, for he spoke of her. But he did not abuse her, and that was being very gracious, and I was a fool to be so annoyed. But don't you know what a bore it is, for a person suddenly, with great eyes watching you, to name anything—any one of that kind—and the light full in your face,—no retreat—no burying yourself in a folio, or 'bending over embroidery-frames,' as distressed damsels in novels always do on such occasions?'

"No; I don't know what a bore it is; for I never had 'any thing, or any one of that kind,' whom I cared about being mentioned, even in the brightest sunshine. I often wish I had; for though your friendship satisfies me now, yet when you are at home again.

I might be one of the

#### 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,'

for aught you would care."

"You are fishing for compliments now," said Sir Roland; "but you may as well put up your rod, for you will catch nothing to-day, nor get even a single rise out of me. The waters of my mind are muddy, and altogether at their lowest ebb. But without joking, I do feel greatly annoyed at having that feeling—which it was long before I could name even to you—touched by hands so rude as his."

"Ay, I remember it was a long time before you mentioned the subject to me,—and then it was more by accident than good will,—for which I owe you a special grudge, dotted down duly—with

mem.: 'to be paid off with aggravation, some fine day.'"

# CHAPTER VI.

"Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour;
And sumless riches from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds, a wasted shower;
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship;—therefore pray!"
Mas. Heman:

" Plant with earliest care
The seeds you most desire should fill the soil."
Walks in a Forest.

"I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee, A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart! And, precious as thou art, And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee, My own, my beautiful, my undefiled! And thou shalt be His child."—MBS. HEMANS.

DAY after day did Sir Roland prosecute his labour of love towards Mr. Anstruther; and a labour of heavenly love it was—often a most rixsome one. The physicians had informed Lord N——, that even if the invalid regained sufficient strength to enable him to remove to a warmer climate, and thus prolong his life for a time, yet that his lungs, naturally weak, had been so much affected by the violent sttack he had had, that it was impossible he could ever wholly recover; and that they thought, indeed, that any fresh cold, or excitement of the chest, might speedily become fatal. With this knowledge Sir Roland could not bear to neglect any means that might rouse the being, whose mortal life was so precarious, to a sense of his lost condition before God.

A character like Mr. Anstruther's is happily rare; but unhappily not wholly unknown in this world of varied sins. Some there are who even exceed him in intentional malice; for, though he took a faline pleasure in playing with the feelings of his victims, yet he was not always fully aware of the degree of pain he occasioned. There was a perpetual spring of irritation and virulence within himself, which vented itself recklessly on others, just as the Catherine-wheel, fretting round its own centre, dispenses its burning

sparks on all around.

In order to account for the peculiarities in his character, we must look a little to his early years; for in his case, as in most others, the bitter fruits of evil proceeded more from the training than from

the natural quality of the tree which produced them.

His mother, amiable and sweet by nature, had been educated in the purest school of Christianity, and had early learned its lifegiving lessons; but far different was her husband in every way, though his real character was, for a length of time, wholly unsuspected by her. Her parents had died some years before, and she, an only child, had been left to the guardianship of her maternal randfather, whose age and retired habits had long kept him aloof from all those who could have opened his eyes as to the character of

the man who sought his grandchild's hand. Exceedingly hardsome, and very prepossessing where he wished to please, Mr. Anstruther won upon the old man by his kind and deferential manners. His conversation, too, was full of animation and anecdote; and he would often lament, with apparent candour and sincerity, the deficiencies of his own education in matters of religion. But little did the old man or young maiden suspect that these pleasing qualities were but cloaks to hide the darkness of his heart; and that his hours, when absent from them, were spent in the society of persons

of the worst and most unprincipled description.

When in love with the rich and beautiful Miss Gascoigne, he could with tolerable patience hearken to her earnest conversation on religious subjects; for a man, in such a case, will listen with pleasure to anything from the voice that is to him all melody! and the attention thus yielded is often attributed, with ill-placed modesty, to the weight of the argument rather than to the charm of the preacher. "Affection is very hopeful;" and Miss Gascoigne, with a facility, which in more cases than hers has been fraught with misery, though she felt Mr. Anstruther was not a thorough Christian in principle, yet believing that he was well inclined, and that, under her influence and admonitions, he would soon become all she could wish, in an ill-fated hour consented to be his wife.

For some time all went on smoothly; and bright was the dawn of the married life of this ill-assorted pair. Mr. Anstruther still for a time continued to listen patiently to the words of his wife for it was hard to refuse attention to one so lovely, and so earnest in her zeal! But when the novelty of the thing wore off, his patient endurance of themes so uncongenial to his mind departed

also.

The birth of George, their first and only child, soon formed an excuse to the hitherto tolerably attentive husband to absent himself more than he had before done from his home; for, with his sweetest smile, he would tell his wife, that now, as she would not be alone, he would go again a little among friends he had long neglected, and who had often reproached him for his continued

absence.

The young mother sighed to think that what had doubled the attraction of home to her should prove a reason for her husband's more frequently leaving her; but, strong in her confidence in him, she felt it merely as a loss of pleasure and comfort to herself. Soon, however, she began to find a sensible alteration in his manner when he was with her; for he no longer exerted himself to be agreeable, or made any effort to restrain his naturally irritable disposition. He was indifferent to his child, and morose to her; and she began to feel, with fearful force, the effects of her unfaithfulness to God in having united herself to one of an unconverted spirit.

Her doting fondness for her child served at times to beguile her from her sorrows; and in her husband's presence she always exerted herself to be cheerful. She rarely now, however, ventured to speak to him on the subject of religion; but one day, when she had unconsciously adverted to it, she was surprised to see him not only appear calm, but with somewhat of his old accus-

tomed kindness of manner, encourage her to proceed; and her heart beat with a flutter of happiness not to be expressed, when, as she continued with animated hope to speak on the subject, she saw him take her Bible in his hand, and, carefully turning its pages, seem to search for some particular passage. His long dark lashes completely hid the expression of his eye as he examined the holy volume; but after a few minutes, he raised his head, and turning the book to her, he pointed to the passage he had been seeking. There was a bland smile on his lips as he did so; but the look of dark malignity which glared from his eye so terrified his trembling wife, that she had scarcely power or senses left to see the words he marked.

"Read it," he said, in a suppressed tone.

She read: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

"May I ask," said Mr. Anstruther, in his smoothest manner, "whether those words had ever met your eye when you married

me ?"

Mrs. Anstruther, cast down as by a stunning blow from the bright happiness in which she had been indulging, was nearly fainting with terror as he asked the question, and was wholly unable to reply. Her husband, triumphing in the pain he was inflicting, again addressed her in his sweetest tone. She gave a trembling answer in the affirmative.

"And did you," he continued in the same voice, "consider me at that time what pious and excellent people would call—a believer? Answer me candidly, I shall not be offended." Still his

unhappy wife could command no word.

"Did you," he resumed, in a restrained and concentrated voice, "consider me, at the time of our happy marriage, as deserving to be ranked by the devout amongst the number of believers?"

Mrs. Anstruther covered her face with her hands, and, bursting

into an agony of tears, answered, "No."

He grasped her arm with violence, and his voice trembled with

passion, as he exclaimed,-

"Then never again dare to speak on the subject of religion, or intrude your accursed cant upon me. You should learn to obey before you preach, and not attempt hypocritically to force on others the dull morality you chose to spurn at your own convenience."\*

So saying, he cast her from him, and left the room with thundering tread. Mrs. Anstruther, more dead than alive, sat rooted to her chair; her mind was in a state of complete bewilderment; for unprincipled as she had discovered her husband to be, he had till then been tolerably respectful in his behaviour to her, and she was little prepared for this outbreak of passion and cruelty.

Bitterly did she, indeed, feel that the inconsistency of her conduct had brought upon her this terrible trial; and, also, that it had done discredit to the holy cause she had so much at heart; and with deep humiliation did she confess that it was "right she

<sup>\*</sup>An incident, somewhat similar to the one here supposed, occurred in real life, and is in print somewhere.

should be humbled," and by him, too, for whom she had offended Many had been the struggles she had had with her conscience before she had determined to marry Mr. Austruther; but affection had triumphed over faith and principle, and now she had to eat

the bitter fruits of her own planting.

From that time she saw but little of her husband: and, when he did come home, it was but to harass and torment the gentle creature, whose oppressed spirit fast sunk beneath his unkindness. Her boy was her only earthly comfort, and richly did he return the love that was so overflowingly lavished on him. Yet, even on this last remaining spot of bliss, did the blight seem in part to have fallen. The child was often present when his father came home, and was therefore a frequent witness to the cruelty with which his mother was treated; and Mrs. Anstruther was terrified when she saw the effect of these things on his appearance. An expression of fierce anger would shoot from beneath his lowering brows, while he sat with closed teeth and clenched hand, as if ready to spring upon his father; and well as she appreciated the love that made him feel so strongly, yet her heart grieved to see in one so young the evidence of such violent feelings. He never, however, mentioned these things to her, for he early showed symptoms of that tact which in after-life was so remarkable a feature in his character; but after scenes of this kind, he would go to her, and strive to soothe her unhappiness by redoubling his own caresses.

His little couch was placed by hers at night; but often would he steal into her arms and slumber there. Her restlessness—the restlessness of an unhappy heart—taught him to be wakeful too; and often would he, in the darkness of night, put out his hand to stroke her face, and try with childish art to discover whether there were tears upon her cheek; and, when he found them there, he would creep closer still, and, putting his soft arms round her neck, murmur words of love and fondness, till sleep again closed his weary

eyes.

His mother loved him with an intensity scarcely to be imagined by a happier spirit, and delighted in early teaching him the things of God, and seeking to fill his heart with the love of his Heavenly Father. She delighted, long after the sweet days of babylhood were passed, to be with him at that happy time when the little wearied body seeks joyfully the repose to be found in a mother's crading arms; and when the tranquil heart, soothed into forgetfulness of the more boisterous pleasures of the day, is open to all the sweetest emotions of love and tenderness—and then would she speak to him of God.

In all the outward and visible scenes of creation there is a voice which may remind us of inward spiritual things. God does not send his gentle dews upon the earth, when the noontide ray, with fervid heat, would exhale them ere they had had time to refresh the parched and drooping herb; but He sends them silently down at the calm evening hour, when the sun has ceased to exercise its burning force, and the hushed winds are gone; and there they rest, sinking deep into the heart of the grass and flowers, till, with gentle influence, they have refreshed and nourished all around. And

thus should faithful parents watch for the stilly hours of life to drop sweet, holy words into their young babes' hearts, ere yet the

world has made them all its own!

Amongst the other evil habits in which George Anstruther's father indulged, gambling found a place; and before many years of his married life were past, he had dissipated almost all the large fortune which he had obtained with his wife. Without a moment's warning, that unhappy woman found herself hurled from affluence to almost absolute penury; and she retired with her child to a small, obscure house in the country. Her friends, however, did not desert her; and amongst the most constant and attached was Lady Ashton, and many a month did she spend at Llanaven. But when George Anstruther was about six years old, grief and anxiety had made such fearful ravages in his mother's delicate constitution. that it became evident that her life would soon come to a close; and for above a year before her death she was wholly confined to her own home, and was, therefore, entirely separated from all her friends. Her husband seldom visited her; and, when he did so, it was only to vent upon her and her child that spleen which he dared not openly indulge in the world.

Precluded from the society of others of his age, the leading characteristics of George Anstruther's disposition became morbidly developed. His love for his mother was almost idolatry; yet it was scarcely a stronger feeling than his hatred for his father; and between these two strong passions his heart seemed completely divided. He had but few of the occupations and pursuits of childhood, for his mother's extreme weakness made her unequal to the task of carrying on his education; so that at seven years old he was an infant in learning, though a giant in feeling. At length, the sad day of his mother's death arrived; "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," there did that meek and suffering

creature find peace and happiness at last.

For some time after this event Mr. Anstruther was obliged to have his child with him; but, finding that too great a restraint on his usual habits, he soon sent him to school. The place he selected was not one where much that was valuable was taught; and there were none there who could in any way excite feelings of affection in the boy; so that, though surrounded by a crowd, he still felt alone. His heart, finding nothing to satisfy it, became bitter in its feelings; and the lessons of heavenly love and wisdom he had heard from his mother gradually died away from his memory now that her voice was no longer there to enforce them. During his holidays, his most unnatural father used to amuse himself by taking him with him into the haunts of folly and vice, and in teaching him to gamble and drink, and take the oaths and words of older sinners in his lips. But his ever-increasing detestation of his father was so far a happy thing, that it made him hate all that he heard him praise, and taught him to avoid through all his after years, the sinful excesses which he had witnessed in him; but it filled his whole heart with a root of bitterness so intense and engrossing, that he seemed almost incapable of any other feeling; and the hatred which one being deserved from him but too well, extended itself to

the whole human race. It might, indeed, be said to reach even to the Almighty; for his soul rebelled continually at His decrees, and ever regarded the death of his mother as a dispensation fraught with tyrannic cruelty. Could he have borne to have cherished her remembrance in his mind, it might have soothed his lacerated feelings, and calmed his proud and troubled heart; and her heavenly words, returning upon his soul, might have won him back to love and peace. But the thought of her brought with it an agony too great to be endured; he knew nothing of her happiness in heaven—nothing of the love of God—so no consolation came to mitigate the intensity of his grief. A dark misanthropy took possession of his breast; and, if he could ever be said to partake of any pleasure, it was when he was disturbing in others that peace which seemed to have fied his own unhappy spirit for ever.

Such was the being with whose wayward mood Sir Roland bore so patiently; for he knew somewhat of his history from Lady

Ashton, and felt a deep commiseration for him.

Mr. Anstruther's father had so far done him justice as to give him a good education at school and college: and Lady Ashton, interesting herself in him for his mother's sake, had induced her brother to take him abroad as one of his "attachés." His uncommon talents and discerning mind made him most useful to Lord N—; who, on a vacancy occurring, obtained for him the appointment of

secretary of embassy.

There was little in the present which could encourage Sir Roland in his self-denying task; but from his knowledge of the past he drew hope for the future; and knowing from Lady Ashton's account, of the many prayers which the devoted mother had offered up for her child, he looked forward with the hope of faith to the fruition of those prayers—to the time when this now dark heart should be turned to God. Mr. Anstruther's occasional bursts of feeling—coming forth like the flash of the volcano from the cold bosom of the earth—revealed the existence of good and strong feeling somewhere in the depths of his being; and Sir Roland trusted that he might be enabled, by the blessing of God, to open that fount of fire, and see its flame, purified and sanctified, rise even unto heaven!

Impatient of his long confinement, Mr. Anstruther took advantage of one warm, lovely day to go out, and once again see the beauties of nature, from the enjoyment of which he had been so long debarred; but though balmy and soft, the outward air was too keen for his lungs, and brought on an increase of cough and of feverish excitement, which sent him again to his room and sofa. Sir Roland now saw that he must press on the work of the Lord. He had hitherto waited for an opening to be made visibly before him; but now he resolved boldly to bring forward the subject, and force it upon the attention of the being whose mortal span was so

evidently coming to a close.

His uncle had not at that time much pressing business on his hands, and he might have obtained leave to visit England for a few weeks; but ardently as he desired to see his mother, and to return to Lady Constance, he could not at that juncture bear to desert one who seemed so wholly dependent upon him. He knew

that he was the only person whose presence was at all valued by him, or who would speak to him anything that might benefit his soul; and though it cost him a bitter struggle, yet he felt (like his great Master) that he came into this world, "not to do his own will, but the will of Him who sent him;" and resigning his own pleasure, he gave himself wholly to the work that God seemed to have set before him.

On visiting the invalid a few days after the exposure which had brought on so severe a relapse, he found him much exhausted. but still endeavouring to assume an appearance of gaiety and unconcern; though the expression of his countenance, when not speaking, evidently betrayed that both mind and body were ill

at ease.

Sir Roland, who began perfectly to understand his character. was aware that the ordinary mode of entering on religious subjects always utterly failed with him. Keen-sighted and wily, he detected from afar any attempt to introduce the subject incidentally into conversation, and instantly defeated the purpose of

the speaker.

The regular attack, too, was not more successful than the "sap and mine;" for he would not meet the enemy, but peremptorily refused to enter on the subject. Sudden and strong remarks, and sayings which could neither be anticipated nor parried, were therefore the means Sir Roland determined to use, hoping that—like a shell thrown into a citadel—(to follow out the military simile) they might fall and burst upon him unawares, scattering the inmates that had too long held possession of the place.

The sick man, in whose countenance there was already more of death than life, was running on in his usual reckless manner. when Sir Roland, with his eye firmly, yet in sorrow, fixed upon

him, said,—
"How can you, Anstruther, with the grave open before you—
"How can you, Anstruther, with the grave open before you—
"How can you, Anstruther, with the grave open before you—
"How can you, Anstruther, with the grave open before you—
"How can you, Anstruther, with the grave open before you—
"How can you, Anstruther, with the grave open before you—
"How can you, Anstruther, with the grave open before you—
"How can you, Anstruther, with the grave open before you—
"How can you, Anstruther, with the grave open before you—
"How can you, Anstruther, with the grave open before you—
"How can you, Anstruther, with the grave open before you—
"How can you, Anstruther, with the grave open before you—
"How can you, Anstruther, with the grave open before you—
"How can you, Anstruther, with the grave open before you—
"How can you, Anstruther, with the grave open before you." which you know must so soon receive you—'death, and after that the judgment!'—how can you bear to think and talk on in such a

way?" Mr. Anstruther had sometimes had a misgiving that there was danger in his case, but his mind had ever repelled the thought the instant it had arisen; and worldly friends, whose "tender mercies" are, indeed, in such cases most "cruel," had contributed to keep apprehension from him, by talking of "the things he would soon be able to do"-of "the places he would soon visit with them," &c.; and though his physician, more faithful, had often insinuated his fears, yet with desperate self-delusion he would never give credit to what he said. When, therefore, he heard Sir Roland speak in so startling a manner, the shock which his mind received was to great too allow of his uttering a sound in reply. He knew him too well to suspect him of saying willingly one harsh or unfeeling word; and a voice from within his hollow and aching breast also rose up in accents that would not be silenced, and told him that it was all too true—that his days indeed were numbered! Drops of agony burst from his brow, and the intense anxiety of his countenance was more than Sir Roland could bear to look at. In

a few moments, however, he had mastered his strong emotion; and asking Sir Roland for the "eau de luce" which stood near him, he remarked, with a faint but calm voice, that the heat was very great; adding that a pain sometimes passed through his chest, which for a time quite took away his breath, but "it was gone now," he said: "it was only a spasm, and of no consequence."
Sir Roland busied himself with a book which was before him,

and desired him not to mind him, but to keep himself quiet. He saw that the bolt had sped; and he was thankful that the effort, so painful to himself, had not been in vain. After awhile he read aloud a passage from the book he was looking at, which afforded an opportunity of saying something of the concerns of eternity; but Mr. Anstruther, again assuming his reckless manner, turned his head away with affected nausea, and waving his hands

deprecatingly, said,-

No preaching, my good fellow, if you love me! I have the greatest possible aversion to your preachers and sermonizers. Bad enough in the open air, where one may be lucky enough to lose half that is said; but in this confined space, to fill the atmosphere with lugubrious warnings, and amiable consignments of your friends to perdition, is quite overpowering, and enough to vex the sick man dead.' Positively, my dear fellow, if I am to have you here at all, it must be on the well-understood condition that there are to be no distasteful, and to me unprofitable, lecturings. The thing is so very vulgar and methodistical—quite discreditable! Do oblige me, and keep all that sort of thing for the exquisite, the evangelical Scott! I am quite unworthy of it; and indeed, I must repeat, that if I have you here at all, it must be on condition of these subjects being entirely excluded. Charmed to see you! but cannot have any preaching."

Sir Roland had walked to the window, and was gazing at the

beauty of the scene before him.

"If your eyes can bear the full light, Anstruther, turn them this way a moment," he said, as he withdrew the blind that shaded the landscape from his view. The sun shone brightly, and it was indeed a lovely scene he looked upon. Mr. Anstruther gazed for a moment; then turned away with a sigh of sickening

Why," he exclaimed sullenly, "am I to be shown the charm of things I cannot enjoy?—But it is, I suppose, one of your saintly practices to aggravate men's sufferings;—for the good of their

And he smiled with bitter scorn. souls doubtless.

"No," replied Sir Roland, "it was not for that; but, if I am to continue visiting you at all, our intercourse must be put upon a right footing. Your know that our dispositions have never suited; our feelings—in most respects,—our thoughts, opinions, and principles—are diametrically opposed to each other; you have for years been one whose society I have avoided, as you have avoided mine. I bring these things before you on the one hand, and I show you the enchanting loveliness of nature at this moment on the other, in order that you may clearly and fully understand, that it cannot be for my own personal pleasure that I leave the free and perfumed air, and the society congenial to me, for this sick room, with one—an alien from God, a self-doomed stranger to peace and hope. If, therefore, there are to be conditions respecting my

visiting you, I think it is for me to dictate them.

Mr. Anstruther's countenance underwent the most violent changes while Sir Roland was speaking. The firm, and even stern tenor of his speech, so unlike his usual tone, completely thunderstruck him. Surprise, pride, indignation, alternately swayed his mind; and his heightened colour and furious look showed the anger that he felt. At length, with a bitter smile of derision, he said, "I might have expected this, knowing you were one of those who proverbially kick at the sick lion."

Sir Roland's colour rose in his turn, and his eye flashed with anger at this insolent speech; but restraining himself till his irritation had subsided (which, in his well-regulated mind, it did not take many instants to effect), and looking with sorrow on the worn

being before him, he answered calmly,-

"You are no lion, Anstruther—nor am I—an ass;" and an irrepressible smile played over his countenance. "We are both men

of like passions, though not of like principles!"

Mr. Anstruther's own gentlemanlike mind and feelings had made him feel shocked at the intemperance of his last speech the moment it had passed his lips; but he was too proud to apologize so merely answered Sir Roland's quiet reply by saying,—

"I wonder, then, that you cast your precious pearls before such

a reprobate as, doubtless, you consider me!"

"Far from it," said Sir Roland; "it is because I yet hope that you may prove not to be a reprobate, in the Scripture sense of the word, that I continue to visit you; for, as has been truly said, 'heavenly love, though it makes one prefer to dwell with the children of God, yet makes one also yearn over the godless and profane." I leave you now; but if I come again—remember the conditions must be of my making."

### CHAPTER VII.

"Where shalt thou turn? It is not thine to raise To you pure heaven thy calm confiding gaze; No gleam reflected from that realm of rest Steals on the darkness of thy troubled breast.

Oh! while the doom impends, not yet decreed; While yet the Atoner hath not ceased to plead; While still, suspended by a single hair, The sharp, bright sword hangs quivering in the air; Bow down thy heart to Him who will not break The bruised reed,—e'en yet awake, awake! Patient, because Eternal, He may hear The prayer of agony with pitying ear; And send his chastening Spirit from above, O'er the deep chaos of thy soul to move.

But seek thou mercy through His name alone, To whose unequalled sorrows none was shown.

Call thou on Him, for He, in human form,
Hath walk'd the waves of life and still'd the storm."

MRS. HEMANS.

Mr. Anstruther's mind, when he was left alone, was in a perfeet whirl of agitation and passion. Notwithstanding his abuse of Sir Roland's principles, he had always internally respected him for them, and for the consistency with which he had maintained them. But he had been used of late rather to consider him as one whose spirit wanted energy and courage; (being little aware that his patient forbearance towards him was like that which a mother shows to the wayward humours of a sick child;) and he had, consequently, been in the frequent habit of speaking to him in a contemptuous and overbearing manner. But his last speech had been so unlike what he had ever heard from him before, that he felt the current of his feelings towards him suddenly and strangely changed; and amid the tumult of his other contending emotions, the conviction pressed itself upon his mind, that this last stern remonstrance had been dictated, not by impetuous passion, but by calm, deliberate judgment; and that Sir Roland, in fact, had said nothing in which he was not fully justified; and with this conviction his respect for him rose immeasurably.

Sir Roland, indeed, had found that it was needful to assert a supremacy over Mr. Anstruther's temper, before he could hope to obtain a patient hearing of those things to which he was so anxious to draw his attention; and it was that which caused him to speak as he had done; for he knew that if he were despised—so would

also be the message he had to deliver.

After a time—and when all indignation had died away from Mr. Anstruther's mind—what had been said on the subject of his danger took full possession of him; and the many words of warning which his physician had spoken from time to time, and which, till now, he had always endeavoured to disbelieve, returned to his memory,

confirming the fatal fear which rose before him, and filling his soul with terror. Sir Roland's words, "The grave open before you!— the grave open before you!" sounded again and again in his ears, and rung like a knell through his heart. He heard it in his hollow cough—he felt it in the throbbing of his fevered temples—he saw it in his almost transparent hands! Like scorching lightning the conviction glared upon him—that he was dying! His brain seemed on fire! He clasped his hands to his head, and buried his face in the cushions as if to shut out from sight and hearing the terrific image that pursued him. But there it was—"Death!—and after

that—the judgment!"

How long he lay there, he knew not, for a torpor of horror took possession of him.—He was aroused, however, after a time, by the sound of Sir Roland's voice out on the ramparts. It was faint, but it came with thrilling power to him; and starting up, in spite of his weakness, he hurried to the window. It was open, for the heat was oppressive; and leaning against it to support himself, he gazed on the world before him. The sun had about an hour longer to run his course, and was streaming in floods of golden light through an opening in dark and heavy thunder-clouds, which had begun already to send forth their indistinct mutterings. The mountains were crimson with the setting rays, and stood out in bright relief against the leaden sky; whilst the majestic river rolled its ample waters in light beneath; and nearer, and just below the walls, the glacis extended its lovely groves and gardens, lying in deepest shade. But these, and many other lovely things, were scarcely noted by the dying man, whose whole soul seemed riveted on one individual on the ramparts below. Sir Roland was standing there alone; but the sound of retreating steps showed that some one had just been with him. He had taken off his cap, which with his riding-whip lay by his side on the grass, and he looked unusually pale, while, from time to time, he passed his hand across his brow to throw back his waving hair, as if to cool himself. The beauties of the scene around seemed lost also upon him, for his eyes were raised above them all;—yet no as in prayer, but as in abstraction—and his thoughts seemed troubled, for a sad expression rested on his fine features. He had had letters from England, and they had brought all home before his heart, and had left a feeling of depression on his mind. Mr. Anstruther would have given worlds to have spoken to himto have called him up—to have clasped in kindness a hand, which till then had been almost valueless to him. The yearning of his heart was inexpressible, and his strong desire to speak to him almost made him involuntarily pronounce his name, for he felt as if he held life and death in his hands for him. He controlled himself, however, and kept silence; but it was not without a feeling almost of despair that he saw Sir Roland turn away without raising his eyes to his window, and walk slowly across the little bridge which connected the rampart with the ambassador's house.

He went early to rest that night, for he was quite exhausted; but he could not sleep. As he tossed upon his feverish couch, how desolate he felt! Strong emotion had passed away; but as his mind, in the vague light-headedness of fever, wandered from thought to thought, all seemed dull, and dark, and dreary! He was alone in the world! no human being loved him!—he had cut himself off by his own will and choice from all the sympathies of his kind. For the first time in his life he felt a terror at being alone;—the flickering lamp sent up strange figures and shadows through the room, which his distempered wandering fancy shaped into demons and ill spirits brooding over him. Once and again he had his hand upon the bell to summon his servant to him, wishing that something living might be near! but ashamed of betraying his weakness, he withdrew it and bore on, till at length a heavy, troubled slumber fell upon his eyes. His mind however, still continued working; and the agitation of his countenance, and his knit brow, showed that strife was going on within.

The elements too, without, were busy. The storm, which had been threatening for some hours, drew nearer and nearer; and peals of continuous thunderings rolled round and round the city, like the roar of distant artillery. Still the sleeper was not aroused, though the sounds seemed to mingle with the images in his mind, adding to their fearful and oppressive nature. His frame became convulsed, and the damp dews stood upon his brow: and tremors shook him from head to foot, as the thunder grew louder and nearer; till at length one tremendous crash, which seemed as if the welkin itself were rent asunder, burst over the city. He started up wildly, and clasping his hands above his head he

shrieked-

"He comes! Oh, God! Not yet, not yet—have mercy—yet a

little!" And he sunk back again breathless.

His servant, who had also been awakened by the storm, hearing his master's voice, hurried into his room, and advanced to the bed-"Who are you!" said Mr. Anstruther, in alarm; for his mind

The servant spoke; and on recognising him the invalid breathed a deep sigh of relief, and said, "The storm awoke me, and my

head is distracted."

The man gave him something, and asked if he should stay with him; but the proposal was made in so cold and unwilling a tone, that he could not bear to accept it; so dismissing him, he again laid his throbbing and fevered head on his pillow. "Yes, I am alone," he thought; "not even he cares for me! And why should he? I have never considered him but as one paid to do unwilling service—as a tool of my convenience; why should he care for me? Yet the thought added somewhat more of bitterness to his feelings.

He was too much shaken to get up early the next day; and had. indeed, but just risen to his sofa when Sir Roland's well-known, and now most welcome footstep sounded on the stair. How did his approach agitate him! The blood rushed so quickly through his frame that he could scarcely breathe; and no sound could he distinguish but the rapid beatings of his pulse. There was the being for whose presence he had so much longed; who had seemed all the world to him! he was at the door—in the room—and how was he received? While his hand was yet on the unturned lock, Mr. Anstruther felt as if he could have flown to his feet; but the moment their eyes met-kind and gentle as was Sir Roland's lookpride, indomitable pride, unexpected even by himself, rose in Mr. Anstruther's breast, and cold and repellent was the glance he gave him in return. His agitation, however, he could not quell, nor stop the quivering of his lip. His utterance seemed cheked; and, to cover his embarrassment, he affected a cough, which soon became but too natural, and it was long before his debilitated frame recovered from its effects. Sir Roland was deeply distressed at witnessing his sufferings, and did all in his power to alleviate them; but when the paroxysm was over, Mr. Anstruther thanked him coldly, and kept his head averted from him.

Sir Roland had, however, marked the feelings which agitated him at his first entrance, and was not daunted by his subsequent repulsive manner; he saw his own line of conduct now, and was

determined steadily to pursue it.

"I was afraid the storm might have disturbed you last night."

he began, after a while; "did you hear much of it?"
"No, not much; just the last clap or two; they were very loud." "They were indeed terrific," said Sir Roland, "I never heard so awful a storm. The lightning was incessant; and I could not help thinking of the fire that must go forth at the coming of our Lord to destroy his enemies, and to cleanse this earth from 'all things that offend;' though doubtless it was but a faint image of that tremendous hour.'

Mr. Anstruther shook with agitation, but he determined, if possible, not to betray it. After a few minutes he began, in a light

"It is lucky the storm came last night instead of this evening; such a display would be rather awkward amongst all the horses and carriages at Count --- 's to-night. What costume do you adopt for the occasion?"

I am not going; I dine out of town with Lord Wentworth." "Oh, ay! I suppose a select circle of the saints are to meet there, to shake their heads over the pomps and vanities of this wicked world; and to comfort themselves with the pleasing assurance, that all who dance to-night will be sure of suffering for it hereafter. You stay away from those innocent and cheerful amusements, I

suppose, by way of what you call 'confessing God before men.'"
"No," said Sir Roland, "I have given that up;—on considera-

tion, I do not think that that will answer.'

Mr. Anstruther looked round with unfeigned astonishment.

"You see," continued Sir Roland, "there are two parties to all agreements. Now our Lord has said, 'Whosoever will confess me before men, him will I confess before the angels of my Father who is in heaven.' Now I am not quite sure that that is the sort of company I should like to have about me through an endless eternity,-I rather think there would be something more piquant in the other—and only alternative. The company of lost souls the lake of fire-evil spirits, 'the smoke of whose terment goeth up for ever and ever'—such are the things I choose for eternity; and in order to secure them, I have determined to enrol myself now in the ranks of the 'Prince of this world,' who is also the 'Prince

of the power of darkness."

Though Mr. Anstruther perceived in an instant that Sir Roland spoke ironically, yet he had no power to interrupt him; the fearful images he presented to his mind, as he spoke in a rapid yet solemn manner, recalled so terribly the awful visions that had oppressed him during the past night, that his blood curdled in his veins. The fiery dart of conviction was in his heart, and every touch renewed its agonizing torture. Yet still he attempted to speak lightly and contemptuously, endeavouring to hide from Sir Roland the effect of his words.

"Do you suppose," he said, "that you are speaking to a fool?"
"No," replied Sir Roland, in the deep earnestness of his fine
voice; "the fool hath said in his heart there is no God; you, Anstruther, say so only with your lips. Your heart acknowledges that there is a God, and at this moment you are feeling His tremendous power. 'The arrows of the Lord stick fast in you, and

his hand presseth you sore."

"I will not tolerate this!" exclaimed Mr. Anstruther, with violent agitation; "what right have you to speak to me in this way
—of these things?"

"I have," replied Sir Roland, "the right, which Christ gives to all who know His love, to proclaim it to others. Knowing, also, the terrors of the Lord, I would endeavour to persuade you; and as though Christ did speak to you by me at this moment, I do beseech you to be reconciled to God.

"I cannot endure this,—I cannot—cannot endure this!" ex-claimed Mr. Anstruther, in frightful agitation. After a pause, however, he murmured, in a low and touching tone. "There was but one voice—but one—from which I could brook to hear such

words; and that voice—those words—are lost for ever."
"Not lost," exclaimed Sir Roland; "a Christian mother's holy words and prayers cannot be lost. They are treasured up in heaven as purest things ever had in remembrance before God; and must bring down, in God's good time, a blessing on the being so fondly, faithfully cared for."

He spoke with deep emotion; and approaching Mr. Anstruther. who lay on the sofa with his face turned from him, kindly put his hand on his shoulder. Mr. Anstruther buried his face in his hands, while his whole frame trembled with excessive agitation. Both were silent. At length Mr. Anstruther said, with much feeling,-

"I cannot speak to you now, Ashton, but will you come again?" He held out his hand and grasped that of Sir Roland, who, pro-

mising soon to return, left the room.

As he could not well avoid fulfilling his dinner engagement, Sir Roland gave up his ride that day in order to be able soon again to return to Mr. Anstruther; and he sent to Mr. Scott to desire that he would not wait for him. He regretted this trifling act of selfdenial the less, because he felt extremely averse at that moment to speaking about Mr. Anstruther even to Mr Scott; for though he

had often lamented to the latter the obdurate aversion of the other to the things of God, yet that was matter of common notoriety, and what any one might have remarked; but what had just passed he felt was wholly between himself and the dying man; and, with proper delicacy, he could not endure at that moment to make it

matter of discussion with any one else.

Mr. Anstruther, when Sir Roland had left him, felt like one in a dream. Indistinct images floated before his troubled imagination;—thought chased thought—feeling crowded on feeling, in wild confusion. Remorse—hope—fear—horrible forebodings—softened recollections—all in turn rushed over his bewildered mind, and almost maddened him. After many fearful conflicts, however, the terrors of avenging wrath seemed to give way to feelings of some undefined tenderness which overflowed his soul. For the first time for many years he allowed the thought of his mother to remain with him; and resting his crossed arms upon the table, he leant his head on them, and tears—long, deep floods of tears—burst irrepressibly from his yeary heart.

When he grew more composed, though much exhausted, there was a calm in his breast to which he had long been a stranger; for the God who knew what manner of spirit he was of, in mercy had sent earthly affliction as a messenger, "to make ready his way before him," in a soul that would else, humanly speaking, soon have given way to the demon of despair, or to a spirit of proud defiance.

Undoubtedly the whole work of salvation is of God; from first to last it is the work of His Spirit! But, in the prosecution of His great and good designs, our Heavenly Father almost invariably makes use of means; preparing first the ground of the heart, and then cultivating it according to the nature of the soil he has formed. Some He draws by love—others He compels to come by fear. To some He makes His voice to sound above the storms of earthly affliction; while others, again, He wins from amid the fulness of earthly joy and affection; speaking to them of a love greater than earth's—of a tenderness surpassing even that which a mother bears her child. And thus should those, who desire to promote His glory on the earth, endeavour to make themselves, as St. Paul says, "all things to all men, so that they may any how win some."

When Sir Roland returned to Mr. Anstruther's room, the latter received him with grateful kindness; though he could not naturally, as yet, brook to show him the full workings of his mind, and even stroye to hide from him all traces of his recent strong emotion.

"It is most kind of you," he said, after an uneasy pause, "to come again so soon. I fear you have sacrificed your ride for me; and I know by old experience, how pleasant that is, after such irksome work as you have to do."

"I shall get some fresh air in driving down to Lord Wentworth's to dinner," answered Sir Roland, "so I shall do very well."

There was another pause: for though the heart of each was very full of the other, and a strong bond of sympathy had arisen between them, yet both were oppressed by that embarrassment which any strong display of feeling invariably leaves, when the excitement which drew it forth has died away.

"Your disturbed night," at length Sir Roland said, "has left

you languid to-day, Anstruther, and talking is too much for you. Shall I read a little?"

This considerate offer was a great relief to Mr. Anstruther, who gladly accepted it, saying, "he was indeed, unfit for any exertion that day."

"What shall I read?"

"Anything you like," he replied. He could not bring himself to say "the Bible," though he thirsted for its hitherto almost untasted waters. Hs also recollected with shame, that he actually did not possess a copy of the Holy Scriptures, so entirely had he neglected even the appearance of religion; and he could not have borne to have confessed this fact to Sir Roland. He was much vexed however, when the latter, taking up a commonplace book of fiction which was lying on the table. asked, "if he should read that."
"If you like it," he replied, in a tone of disappointment.

Sir Roland glanced his eye over a few pages, and then read some passages, which described one of the characters as labouring under great trial and sorrow. The author of the work (evidently knowing of no higher source of comfort) fed the mind of his here with the flimsy consolations of earth, teaching him to turn again to the world for that peace which, though the world can take away, yet

never can it give.

"How completely, even in a book like this," observed Sir Roland. "one feels the insufficiency of such modes of comfort as these! Often, in reading even works of fiction, getting interested in those I read about, I feel an ardent longing to show them the only source of real comfort—to lead them to that God who is 'mighty to save. and also mighty to console; and though the next moment I feel that what I am reading is but imaginary, yet I cannot but remember, that there are thousands of real cases of anguish and unutterable sorrow, in which the afflicted soul knows not where to go for comfort. Many, under the tortures of a late remorse, seem ready to exclaim, like Milton's Satan,

## 'Me miserable! which way shall I fly Infinite wrath and infinite despair ?

yet find no hand to point to the cross of Christ-no voice to pour His soothing, pardoning words within their ear. Even this poor tempest-tossed child of fiction of whom we have been reading. when one is carried away by the interest so as to forget that it is fiction, how does one yearn to tell him that there is provided for him freely-pardon for his sins, strength for his weakness, comfort for his griefs! How different from the world's, are the consolations which the Gospel offers to those who sorrow, either for earthly natural griefs, or of that 'godly sorrow which worketh repentance.'"

He drew from his pocket a small Bible, and read several passages, striking for their beauty, and for the comfort they conveyed. Mr. Anstruther's eyes became riveted on his eloquent countenance as he read these things, so applicable to his own case; and his mind in-wardly thanked him for the delicacy with which he touched the

wounds of his heart, while speaking of the wants of others. He held out his hand for the book, saying,—

"Will you mark those passages, and let me see them?"

"Willingly," said Sir Roland, who suspected that Mr. Anstruther might not himself possess the volume; "I have marked many passages, in different ways, as you will see;" and rising, he went to him. "All marked thus—are for consolation; and thus—for the necessity of holiness; and thus—and thus—for different subjects. This plan assists me much, either when I want these texts for my own comfort and instruction, or when I require them quickly in support of argument with others. I have a bad memory, and these odd-looking landmarks easily catch the eye. You have, probably, not been in the habit of classing these things in this way, or of proving Scripture thus by Scripture, so keep this book, you will perhaps find it useful, and I can get another; and perhaps, if I have much business to occupy me, you will copy these marks into the new one for me; and add any observations of your own that you like, for they will be valuable to me. Two heads are often ketter than one, even in heavenly things," he added, smiling kindly.

He then left him, but said he would inquire of his servant if he were still up when he returned from Lord Wentworth's, and if so, see him again for a few moments, if he liked it; "for he knew," he said, "that a little visit was often a relief in times of sickness and

solitude."

Mr. Anstruther thanked him, and said he was sure to be awake

for that he seldom slept till the night was far gone.

"And is this the man whom I have so long tried to hate and despise?" he thought, when the door closed upon Sir Roland, and he was again left to the stillness of his lonely chamber: "this the man whom I have tried in every way to wound and distress?" He sighed heavily, as the contrast between himself and Sir Roland forced itself upon his mind.

"He knows my heart, and yet how gently does he bear with me, and talk of pardon and of peace! But what is the little which he knows, compared to what I must appear in the sight of God,—of that Being whom I have so long reviled, and striven to deny—

even to myself—though vainly!"

Mr. Anstruther's mind, as regarded religious knowledge, was in the utmost darkness. The sacred books were almost whelly unknown to him, as for many years he had never willingly opened them; and after the days of coercive attendance at church, when he was at school and college, he had seldom even entered a sacred edifice. The history of Christianity, and of the life and acts of its great founder, were therefore, excepting in their roughest outlines, almost novel matter to him: and as now, for the first time for nearly twenty years, he read to himself the inspired word of God, his mind was overwhelmed with the immensity of the subjects presented to it.

It is not, perhaps, in the power of any to whom the Bible is at all familiar, to form an adequate idea of the sensations thus produced in him; for most persons of tolerable education, however

dead they may be to the spirituality contained in the Scriptures. are at least tolerably familiar with its holy words; and when these are presented, for the first time, to the mind of one in full maturity, it is generally in the case of the illiterate savage, the ignorant heathen, or the still more debased occupant of the lowest grades of ignorance and vice in a nominally Christian land. But here was one of refined habits, most cultivated intellect, and naturally warm. and generous affections, upon whom the glorious Gospel broke for the first time, in all the fullness of its light and beauty. True, he adid not—could not, fully comprehend all its spirituality, its high requirements, and its unbounded blessings; but enough of these was revealed, to make him aware that a new and glorious region was opened to him, of which he had hitherto been in total ignor-

Yet the feeling of admiration thus produced in his soul was painfully mingled with a sense of deep depression on his own account. He felt astounded at the magnitude of his guilt! and the more gracious the promises—the freer the invitations he met with in the scriptures, the more heinous did his own sin appear in having so long neglected to accept them. He felt as if the day of grace were past for him—as if, for him, all hope was gone; and the very things that should have poured peace and comfort into his heart sunk him into the deepest despair. The wilderness—the dreary wilderness of unsanctified feeling, bitter hatred, and murmuring discontent, was indeed past; but (like Moses at the end of his wanderings) though he saw from afar the blessed land of joy and promise, yet he felt that he was never to enter it,-never to enjoy its "green pastures, and its still waters of comfort."

Yet this state of mind was preferable far, even as regarded his own sensations, to that in which he had existed for so many years; for though a sad despondency sunk his spirits beyond what he had ever before experienced, yet his bitter enmity against God was gone; and he felt that he could now love and adore that Almighty Being whom he had begun to know, only, as he fancied, to lose for

He was still intently studying the Scriptures when Sir Roland returned at night; but the latter, thinking that rest would be better for him than exciting conversation at that late hour, merely said a few kind and encouraging words, and then left him; promising to be with him again early the next day.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"But never, never, when the mind once wakes: Charmed back to slumber can it never be! When from the toils th' immortal spirit breaks: Vain is the attempt to bind—it must be free." SIR ARCHIBALD EDMONSTON.

SIR ROLAND made the utmost despatch with his business the following morning, and hastened to go up to Mr. Anstruther. On inquiry, he found he had slept rather better than usual, but he was struck with the increased pallor and languor of his countenance.

"Have you found my marks of any use?" he asked.

"Not yet; I have been too much interested in reading straight through. Ashton, my mind has made rapid strides in the last two days. I have lived years in them!—years of sorrow—years of regret! yet so unlike the sorrow and regret of former times, that they seem scarcely allied to them—scarcely of the same nature; only that it has all been pain. My life has been one drear reality of pain—I have known no happiness, or joy, or repose! A great change, too, has been made in my heart, by finding that the man whom I have ever treated most unworthily, is my best—perhaps, my only friend. This is much for me to say," and the blood mounted in his pale cheek, "but I have done with pride, and I shall be happier—easier at least, when I can speak freely and without reserve. There is but little time now remains to me, and I feel to have much to say; I seem filled with sensation of some kind, though I can scarcely say what, for it appears to settle down upon my mind with the shadowy weight of an oppressive dream."

the shadowy weight of an oppressive dream."
"My dear Anstruther," said Sir Roland, "why is this? Surely
you find no gloom in the bright and glorious volume you hold in
your hand. "Loy names kable, shines forth from its every page."

your hand. 'Joy unspeakable' shines forth from its every page.' "To you, doubtless it does—doubtless it does," replied Mr. Anstruther, quickly; "but what does it say to me—to me who have so long neglected even to read it? Ashton," he added, throwing himself back on his cushions, and covering his eyes with his hand, "you will scarcely believe me when I tell you, that it is nearly twenty years since I voluntarily took that book into my hands."

Sir Roland could not speak for a moment; the thought of that Saviour, whose love is so infinite, so unspeakable, being still se "despised and rejected of men"—struck him to the very heart.

"I knew you would cease to hope for me," said the dying man, misconstruing his silence, and fixing his anxious eyes upon him with a look in which the despondency of his soul was painfully depicted—"I knew you must cease to hope for me when you knew all; though who can know all—all the frightful secrets of the heart (and he shuddered as he spoke) but God alone?"

"I do not despair of you, Anstruther; I never did, and do soless now than ever. 'The wicked have no bands in their death;' they are not troubled, or I should rather say, blessed with thoughts like yours; they have no godly sorrow for sin, and no craving desire after God. But what is it that weighs so heavily on your

mind? what is it forms the chief subject of your bitter regrets?"

"I can scarcely say," replied Mr. Anstruther—"I can scarcely define my feelings, or bring to my mind any one thing that stands forward particularly as an object of regret; but my whole life, excepting, perhaps, a little glimmer at its early dawn, seems one black offence against God. I cannot look into my former self, and see one thought that was not opposed to God. I know therefore, that my condemnation is just; but still—to be cut off for ever! to be appointed my portion with the condemned—Ashton, it is more

than I can endure!"

"But have you not," asked Sir Roland, "found in the Gospel, 'a refuge from the wrath to come?' Have you not read of Him who took your sins upon Him, and suffered, 'the just for the unjust,' that you might be saved?"

"I read of Him who died for His people," replied Mr. Anstruther, "but how can I think that I am one of them? Wherein has my spirit been like His? What one thought of my wretched heart has ever been such as He could have approved?"

"But whom does it say that Christ Jesus came to 'seek and to

save?" asked Sir Roland.

"Remember, Ashton, I am still a novice in these things," said Mr. Anstruther, with somewhat of embarrassment; "I am not ready to answer every question."

"He came," continued Sir Roland, "to 'seek and to save that which was lost." Now are you not one of those who were lost?"

"Surely—too surely."

"Then are you not one whom he came to seek and to save?"

"It should seem so indeed," replied Mr. Anstruther, looking up

with earnest attention.

Sir Roland continued, "'The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin'-from all sin, Anstruther. 'This is a true saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. 'I came not,' says our Lord, 'to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance;' 'He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.

The light of hope had begun to dawn in Mr. Anstruther's heart. as Sir Roland repeated the three first of these texts; but when he

came to the fourth, he exclaimed bitterly.-

"But I have never gone to Him—never believed in him—never

sought Him!"

"But you believe in Him now, Anstruther; why not seek him

" I believe in Him as the Saviour of those who have done His will,

but not as my Saviour-not as mine!"

"Anstruther, listen to me while I speak to you of the glories of the Gospel-of the greatness of Christ's salvation; for though your soul is convinced of its sinfulness—though you are fully aware of your own lost estate, yet you do not see the plan and extent of the redemption procured for you by Christ. His sufferings and death form one great sacrifice, of such infinite value as to satisfy eternal justice for the sins of the whole world; and all who believe in Him. and seek pardon for His sake will undoubtedly be saved."

"But yet," said Mr. Anstruther, after a few minutes' silence,

"this doctrine seems to open a wide field for sin."

"It opens no field for sin, Anstruther; none. The same word which tells us that, by Christ's merits alone can we be saved, also affirms that 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' The leve of Christ which the Holy Spirit implants in the heart of every redeemed being, 'constrains us to live, not unto ourselves, but unto him who hath loved us and given himself for us;' and the people of God are called 'a peculiar people, zealous of good works.'
When you are better acquainted with the Scriptures, you will perceive how inseparable are a true faith in Christ, and a desire after righteousness; how completely free salvation and personal holiness go hand in hand. Neither have we the least encouragement to defer the time of turning to God. Christ never invites us to come to him on the morrow. He says, 'Behold now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation.' 'We know not what one day may bring forth;' and we are also given to understand that, even while yet in the body, we may for our hardened neglect be 'delivered over to a reprobate mind.' God says, 'My Spirit shall not always strive with man;' and we are told that 'Satan entered into Judas' while yet he was alive in the flesh, taking full possession of his miserable soul even in this world."

"How can I know that such is not the case with me?" exclaimed Mr. Anstruther, despairingly; "searcely Judas betrayed his Lord more than I have done. I have rebelled continually against Him, despised His people, and set at nought His commandments. Oh! I have done the work of a demon on the earth, and I feel that I am

now justly abandoned of my God.'

"I feel sure that such is not the case with you," returned Sir Roland, "for those who are abandoned of God feel not as you feel. As I said before, 'they have no godly sorrow for ain,' no love for their Heavenly Father, no yearning for His favour; and you have all these."

"You try to pour balm into my wounded spirit, Ashton, and God knows the unutterable love it makes me feel for you," and the large tears gushed into his eyes. "But I cannot feel the hope you do—I cannot think that the iniquity of so many years can be can-

celled in a moment."

"It is not cancelled at this moment," said Sir Roland, who had been much affected by Mr. Anstruther's expressions; "it was cancelled when Christ bowed His head upon the cross, and said, 'It is finished.' Nay, it was virtually cancelled when the promise of the Saviour was made to our first parents. The whole work of salvation was accomplished when Christ died; for the whole work is Christ's—the whole power—the whole glory! God is a reconciled father through Him; our pardon is signed and sealed by His blood; and we have only 'to open our worthless hands, and to rereceive it.' And will you not receive it, Anstruther?"

"God knows how willingly, could I really believe it offered to

me."

"If you sincerely trust for all your salvation to Him, and to Him alone," replied Sir Roland, "then His word is passed—to save you; 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' 'Behold,' He says, 'I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.' Mark the word, 'sup.'\* The Lord does not mention the first meal of the day, which would denote, figuratively, the morning of life; not the second, which would point to the time of energetic health and manhood, but He says 'sup,' the last meal of the closing day, in order to show that if, even at

<sup>\*</sup> Read the Rev. Henry Blunt's explanation.

the last hour of life-' the eleventh hour'-we will open our hearts to receive Him as our Lord and Saviour, He will enter in and claim possession of those hearts, and 'no man shall pluck them out of

His hand."

"Mighty love! wondrous mercy!" sighed Mr. Anstruther; "I can adore it, though I dare not realize it as for myself. You must pray for me, Ashton, that my faith may be enlightened, and that I may indeed be enabled to see in God a Father and a Saviour. I can feel Him now to be only a Judge and a Sovereign, 'who for my sins is justly displeased.

I have often besought the Lord for you, and shall, doubt it not, continue most earnestly so to do. But your own prayers will

be of more avail than mine.

"I cannot pray—I dare not lift my voice to God."

"Do you, then, never pray?" asked Sir Roland in astonishment. "I have not for years. What could a heart, seared as mine has been, ask from God? What could so rebellious a soul seek at His hands?''

"But now, Anstruther, you surely now desire His pardon and

favour; and why not, then, now ask Him for them?"

"I can only again repeat that I dare not. My eyes often, indeed, involuntarily turn to heaven, and my thoughts dart upwards to the mercy-seat; but they seem inexorably repelled, and a chill falls on my heart as if all hope for me were passed. A soul like yours, Ashton, cannot judge of mine. You can look back, young as you are, to a life of godliness, peace, and virtue, and to a trusting faith in Christ. But I can only look back to—sin! Memory to me is a destroyer of rest, and peace, and hope!"

"But God says to the true penitent, that 'He retaineth not his

anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy.""
When you speak, Ashton, and repeat the gracious promises of God, my heart for a moment springs up, and a bright entrancing hope seems set before it, which, at times, I feel almost able to take hold of; but then a hand, as from behind, seems to draw me back, and a voice to whisper in my ear, 'Not for you.'"

"That hand is Satan's, yield not to it, Anstruther; the voice is

that of the enemy of your soul, who seeks to drive you from your salvation. Oh! resist him, I beseech you, by earnest prayer; 'Believe in Christ and you must be saved,' spite of all the powers

of darkness!"

Sir Roland spoke with passionate energy, for his spirit was stirred within him at seeing the so evident work of the evil one; and he felt almost as if he were combating with him hand to hand. animated assurances seemed to breathe somewhat of hope into the heart of his friend, whose eyes kindled, and whose expressive countenance lighted up with eagerness—though his lip quivered, as he exclaimed.

"And can it be—can it really be—that a simple belief in Christ

as our Saviour can rescue from destruction!".

"It is Christ who rescues from destruction, my dear Anstruther," said Sir Roland, earnestly; "but it is belief in Him which, as the arm stretched out, lays hold on the salvation which He sets before us."

"But how, in this poor remnant of life that remains to me, how can I prove that my faith is sincere, that my repentance is genuine?"

"God sees the heart, and knows what He writes in it," replied Sir Roland. "But unless His Spirit teach," he added, with a sigh, "all my words are vain."

He paused for a moment, inwardly imploring God's help, then

continued-

"Your own soul will be able to tell you whether you are really truly enabled to believe that Christ, when dying on the cross, bore the punishment you deserve?"

"Oh, that I could believe it!" exclaimed Mr. Anstruther. "Yet

else, why did He take my nature upon Him?"

"Have you read St. Luke's account of the thief on the cross?" asked Sir Roland.

"I do not remember it."

"Then let me read it to you." And taking the book, he read

that touching portion of Scripture.

When he came to the earnest appeal of the repentant malefactor, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom," Mr. Anstruther involuntarily rose from his recumbent posture, and leaning upon his elbow—scarcely breathing—he fixed his eyes upon Sir Roland with agonized earnestness, as if he felt the answer were to be addressed to himself. And so, indeed, it was! God directed the words, "Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise," straight to his heart. He felt that the Saviour of that penitent was his Saviour!—that the gates of the same Paradise that were opened to him, were ready also to receive his pardoned soul! He spoke no word as this blessed conviction rushed over him, but gazing upwards for a moment, with a look that seemed to enter the very heavens, he sunk back, and closing his eyes, as if the prospect overpowered him, murnured, "Too great—too bright—too joyful!" while an expression of heavenly happiness rested on his countenance!

There was silence in that chamber for a time! but in heaven there was "joy amongst the angels of God over that one sinner that repented." And though their hymns of thanksgiving reached not the outward ears, yet were they echoed in the inmost souls of those two redeemed beings, who then poured forth the fulness of their

hearts to God in love and praise.

It was long before Sir Roland spoke, for he saw what had passed in Mr. Anstruther's mind, and he would not interrupt the blissful emotions—the "joy and peace in believing'—which he knew his pardoned toul was then enjoying. But as he looked on the worn features and wasted frame of the man—once so uncongenial to him, now bound to him by so many ties—and felt how soon they must be separated for ever in this world, an uncontrollable gush of earthly sorrow mingled itself with the rejoicings of his spirit, and unwonted tears sprung to his eyes. His heart yearned over

the being he had been the blessed means, in God's hands, of rescuing from everlasting destruction, and whose love to himself was, he knew, so strong. But repelling the "wish that would have kept him here," he raised his thoughts to that world where death and separation are unknown, and where Satan can no more deceive, nor sin distress, the perfected soul!

"Blest home! no foe can enter, And no friend departeth thence!"

# CHAPTER IX.

"My soul had drawn
Light from the Book whose words are graved in light!
There at its well-head had I found the dawn,
And day, and noon of freedom."

MRS. HEMAWS.

WHEN Sir Roland had left Mr. Anstruther and returned to his own apartment, he poured forth his heart in warmest gratitude to God for the change which had taken place in the soul of his friend. He had never wholly despaired for him, though, for a long time, it had seemed "through moonless skies" that he was gazing; but now a dawn of no uncertain nature had appeared above the horizon; and never did the light of this material world give to shipwrecked mariner a joy more true, more full, than that which this zealous and devoted servant of the Lord felt, when he saw "the Sun of

righteousness arise with healing on his wings" on the once benighted being in whom he felt so deep an interest. When next he visited him, he found him in the happiest state of

mind, and ready to receive him with the warmest affection.

"Ashton," he began, holding out his hand, "I wish I had some new and unaccustomed words with which to thank you for your excessive kindness to me;—a kindness which might well have warmed a colder breast than mine. How can I ever sufficiently bless you for it—you, by whom God has led my erring soul from death to life?"

"God has sufficiently blessed me by blessing you, Anstruther," replied Sir Roland, with much emotion. "You can now fully

trust your salvation to Christ,—can you not?"

"Fully—fully; I feel that He is my only—my all-sufficient Saviour. And oh! how great a change does that conviction bring with it! I seem like one from before whose eyes a wall has been cast down, revealing a prospect of unutterable beauty! I feel as if this world were nothing; eternity everything! Well might you tell me, Ashton, that 'in Christ Jesus we were new creatures;' for most surely do I feel changed in every pulse and feeling. Oh! marvellous is the change! though to you it could never have been the same as to me; for though, doubtless, light increased continually in your soul, yet you never knew the blackness of darkness that I have known."

"Perhaps not," replied Sir Roland, "for I was early trained in the knowledge of God. Yet well do I remember (and it was accompanied by somewhat of the same sensations you describe) the moment when I first felt the sense of pardon in my heart."

"When was it?—do you mind telling me?"

"I had long had something of the fear and love of God in me, and had chosen His service in preference to that of the world; for I had lived with those in whom I saw the happiness as well as the beauty of holiness. Even in my early youth I remember it used to surprise me, that when such pure and fresh springs of happiness were offered to men, they could slake the thirst of the soul in the foul and stagnant pools by the wayside; or, in plainer language. that they could choose the frivolous, and often debasing and vile pleasures of this world, rather than the exalted joys of companionship with God. Yet it was present happiness and present peace that I thought of, more than the glory of God, or the immortal well-being of my soul. But after a time (it was about eight years ago) my mind became much awakened on the subject of vital religion—of the real union of the soul with Christ. I found that I was far from being what I ought to be in God's sight; and not knowing the freeness of salvation, a miserable disquiet took possession of me, and I longed for something to rest upon. How vivid still is the remembrance of that hour when the Lord revealed Himself to me as the all-sufficient atonement, for whose sake God would accept and bless me !

"You have not been at Llanaven for many years, Anstruther; but you remember it is near the sea, with downs and woods that feather, in parts, almost to the shore? I was one day lying on the grass, with that listless enjoyment which fine weather and beautiful scenery are so apt to produce, and my eye roved delightedly over the scene, so beautiful! that was spread out before me. I thought with delight, and with a strong admixture, I fear, of vanity and earthly pride, of being the possessor of that lovely spot, and felt very great in my own estimation; when, just at that time, the passing bell rung out from the tower of our old church. I had heard it, of course, often before, when it had brought with it only a momentary sadness to my heart. But now it seemed so at variance with the bright look of life that shone on all around, and taught a lesson so contrary to the proud earthly thoughts I had been in lulging, that it produced a sudden and painful revulsion of feeling within me. Some lines on the subject came into my

mind:

It warns a being from this troubled sphere, It calls a mortal to its parent clay, It rings the knell of hope's best promise here, It hymns a spirit on its heavenward way!

'There is a sound of sadness on our hill!

"'Its heavenward way!" I thought, "would it be such to me? My mind was much troubled, but Satan began suggestingwhat the self-sufficiency of the natural heart is ever too ready to plead—its own merits. 'Did I not love God? was I not, in soms respects, better than my companions?' with many other such insufficient sources of consolation. But a spirit answered from within. 'That I had not loved the Lord my God with all my heart, nor with all my soul; and that I could not answer to Him for one of a thousand of the things that I had said, or thought, or done.' This conviction humbled my very soul, and filled me with dismay; an undefined fear took possession of me, and the blood rushed throbbing to my head, till all which had before appeared so clear and calm around, seemed disturbed and dizzy before my eyes; and I remember shivering from head to foot even under that summer sun. Still the bell went swinging on, remorselessly, as it seemed to me, for every stroke shook me to the heart, and I longed to escape from its sound—but seemed chained to the spot. At length the words, 'Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thy help,' came to my recollection; and then passage after passage of comfort and hope flowed in upon me, till the Holy Spirit opened my soul to the joyful reception of the free, unpurchaseable salvation of Christ. I can never forget the sensation I experienced at that moment! Before I had been, as it were, walking on the earth, though looking up to heaven; now I felt as if in heaven and looking down upon the earth! For a time I was lost to everything around me. I no longer heard the knell of death, or the splashing of the waves, or saw any of the objects that before had so much charmed me; my heart and whole spirit seemed with God!"

He paused: while his upward glance appeared again to seek the presence of his heavenly Father; but after a few minutes' silence, which Mr. Anstruther understood too well to wish to break, he

resumed, with a sigh,-

"Frail creatures we are here—incapable of retaining heavenly light! We can recal the remembrance of such feelings; but the excessive happiness they produced will not glow again within us in this world—though enough remains to fill these treacherous

hearts of ours with peace and joy."

"If such, then, was the effect of these things on your mind, Ashton, think what it must have been on mine—mine which was brought out of such darkness! You had ever had the love of God in your heart, though He had not been fully revealed to you as your Saviour; but I—my heart had been at bitter enmity with Him. You may be thankful that you were led to Him by the force of love, without seeing Hell opened beneath you as I did. Oh! what I suffered that night! But it has made Christ's salvation, if possible, the more valuable to me, by showing from what depths of misery it has saved me. Would that my voice had a trumpet's power to arouse the souls of men, to warn them to fly from misery, and to turn to Him who is mighty and willing to save! But those who have known me through life, who have witnessed my cold contempt of everything sacred, would think, per-

haps naturally, that it was only the fear of death which had made me now alter my expressions and feelings: so that when I would -oh! how gladly—serve the Lord, I am justly shown that He does not need me, and will not use me. But it is not fear that has changed me—I feel it is not fear."

"I believe you, Anstruther, for fear would not give you the searce and joy you seem to have," said Sir Roland.
"I did feel it once," continued Mr. Anstruther; "sunk under nearly; but it is gone now, quite gone. Regret, indeed—deep, leep regret—do I feel for having so long offended one so merciful, so easy to be entreated; and I have a sorrow for sin which humbles me continually. And I would not have it otherwise: such feelings seem to befit one who has been so long and fearfully alienated from God; but far from teaching me now to despair or fear, they serve only to enhance my sense of God's long-suffering patience. The more I think of them, the deeper is my love for Him.

"I am very thankful, my dear Anstruther, to see you in this frame of mind," said Sir Roland; "and I know your joy is not the less deep and full for being chastened with regret; but still you must remember that all your sins are washed out, that Christ has

borne them all in His own body on the cross."

"You are a gentle comforter, Ashton,—true servant of your Lord,—true, true servant of your Lord. And if ever," he continued with the most earnest energy, "in the course of this uncertain life, trial or sorrow beset your path, think of this scene of death—of him whom you have been the means of leading to salvation, and you will find comfort." He paused, exhausted with his own emotions, but, after a minute, he added, "I rejoice in the thoughts of your being high in the kingdom of God; for myself, I feel sufficiently blessed in the hope of sitting on its threshold. It will be happiness enough through all eternity simply to dwell in the presence of the Lord, to see you employed about His throne—and again to behold-my mother.

His heart thrilled with joy as the last idea passed through it; and he closed his eyes, that their softened expression might not be read, even by Sir Roland. It was a feeling too sacred to brook the

scrutiny of aught but heavenly eyes.
"It is strange," he said, after a time, "how completely all my feelings and thoughts are changed. I, who never, in former times, could bear to think of my mother, now dwell on her remembrance with the most delighted happiness, whilst it is the thought of my father now that is painful. I do not know where he is? but, Ashton, if ever you should meet him, try, will you? for my sake, to persuade him—speak to him, as you have to me, and may God open his eyes as He has mine."

"I will surely do it if I can," replied Sir Roland.

"Would it be too much to ask of you," continued Mr. Anstruther, "now even, if you have any friends on the continent (for I have reason to believe he is not in England), to write and ask them if they have ever heard of him or known him. I have been very neglectful in this matter; for he may be wanting my assistance, and, God knows I would willingly give it now, if I knew but where to find him; and he might, perhaps, when he hears how near I am to death, come and see me once more."

"I will write this very evening," said Sir Roland, "for I have many friends abroad, and I hope I may be successful in discovering him. But tell me, Anstruther, have no thoughts of God ever single you were a child—no convictions of sin, ever crossed your mind?" Often and often, but I repelled them instantly. Yet amids all

"Often and often, but I repelled them instantly. Yet amidst all my seeming indifference, spite of all the rhodomontade nonsense I used to talk, so miserable have I been at times, that more than once (I shudder at thinking of it now) I thought of putting an end to my existence; but I was kept from it by an intuitive feeling that I should then never again behold my mother. And thus mercifully did God restrain my impious hand by the thoughts of her whose prayers for me had, doubtless, 'come up as a memorial before Him.'"

"I know the outline of your history, Anstruther: but what was it that preyed so particularly on your heart?—Yet do not talk if it

hurts you, you seem so very weak."

"It is a pleasure to speak to you while I can," said Mr. Anstruther; "for my lips will soon be closed in death." And a quiet smile

played over them as he spoke.

He then repeated as much as he himself knew of the history of his parents (with which the reader is already acquainted), and described the effect his early trials had upon his heart. He said he was not with his mother when she died—her death took place in the night—and that when in the morning he was told that she was dead, and entered her room, he felt relieved to find her so little

changed.

"I used to go," he continued, "and read in the room where she lay, and take my playthings there, and sit for hours, for no one cared to disturb me. I had no fear of death, for I had never witnessed it till now, in her who, dead, was worth all the living world to mc! I would amuse myself, I remember well, in building, with my playthings, bridges and towers, and things of that sort, which seemed very beautiful to my childish fancy, and then would look up for praise and kind words; but finding all remained still, as before, I would take them down quietly one by one, instead of the noisy overthrow which before used to be the crowning joy of all: for, without knowing why, I felt there was a hush over everything around; and the least noise seemed to jar in that quiet room of death. And thus I went on for some days, and was scarcely to say unhappy, though I wearied for her sweet looks and gentle voice. Strange it is, that though I have not dared to recal these things to my mind for years, yet now that I speak of them, the smallest circumstance flows back upon my recollection with a force and clearness that

<sup>\*</sup> That gifted, but eccentric being, Ugo Foscolo, while pouring forth the sorrows of his heart on one occasion, said that he had, indeed, thought of putting an end to himself; but, he added, in a peculiarly touching manner, "Je crains de ne jamais revoir ma mère." (I fear the never seeing my mother again.)

makes the whole seem as but of yesterday; and all my chlidish but intense feelings return to my heart, fresh and natural as when first they came. It is like turning over the pages of a long-forgotten

**v**olume

"We were in the country, in a poor little house, suited, I suppose, to our ruined fortunes, and we had no friends near. The servants were kind to me, but they spoke to each other in whispers, and often with tears, and I did not care to ask them questions. I knew my mother was dead, but I had then but faint, indistinct ideas of what death was, and I dreaded hearing of something worse than what I saw. One day-oh! can Eternity wash out the remembrance of that hour !- on that day my father came down; he had not been to the house before since my mother's death. He must have felt I imagine, as if everything and everybody reproached him, and that probably chafed his temper. The sadness of the people about made him, perhaps, irritable and sensitive, knowing what their thoughts must be; for they were all aware of his neglect of my mother, and of her many sorrows. He inquired where I was, and being told I was in her room, he entered in a sullen mood (for he always resented any mark of affection shown to her), and bade me leave the place. Frightened at his angry look, I ran to the bedside and clung to my mother's hand, taking refuge with the quiet dead from the violence of the living. He advanced —I see him now, his eyes flashing with anger—and seizing me, ordered me to quit my mother's hand. I could not do so, and he dragged me away, I grasping her hand still with the strength of despair. Oh, what I felt at that moment!" And he pressed his clasped hands crushingly across his eyes, as if to destroy the recollection. "The action made her move; she seemed to follow me, and I thought she lived. I called on her to save me! but with frantic violence my father tore my hand from hers; I heard her arm fall heavily on the bed-and I heard no more. When I awoke I was in my own room, and a kind servant of my mother's was watching by me, and in tears.

"I saw my mother once again. I was feverish, and was kept in bed; but having been left alone, I crept out and stole into her room. I did not see her at the first moment, for they had placed her in her coffin. The sight of that mournful object filled me with alarm, but I could not bear to return without seeing her; so I got on the bed on which the coffin rested, and leaned over to look once more at that still, pale face, so inexpressibly dear to me. She was surrounded with flowers—the bright, gay flowers of Spring. stooped to kiss her, and felt a rising agony I had never known before, for I was sure they were going to carry her away; but my terror was so great lest my father should return and find me there again, that sorrow had not—happily perhaps—full sway over me. I took up a flower which lay on her tranquil breast—that breast, my precious mother, where I had been so often hushed to rest!—and in haste and fear crept back to my own room. I never saw her after that; but dearly did I cherish my stolen flower, and preserved it with the greatest care. I have it now—it is in my desk, sealed up with my mother's picture. Years-many, many years have passed since I have borne to look on either; but, Ashton, shall you think me quite a child still, if I beg you to let that faded flower be placed with me in my coffin? I feel it is a childish request," he added, as deep emotion flushed his countenance, "but I somehow wish that what I have so much treasured, should not be cast away as a worthless thing. Will you keep the picture? it is very lovely—as she was;—and it may serve to remind you perhaps of me; for though I had not her features, or her beauty, yet some who knew her have said that at times they saw a likeness between us. We have, indeed, been alike in some things," and he sighed heavily; "for we have both suffered much, though from whed different causes! and she, too, died at seven-and-twenty, cut off in her lovely prime. I think I should like," he added, while his lip quivered, "to look once more on those dear memorials! Will you kindly get them for me?—But no, I will not disturb and melt my heart with the sight of them.—I shall need no remembrance to recognise her in the realms of peace."

He paused for some time much exhausted, then continued:—
"After a few days (during which I never saw him) my father
took me away with him, and soon after sent me to school; but my
heart found no resting-place in any of my companions, nor, indeed,
ever has found one till now." And he turned to Sir Roland with an

expression of the deepest gratitude.

"I can scarcely wonder at the state of mind you used to be in, Anstruther," said Sir Roland; "yours was a terrible childhood! How different to mine! nursed as I was in the very lap of love and kindness! and, while I was early trained in the ways of God, I have heard that you were exposed to every evil and temptation. It is surprising that your outward conduct should have been so free

from reproach as it has been."

"My hatred of my father, I am sorry to say, served more to keep me from his vices than anything else," replied Mr. Anstruther; "besides which, I ever had a vanity in seeming to be above the weaknesses of other men; and should have lost my power of humbling them—my great delight I am sorry to say—had I debased myself to their level. But if I have had less, perhaps, than some, of open audacious vice to reproach myself with, my heart, I feel, has been worse than mortal can conceive. It is appalling to me now to look back to what it was; my 'hand has, indeed, been against every man,' and justly has 'every man's hand been against every man,' and justly has 'every man's hand been against or acquaintance, you were the only one I never could despise; I affected to do so—but I never really did. I tried, too, to despise your principles, but there, also, I could never succeed; the still small voice of other years echoed them in my heart, though so faintly that its tones were almost lost."

He paused, for his voice faltered; but after a few moments he continued, "I cannot now bear to think of what my feeling towards you used to be, Ashton, and happily I need not do so," and the finest animation glowed over his features; "for the deep heartfelt love I bear you now has, I feel sure, blotted out the remem-

brance of it from your mind; and, thanks be to God, 'the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.'"

"There is, indeed, the point of comfort for us all," said Sir Roland; "for without that, who could abide the day of His coming, or who could stand when He appeareth?" But I have now no feeling but that of pleasure in thinking of you, Anstruther," and he kindly grasped the hand which the other had held out to him, "for our hearts and souls are now one, and will be so for ever. But I ought to leave you now, for you must need rest after the kind exertions you have been making to gratify my curiosity; you have talked too much I fear.'

"It does not signify," said Mr. Anstruther; "I shall soon be

quite at rest,'

1

When next Sir Roland visited him, Mr. Anstruther, during their

conversation, expressed a strong desire to see Mr. Scott.

"It is strange," he said, "how much one's heart feels drawn towards those who have the same hope with oneself. Scott, whom formerly I so much disliked—because I disliked his Master—I now feel so great a regard for."

"It is not strange," said Sir Roland, "for all true Christians are members of one body, of which Christ is the head. 'By this,' says our Lord, 'shall men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have

love one to another.''

"I have then, at least, that testimony of being His disciple," said Mr. Anstruther; "for I feel my heart warm up towards even strangers whom you name as being real Christians. Do you think Scott will mind coming again to this sick room?—that he will forget my former cold rudeness to him?"

"He would rejoice in nothing more, I am sure, than in seeing you as you are now, my dear Anstruther," replied Sir Roland: all but that pale countenance. And yet we must not mourn for

that either, when we know how near you are to your rest."

"I have often in former times," said Mr. Anstruther, "heard of the bitterness and harshness of religious men; but you, Ashton, have certainly none of that spirit; you are one of 'Comfort's true sons.' But there is one other thing I wished to speak of, which is -the Sacrament: I should much like to take it; though," he added, with some embarrassment, while a flush passed over his pale features, "it will be for the first time, voluntarily in my life. But our Lord's words, 'Do this in remembrance of me,' haunt my mind, for I would fain obey him in all things."

"It is, indeed, a Christian's privilege to do so," said Sir

Roland.

"But there is one thing," continued Mr. Anstruther, "though I fear it is a weakness; but I have a great dislike to the idea of taking the Sacrament from Roberts. I know, indeed, that the act is entirely between God and my own soul—that none can forward His blessing to me, or withhold it from me; but still, I confess, I revolt from the idea of having, at that solemn moment, such a man as Roberts to administer to me even outward things. You know what he is-always was at least-frivolous, worldly, dissipated I

and I cannot sufficiently divest myself of natural weakness to tolerate the idea of the feelings which I am sure would overcome me.

being witnessed by him.

"I can perfectly understand you," said Sir Roland; "and I confess that his presence with us here would much interfere with my enjoyment also; yet God's blessing rests on duty performed, not on enjoyment received; but still I think, if we could get a spiritually minded man to officiate, it would be far better. Do you know Singleton—Scott's cousin? He is a true Christian, and I know Scott expected him here to-day or to-morrow; would vou like me to ask him to come?"

"I should very much," replied Mr. Anstruther; "and his being a relation of Scott's would take away any appearance of radeness or unkindness to Roberts; as he being chaplain to the Embassy it might seem otherwise, as if I ought to have sent to him. But, Ashton, if Mr. Singleton does not come, it ought not to be delayed. -I have a monitor within which tells me—that time is not much

longer for me."

Sir Roland soon after, when he saw Mr. Scott, told him of Mr. Anstruther's desire to see him. He had some time before informed him of the change which had taken place in the mind of his friend, which had greatly rejoiced Mr. Scott, who now said he should be most happy to go and visit him.

Sir Roland then mentioned Mr. Anstruther's wish, that if Mr. Singleton arrived in time, he should be asked to administer the

Sacrament to them.

"Singleton left this room not ten minutes ago," said Mr. Scott; "he arrived this morning, and is gone to look after his things, I fancy. I am sure he will be happy to be of use anywhere and anyhow. I often think it is a very good thing that that man has no settled avocation in life—or rather no living to settle down in; for his vocation evidently seems to be that of wandering over the face of the globe, doing good amongst the upper classes of society. He had an excellent living once, but gave it up for some reason or other which he never would explain. He is acceptable everywhere, even with the most worldly and unprincipled; and he always leaves them something to reflect on when he is gone. I have traced more good to him than to any man I ever knew, for he waits for no opportunity to be offered to him, but makes it for himself; yet with such judgment and such gentle earnestness, that what one would be almost tempted at first to call rash courage, is so invariably crowned with success, that it loses its rash character, and becomes matter of certain calculation. His playful, sidelong smile, too, seems to make it impossible for him ever to offend.

"I know him but little," said Sir Roland, "but that little makes

me desirous of seeing more of him."
"I know him well," said Mr. Scott, with a glowing countenance; "and have as deep reason to love him as poor Anstruther has to love you.

"So I have heard you say," replied Sir Roland; "and it is a bond strong as delightful. One can imagine—or rather one cannot

imagine—what two souls, united by that tie, must feel when ranging the wide fields of eternity together! Ah! how little do those possess of real, ennobling happiness, who do not know their high inheritance. How strange it seems that Satan's power should be so strong; that he should be permitted so much to delude the souls of men, and tempt them to forsake their real bliss for the painted gewgaws of an hour. Truly does our Lord say, 'What I do now thou knowest not; —and how gracious is the condescension which makes Him add, 'But thou shalt know hereafter.' How comforting and animating to be assured, that all which our insatiate minds would fain know now, shall hereafter be spread out clear and plain before us; and our powers be so enlarged as to enable us to understand, approve, and admire all."

"Our powers will then be boundless," said Mr. Scott-"boundless to suffer—boundless to enjoy! An awful thought as regards lost souls; but how delightful as regards those who are made perfect in glory! Here, a very little joy suffices us, the least excess becomes painful—indeed, the only expression of happiness at times is tears. But there our happiness will be pure, perfect, and un-

tinged by a single shade that could sully it.

"We have indeed a glorious hope, 'full of immortality,' " said Sir Roland; "'Heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ,'—what animating promises! And how delightful is the earnest—the foretaste we possess of them even here; proving that godliness has indeed, 'the promise of this world as well as of the world to come.' How do earth's best joys sink beneath these stupendous thoughts -and earth's brightest prospects! yes, even mine, Scott, happy and delightful as they are, how do they fade and vanish away before 'that day-spring from on high,' which reveals, though only now in glimpses, the perfect beauty of God's kingdom! What happiness it is to possess these hopes for oneself: what inexpressible for to be the instrument in God's hand of imparting them to othersa glorious privilege!

'When first I had these hopes for myself," said Mr. Scott, "I thought that I had but to tell others of them, to get them joyfully accepted by all. It seemed to me that a thing contained in three lines would bring all mankind who heard it, to the foot of the cross."

"How do you mean 'contained in three lines'?"

"I mean that the gist of the Gospel lies in such small compass, that it need be a burden to no memory: 'Man lost, justly, through his own sins; saved by the merits of Christ; and constrained for His love's sake, through His Spirit, to do His will.' That appears to me the epitome of Christian faith and practice; and it seemed so simple, when first I felt and understood it for myself, that I wondered all should not equally understand and feel it. But it is like a difficult riddle, which none can find out of themselves, though the moment they are told it, it appears so clear, that they wonder they had never thought of it before. Melancthon, you may remember, says he felt just the same thing, and thought that all who heard him speak of the Gospel would immediately accept it; but he adds, 'that he soon found old Adam was stronger than young Melancthon,'-and I am sure I have found it

so too.

"Yes, every day's experience would serve to convince one of that," said Sir Roland, "even if Scripture were silent on the subject; for no one can change the heart but God. And yet how wonderfully is the conviction of the inefficacy of all earthly means, without the Spirit's teaching, accompanied by the feeling of the bounden necessity for working. It is extraordinary that these two apparently contradictory feelings should harmonise together so perfectly in the heart; yet they do so—and most injurious is their separation, leading us, on the one hand, to a presumptuous confidence in our own endeavours, and, on the other, to a supineness in God's work—as if there were nothing for us to do—Satan by this delusion so often bringing the blood of souls upon our consciences. Well has it been said, 'Prayer without exertion is hypocrisy; exertion without prayer, presumption.'"

"Scripture condemns most forcibly the latter doctrine," observed Mr. Scott, "God himself being represented as saying, "All day long have I stretched forth my hands unto a disobedient and gain saying people." And again, 'I have spoken unto you, rising early and speaking.' And we are encouraged, too, so much to work, as well as to pray, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.' 'In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both

shall be alike good.''

A hand laid suddenly on Sir Roland's shoulder made him turn round quickly, when he met the "sidelong smile" of Mr. Singleton, who said—

"If when last we parted it had been asked, 'When shall we three meet again?' who would have said it would be in the noble city of ——! So little do we, grand calculators as we think our-

selves, know what on earth is to become of us!"

"But, though unexpected, you are not the less welcome to us," replied Sir Roland, shaking hands warmly with him. "I knew you were here, but what fair wind was it which blew you our way?"

way?"
"I was on my way to Italy through the Tyrol," replied Mr.
Singleton, "and only a few days ago heard that you and Scott
were here; but, as you are here, I think I shall set up my tent
here too, till the fidgets seize me again, and then I shall be off."

"Yes," said Mr. Scott, "as old nurses say, there is no set-still in you. You were born in the year of the comet, and I always think its influence affected your constitution, and gave you your erratio propensities. 'A wandering star' you certainly are, but not 'reserved to darkness;'" and he looked at his cousin with the greatest affection.

"Thank you, Willy," replied Mr. Singleton, with a bright smile, "I hope not. But what were you talking of when I interrupted you? I heard something about 'prospering' and 'good,' so wanted

to come in for my share.'

"Oh, it was only the old subject—sowing the seed."

"Well, as Montgomery says, 'up hill, down vale, broadcast it e'er the land.' What field have you found to cultivate here? There is always enough everywhere that needs the tilling, and you are neither of you among those who put the hand to the plough and look back; at least, I know you are not, Scott, and I don't much think your friend here is."

"He has sown to some purpose just now," returned Mr. Scott, "and his shock is nearly ready for the sickle."
"Not sown, only watered," said Sir Roland; "but God has, indeed, given an almost unhoped-for increase. I was wishing to ask you. Mr. Singleton, to do a little act of kindness for us just now; which is, to give the Sacrament to a poor fellow up-stairs, whose sands are almost out."

"Up-stairs! who is he?"

"Mr. Anstruther. He was secretary of embassy here."

"Anstruther! I know that name. Is he a dark-eyed man, with high, marked features, and haughty, disagreeable manners?"

"He was such, certainly," replied Sir Roland, somewhat reluctantly; "but you will not recognise the latter characteristic in him

"What, 'the Word' has done its work, has it? and brought down 'the high look of the proud.' Well, God be with him then! I shall be most happy to give him the Sacrament in that case; but I really could not have done so (as it is not my bounden office here) if he had been one of those who, having neglected religion all their lives, take this rite, at the last gasp, as a sort of moral or spiritua panacea; and place as much dependence on it as the Papist does on the 'Viaticum' of his church. But to one who has really received the Lord in his heart, I greatly delight in administering it; it gives me such extreme pleasure to be enabled, in such a case, to lay a strong emphasis on the word 'thee'—'That Christ's blood was shed for thee.' I know, indeed, that that most precious blood-shedding was for the sins of the whole world; but still, being available only for such as believe it was 'shed for them and are thankful,' to such only can I emphasize the word, or, indeed, administer the outward sign at all with comfort. When shall it be? to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, if you like; as it is rather late to-day." "So be it, then. But I shall like to see him first."

"Will you come up with me now?"

"No, I will not go up with you at all, Sir Roland. Perhaps you will kindly go up by yourself, and ask him if he likes to see me; and then, when you are safe off the premises, I will go to him. I like such interviews always to be 'tête-à-tête:' otherwise, one can only say odious commonplaces; or, if one does say more, one appears, to oneself at least, affected—and I don't know what. I do not mind the ministering angels hearing me, and I like that those evil beings who are ever at our sides, sick or well, should do so too; but I have a mortal aversion to mortal

"And yet," said Mr. Scott, "I have heard you say, that you did

not care how many thousands were present, when once you began

preaching.

"That is quite another thing; one then addresses the world in general—looks at nobody, and thinks of nobody! one's whole soul is in one's subject; and I think sometimes I should hardly feel the difference, were I to die in the middle, so completely do I feel abstracted from the world—so in the spirit with God. Yet to be sure, there must be an immeasurable difference between preaching to the perishing souls around one, and being with the already plorified spirits of men in heaven,—with the company of angels, and the presence of the blessed One himself! Well, all in good time—in God's own good time! Will you see now, Sir Roland, if I shall go to this 'lost and found' up-stairs?"

"If it will not be inconvenient to you, Mr Singleton, I think I had rather you should put off your visit to him for a little while. He expressed a great wish just now to see Scott, so perhaps it

would be best for him to go up first."

"I will go at once then," said Mr. Scott. And he left the room.

"You are looking ill, Sir Roland," said Mr. Singleton; "you have been anxious about this poor fellow, I dare say.

"I have certainly felt much for him," replied Sir Roland; "besides which, confinement in this hot weather is very trying. am not used to being tied to business, and find it very irksome: and notwithstanding that being with Anstruther is very exciting,

yet it is, in fact, my happiest time.'

"I can believe it—well believe it," said Mr. Singleton. "There is scarcely any tie on earth like that which binds one to the soul one has been the happy means, in God's hands, of 'snatching like a brand from the burning.' One feels mightily complacent, at any time, towards those whom one has benefited in any way; which feeling is doubtless a boon from the Father of mercies to cheer one on. But when it is to the soul that one has ministered—then it is a stringent tie indeed!—a tie strong as the 'sevenfold chords of light.' A chain of adamant—and wreathed with amaranth too!"
"It is," replied Sir Roland. Yet a sigh escaped him as he

thought, how soon the earthly portion of the tie which bound him

to his dying friend would be dissolved.

"Stronger, I conceive," continued Mr. Singleton, "than that which binds the receiver of the boon to the imparter."

"I think," said Sir Roland, "that Scott-who has told me all he owes to you—loves you with a force, which your regard for him

can scarcely exceed."

"Scott's heart is a most humble one—therefore with him it may be so; but the pride of our fallen nature generally makes us revolt from receiving favours, while it enhances the pleasure of bestowing them; and I fear there are few of us, who would take equal delight in the conversion, even of those most dear to us, if the Lord had made use of other instruments entirely, and had left us quite out of the work. Sin, in some shape or other, mixes with all our thoughts and feelings, sullying the stream which yet perhaps at first really did spring pure from the love of God. It is a sore and grievous work to trace the blight within which cankers all we do the thoughts from beneath which 'rise, like birds of evil wing, to may our sacrifice!'

Sir Roland and Mr. Singleton continued to converse, as if they had known each other all their lives, for they were brothers in the great family of the redeemed, and such have always much in common.

After a short time, Mr. Scott came down again from Mr. Anstru-

ther's room.

"You found him much altered, did you not?" asked Sir Roland. "I should searcely have known him at first," replied Mr. Scott, "though it is not a month since I saw him—he is so fearfully changed! But in conversing with him, I frequently caught a resemblance to his former self, in the peculiar way in which he turns his eyes suddenly upon one when speaking. They seem to have such power now, as if they were all spirit. They were always peculiarly expressive; but now, from out of his death-like countenance, their force is almost overpowering—yet the expression so fine! If you could go to him, Singleton, about twelve to-marrow, he would like it; and then Ashton and I will come up when you are ready and receive the secrement with him."

when you are ready, and receive the sacrament with him."

"I shall be quite happy to do as he wishes," replied Mr. Singleton; "but have everything ready, will you, before I go in. I hate those tiresome preparations, they always distract the mind. I suppose they always will, as long as one is here—that is, as long as they are needed—for we shall want no such things up there (pointing to heaven); they are made irksome, I suppose, in order to remind us of that. Well, tell your friend to expect me precisely at twelve o'clock to-morrow, without any further notice; and you, Sir Roland, will, I am sure, kindly take care I shall have a clear

field."

### CHAPTER X.

"Under whatever subterfuges he may attempt to hide his error, the man who labours to explate his own sin, by self-inflicted pains of the body, has lost his hold of the Gospel of the grace of God; he may be very devout, and very fervent, but the Gospel he has framed to himself is 'another Gospel,' and, in fact, is no Gospel;—it is not 'glad tidings,' but sad tidings."

"From that treacherous border the few would make their escape heavenward, as the few, in every age, have escaped from the false bosom of the Romish Church; but the many—the thousands of the people, would become

the pitiable victims of this religion of sacraments."

TAYLOR'S Ancient Christianity.

As Mr. Singleton rose to depart, Mr. Scott's servant came in to

ask if his master would see Mr. Roberts.

"By all means: ask him to come up. Now, Singleton," added Mr. Scott, when the man had left the room, "do stay; this is our chap. in, and you may be able to say a word to do the poor fellow good, and I shall want you when he is gone; you can have nothing to do here but with me."

"Yes. I have a great deal to do here with myself. I want to look about me."

"Well, but wait till he is gone, and I will help you to look

about you.

The servant now announced Mr. Roberts; and Mr. Singleton, after bowing to him courteously, sat down again, as his cousin had wished.

"How are you, Roberts?" asked Mr. Scott.

"Half dead! I have been parading the streets with the towncrier all the live-long day, trying to detect some hidden parson to do my duty for me for a week or two."

"Why -whither away?"

"Lord N—has been kind enough to invite me to accompany him to -, which I should be delighted to do, if I could only get clear of the abominable service here. I must go out again, I supposeas one does to catch up a loose horse—with a little corn, and try to inveigle some one for hire and reward. I shall have it placarded up on every respectable serious-looking bit of wall in the place.'

"I don't want the corn," said Mr. Singleton, with great gravity; "but as I do not think the service very abominable, I will take it off your hands, if you like it. You do not seem to value it very highly, so perhaps you will not mind intrusting its performance to

a stranger.

"I am sure I am much obliged to you," answered Mr. Roberts, rather disturbed. "I did not know—I was not the least aware, that I was in the presence of a clergyman, or I should not—"

"No excuses to me, my good sir," said Mr. Singleton, quietly.
"What is fit for the Master's ear is quite good enough for His

servant's.

Mr. Roberts was excessively confused, and continued stammering out indistinct apologies; but Mr. Singleton stopped him by

saying kindly—

"We will not talk any more of that just now; another time perhaps, when we know each other better, we can begin it in a soberer strain. I suppose you do not often get leave of absence here, for there are but few clergymen who are such waifs and strays on the surface of society as I am; but, however, I am glad to have arrived just in time to be of use to you, for I well know the pleasure of a little liberty."

Mr. Scott looked with the utmost admiration on one whom he knew possessed all the thunders of eloquence, with which—had he chosen to put them forth-he might have confounded the thoughtless, undevout young man to whom he spoke, but who, in the gentleness of his wisdom, expressed kindly sympathy with his natural wishes, before he attempted to show him the evil of his spirit; and Sir Roland also, with pleased surprise, gazed on the fine, kind countenance of the commanding being before him.

"When does Lord N—set out?" asked Mr. Scott.
"To-morrow morning," replied Mr. Roberts; "and I was beginning to grow desperate; but Mr. Singleton's kindness has made quite a new creature of me."

Mr. Singleton fixed his eyes upon the careless speaker, and his lips parted as if he were about to reply, but he restrained himself, and kept silence, though a sigh arose. He had been inclined to make a comment on Mr. Roberts's own expression of "being a new creature;" but he felt that this was not a fitting time or place; for a lecture before witnesses was, he well knew, a most unpalatable dose to any man.

"Are you lately from England, Mr. Singleton?" asked Mr.

Roberts.

"I left it about two months ago."

"Was anything particular going on? One never can believe the newspapers.

"Nothing very particular that I know of."

"The Puseyites seem flourishing—the vile hypocrites!"

"My good sir," said Mr. Singleton, quickly, "you will excuse me, but I must say, I think we should be acquainted with people very well, before we venture to fix upon them the blackest name

in all the black catalogue of sins.'

"I am really most unfortunate to-day," exclaimed Mr. Roberts-"full of mistakes! I first find a clergyman where I least expected it, though that mistake his kindness has turned quite to my advantage (bowing to Mr. Singleton)—and then discover that he is a Pusevite! which I certainly should not have expected, consider-

ing the company in which I find him."
"You certainly mistake in supposing me one of the Puseyites," said Mr. Singleton, smiling; "for I am very far from being such, and highly disapprove their doctrines. But, my young friend, I am some six or seven years older than you are, and by virtue of my bald head I claim brevet rank for six or seven more, so you will perhaps forgive my saying, that experience has taught me, that men may fall\_into all imaginable follies and errors without being hypocrites. You will remember who it is that says, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged,' and his commands are not lightly to be disregarded. We may be led away by a thousand corrupt motives the winds of passion may blow us to all points of the compass; and the currents of self-interest, pride, worldliness, may pervert the judgment, and make the stream of life flow in any but the right channel. But deliberately to pretend to be what we know we are not, is what fewhave the consummate villany to undertake. or the bad boldness to carry through. That was why I objected to your calling these men hypocrites; though at the same time I have no hesitation in saying, that I believe them to be blindly carrying

"You do not like to abuse them," said Sir Roland, "while you 'ory havoe! and let slip the dogs of war,' against their doctrines. Abuse certainly is not argument, and should always be avoided: but we are in general least inclined to cultivate that 'charity which thinketh no evil, where it is most especially wanted; in thinking and speaking of those who differ from us either in opinion

on a work of vast, incalculable evil in the world."

or action.

"Oh! I had much rather," said Mr. Roberts, "abuse people out and out, and 'make a clean breast of it' at once, than pretend

a vast consideration for them, whilst I am smilingly drawing the bolt that is to send them to destruction. I like 'a good hater.' Your mild, mellifluous speeches are only the oiling of the point of the dagger, in order that it may go more easily to the heart."
"You are poetical, Roberts—that was quite a flight," said Mr.

Scott. "But you must 'rein in your soaring genius, and clip the wings of your rampant steed,' before you can come down to the

level of such poor sons of prose as we are.

"I think your 'rampant steed' has fully overtaken mine, Scott: so we two, at least, may tilt on equal ground. But I always observe that people who begin so killing sweet, always end so biting bitter. The 'choicest unkindnesses' always come from those who profess a vast consideration for your feelings; like Dr. Johnson in his memorable speech, when asked the profession of some one: 'I wish to speak evil of no man, but truth compels me to say—he was a lawyer.

"As if." said Sir Roland, "'a man could not,' as Spencer Perceval, the minister, said, 'serve his God as well in the law as

in the church."

"I should think he might-easily," said Mr. Scott, glancing

significantly at the young chaplain.

"Or would you wish, Mr. Singleton," continued Mr. Roberts, without attending to what the others had said, "to keep singing the 'retournelle,' after the fashion of Anthony; and after abusing these men in every figure of speech, chant perpetually, 'But Pusey is an honourable man, so are they all—all honourable men;"

"Well! I must say you bear our friend's impertinences very patiently," said Mr. Scott to his cousin.

"He certainly does not treat my grey hairs with all the respect I think due to them," replied Mr. Singleton; "but perhaps he has an ugly trick of thinking his own opinion best; which I have

observed some people have."

"I always think myself the wisest person in the world," said Sir Roland, smiling, and willing to relieve the embarrassment into which Mr. Scott's observation had thrown Mr. Roberts. "Where others agree with me, we are on a par; where they differ, my opinion, of course, is, 'selon moi,' best; so there I am the superior.

"Well argued, and quite unanswerable," said Mr. Scott. "I imagine we all think the same, though; it is what 'oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed; at least, I have long had an idea that I was decidedly the nearest resemblance to Solomon

that had appeared within our era."

"It is commonly observed," said Mr. Singleton, "that the most equally distributed of all gifts, seems to be good sense; as every

one is satisfied with his own share of it."

"But still to return to the original subject," said Mr. Roberts? "if these men profess to believe things which it is impossible for any one in his senses to believe—they must be hypocrites; unless, indeed, you prefer calling them madmen."

"It certainly does astonish me," replied Mr. Singleton, "that

men otherwise reasonable, should be led away by what appear to me much gross errors. But still, till I know that they consider their doctrines as erroneous, I must not call them hypocrites for professing them. I think," he added, and a solemn expression filled, his eye, "that they are 'given up to a strong delusion,' and that the mischief they are doing is woeful—unspeakable! Theirs is, a doctrine 'which' as the Bishop of Chester said, if I remember right, in one of his 'charges—'ministers so much to the pride of human nature, that were it for that reason alone I should dis-

trust it."

"I do not see that," replied Mr. Roberts, "excepting as to the clergy; for the poor laity are sorely rough-ridden and browneaten, I should say—ordered to keep silence 'even from good words'—to dispose of their intellects as best they may—and to swallow, without tasting either, whatever is set before them by their appointed 'pastors and masters.' 'Eat your pudding, slave, and hold your tongue,' seems the order of the day for them. Though to be sure, even then, their diet need not pall upon their appetites for want of variety. It is by no means 'toujours perdrix;' for when I was last in England, staying in the country, there were within a walk, four churches with, to my certain knowledge, four different doctrines served up, 'all well defined and separate' condiments, as distinct in their 'savour' as the most sickly appetites could desire. And yet the poor wretches are ordered not to judge for themselves, but only to 'hear the Church.' (Which Church—query?")

"They mean the Articles, &c. as the Church, you know," said

Mr. Scott.

"Yes; but each thinks he is giving the true explanation of

"You speak in rather a light way on the subject, Mr. Roberts, though I cannot but agree in your meaning," said Mr. Singleton. "Indeed I have often wondered that this discrepancy in the views of men who have all derived their right of public teaching in the Church, from the same imposition of hands, does not stagger them in the belief of that act having any efficacy. Indeed we see from the very first, that it neither bestowed light to guide, nor grace to sanctify; for one of the seven deacons—those on whom the apostles first laid hands, and who were consecrated, not only for the administration of funds, but also for preaching, (at least they certainly did preach)—was the author of that dreadful heresy of the 'Nicolaitanes' which God twice, in the Revelation, declares that 'He hates;'—which shows, that though the laying on of hands could set a person apart for the service of the outward visible Church; yet, that it had no efficacy in making him either a faithful, or an efficient minister of Christ's real, spiritual Church; and fearful experience teaches us the same thing through all stages of the 'succession;' so that I cannot myself attribute the slightest value to the present 'imposition of hands.' Do you remember that story about some one—I forget his name—who asked Louis the Fourteenth for a bishopric, for some friend of his? 'Mais n'est-ce pas qu'il est Jansénist? (But is he not a

Jansenist?') asked 'le grand monarque.' 'Du tout! Sire,' replied the applicant, 'Je le garantis moi athée—athée pur? ('Not in the least, Sire, I guarantee him an Atheist—pure Atheist.') Can one think that God commits His power to such men as these? If others can, I cannot! But with regard to what we were saying, of these things feeding the pride of heart in the laity as well as in the clergy, you will find, Mr. Roberts, that we all naturally like to exalt the body to which, in any way, we belong, though we may possess none of the power in it ourselves. Pride runs through all of us; therefore, as the good bishop said, 'we should distrust' what tends to foster the ungodly seed. It is a pleasant thing, by the bye, to see those two brother bishops—brothers in spirit, happily, as well as in blood—fighting so manfully, side by side, against the inroads of this fearful heresy; and, thank God, some other of the bishops besides, and many of the clergy, still remain untainted by its poison."

the clergy, still remain untainted by its poison."

"As to the miraculous powers of the Church, where are they?"
asked Mr. Roberts. "When the real apostles and others performed
miracles, men saw them, and were benefited by them; but here,
we are called upon to believe things contrary to what we see—
and that upon the simple 'ipse dixit' of men like ourselves."

"You refer, I suppose, to the change they believe to take place in the bread and wine at the sacrament," said Mr. Singleton; "but you are aware that on that point they do not all agree; some going almost, if not quite, as far as the Romanists, in believing that the elements are converted, by the blessing of the priest, into the actual body and blood of the Lord Jesus; others, only believing in the 'real presence,' without attempting to account for it. I myself can only view that comforting sacrament 'as a continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ; and I partake of it in obedience to His express command, 'This do in remembrance of me;' expecting, of course, the blessing which attends every means of grace, if rightly used. I cannot feel that there is anything miraculous, or mysterious, in it (further than that all God's ways of working in the soul are mysterious); or that the blessing which flows through it differs, either in kind, or—necessarily—in degree, from any of the other influences of God's Holy Spirit. Indeed I think of both the sacraments, that they are but—to use the words of a living author - instruments that God blesses in the using, not that He has blessed to a perpetual use; for then would the use be never separated from the blessing.' + We see also most clearly that no holiness in the giver of the rite can cause it to be beneficial to the receiver; for Christ, 'the Head of His Church,' gave it to Judas! -and was he benefited?"

"It is remarkable, I think," said Sir Roland, "that though our Lord generally added to all His injunctions some gracious, encouraging promise, yetin instituting the two sacraments, He merely gave the command, without any blessing being added. To secret

<sup>\*</sup> The two Dr. Sumners.
† The Table of the Lord.—CAROLINE FRY.

prayer He promised open reward—to congregational prayer, that He would 'be there in the midst of them'—to the pure in heart, that they should 'see God'—in short, I think, to the keeping of every other injunction, was a blessing promised, but none to the sacraments; and my soul can rest on nothing but a promise, though we know that in 'keeping all His commandments, there is great reward.' Yet, notwithstanding this omission, such is the invincible tendency of the human mind to go astray, that upon these two simple commands, men have built the most wild and visionary hypotheses. It almost seems as if heavenly Wisdom. foreseeing the evils they would bring out of them, determined to leave them wholly without excuse for doing so. The real presence is inferred, I believe, chiefly from our Lord's saying, 'Take, eat; this is my body:' and again, in giving the cup, 'This is my blood.' But these words are surely not to be taken more literally than many other similar expressions made use of by our Lord. As here, He calls the bread 'His body;' so in another place he calls Himself the 'true bread;' He speaks of His body as a 'temple;' He says He is the 'door of the sheepfold,' &c. Now no one, that ever I heard of, thought of taking these things in their literal sense; why, then, should so forced a construction be put upon that one figure of speech? Our Lord surely only ordained that sacrament as a remembrance of His death, whereby we should show forth to the world continually our love to Him, and dependence on His merits, till He come again! He abolished the Jewish passover, of which He was then partaking for the last time with His disciples, and in its place instituted this bloodless memorial of our blood-bought salvation. With regard, also, to the priest's pronouncing a blessing over the bread and wine, under the supposition of imparting any value to it—that is quite unscriptural. The blessing which Christ pronounced had nothing in it, evidently, of that kind. Six times, it is said, 'He gave thanks,' and only twice, 'He blessed,' and He did just the same at the multiplying of the loaves and fishes; and no one ever supposed that they were intended to be more than food for the body. And where St. Paul reproves the people for 'some being hungry, and others drunken,' at the sacrament, and tells them that 'they eat and drink their own damnation' (more properly condemnation) 'not considering the Lord's body,' I believe thoroughly, that he only meant, that they forgot the sanctity and holiness of that Being, the sacrifice of whose death they had met to commemorate; and that they incurred His just displeasure by the insult thus offered to Him. With regard to baptism also, it appears to me a great error to attribute the least efficacy to the mere outward act. It seems to me only an admission into the visible church of Christ, showing forth figuratively the washing and cleansing of our souls by the Holy Spirit of God, and ordained by Christ possibly as a sort of test, whereby the power of faith should be proved; showing that not to the secret believer, but to the open avower of his Lord, should salvation belong: 'For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.' We, then, enlist ourselves under the banner of the

Great Captain of our salvation—take His service upon us—and look to Him for his blessing. Adult baptism only is spoken of in Scripture; and even then, we are not borne out in the idea that the gift of the Holy Spirit depended in the least upon it. No!—the baptism which is available to salvation is that of which John spake before, when he said, 'I indeed baptize you with water, but there cometh One • • • who shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.' Of that also our Lord spoke, when He made the promise to James and to John: 'Ye shall indeed drink of the oup that I drink of; and with the baptism that I am baptised with a shall ye be baptised. That baptism visibly fell on them at the day of Penteeest; and it falls not less surely, though now invisibly, on every child of man who takes the Lord for his God. That is the only baptism for the remission of sins, I feel convinced! St. Peter, too, when he saw that the Hely Ghost fell on the household and friends of Cornelius, says, 'Then remembered I the word of the Lord, how that He said, 'John indeed baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Chost;' and he afterwards exclaims, 'Can any man deny water that these be baptized, seeing they have received the Holy Ghost, even as we?' We see plainly also, that the blessed saving operation of the Spirit was by no means necessarily consequent on the outward act of baptism, even at the very first outset of the Gospel; for some of those who had received the rite from the hands of the very Apostles themselves (Ananias, Sapphira, and others) proved utter reprobates and aliens from God! These things appear to me unanswerable! Indeed in conversing with Paseyites, who have begun by asserting that baptism-infant-baptism as well as adult-was necessary to salvation. I have asked them if they really thought that infants born of Christian parents in some place where, through unavoidable circumstances, no clergyman could ever come-living a life of devoted love to Christ and of faith in His salvation, and so dying whether such persons would, in their opinion, be lost for want of baptism? and they have invariably been constrained to say, 'that they did not think they would!' (though the confession was, in each instance, made with the most evident reluctance). Another way I think I have, or I certainly might have, put it to them. Worldly, perhaps openly vicious parents, take their child to be christened merely for form's sake, without one prayer of faith. That child they say is saved! Other parents true, devoted Christians—are also bringing their child to the font, purposing indeed to dedicate it to the Lord. Sudden sickness carries it off before the rite is administered! Will they say that that child is lost? The child of prayerful, spiritual parents, condemned in its helpless infancy to the fires of God's wrath! They dare not say it!—therefore again—baptism is not necessary to salvation."

"Do you object then to infant-baptism?" asked Mr. Singleton.
"I incline to think I do. I like the idea of presenting our children—dear as our own souls—to God, dedicating them, as far as in so lies, to Christ, and imploring Him to bestow upon them His Holy Spirit, and all the blessed privileges of His redeemed; but baptism should be our own act, the open seal of our profession, and

administered only with Philip's test; 'If thou believest, thou mayest.' We are told to 'repent and be baptized,' and how can an infant repent? But putting aside this opinion of mine, to assert that a child is regenerated by that simple sprinkling—that it is thereby made 'a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven, '-I hold to be a fearful and most unscriptural error; involving the destruction of the covenant promise to those 'born again' that they shall 'never be plucked out of their Father's hand;' for the utmost stretch of credulity cannot make us believe that all who are baptised have been 'born again,' unless we choose also to believe that we can be the redeemed children of God one moment, and the accursed children of Satan the next; or that the careless, ungodly, and profane, are those whom God has chosen for himself to be 'a peculiar people'—though 'zealous' of anything but 'good works."

"With respect to infants," said Mr. Scott, "I not only think

that baptism is not necessary for their salvation, but I believe that all infants are saved by the blood of Christ, whether of Christian parents or not. Scripture tells us that 'God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself;' and I believe, therefore, that we are all 'born into a world forgiven;' and I firmly hold, that the efficacy of the great atonement is available for all those young things who die before the age of reason. But the moment they are old enough to sin wilfully against God, then, of course, the whole requirements of the law come upon them (I speak of those under the teaching of the Gospel), and from the guilt of their actual transgressions they can then be saved only by an individual appropriation of the merits of Christ to their own souls, claiming the benefits of His atonement for themselves, and laying all their sins

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Singleton; "and I think that you and Sir Roland have disposed of two points very satisfac-

torily. Have you studied as deeply on the subject of the power of remitting sins, now again claimed for the Church?"

"My examinations of Scripture," replied Sir Roland, "have made me reject that claim 'in toto.' The moment the soul believes in the Lord Jesus as its Saviour, that soul is pardoned, and 'no man can pluck it out of its Father's hands.' 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' asks St. Paul; and if not from his love—how can we be withheld by man from his free and full pardon? 'There is,' indeed, 'one Mediator between God and man, Christ Jesus the righteous; but, thank God, there needs no mediator between man and Him—the way to Christ is open for all. If man does pronounce our pardon truly, Christ must have pronounced it first—and that is all the soul needs. If he pronounce it falsely—God does not pledge himself to ratify it to the impenitent. When once we have heard, 'Be of good cher, thy sins be forgiven thee,' sounding from the voice of the Spirit through the innermost recesses of the heart, all words of man are superfluous—valueless! Besides, if any such power was bestowed at all, it was not confined to the apostles. It is said, 'When the doors were shut, where the disciples were assembled, for fear of the

Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst; and saith unto them, Peace be unto you \* \* as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when He had said this, He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.' Now the power here given (even if any were really bestowed) was most decidedly given, equally, to all who were present on that occasion; and we know, from the parallel passage in St. Luke, that the two disciples from Emmaus were there, and others also—probably women as well as men. Besides, far from being an exclusive gift to the apostles, we know they did not even all partake of it; for the very next verse to those I have been repeating, tells us, that 'Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came.' St. Paul also, most certainly was not present, nor Matthias—as an apostle, though he might have been there as one of the disciples. All persons, therefore, ordained through their line of succession, should be considered, by the 'successionists,' as incapable of remitting sins; for how could these three men bestow upon others a power which had never been bestowed on themselves? deny that the power of absolution was given to any; firmly believing that our Lord's meaning was, that the Gospel of truth committed to them all, and through them to us, was that which should be the means—by its reception, of 'remitting' sins, or—by its rejection of 'retaining' them upon the soul for ever; as He says in another place, 'He that hath the Son hath life; but he that hath not the Son hath not life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.' And I believe the same meaning was attached to what was said to St. Peter; and that the 'rock' upon which the Church was to be built was the truth confessed:—'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God; and not the zealous, but unstable apostle who made the confession.

"I believe your interpretation to be the true one," said Mr. Singleton, "and am pleased—for it is what I have been convinced of many a long year."

"But how, Sir Roland, do you know that any women were

there?" asked Mr. Roberts.

"Women always ranked high amongst the number of our Lord's disciples," replied Sir Roland; "and in the faithful boldness of their love, were, as Barrat beautifully and truly says-

# 'Last at his cross, and earliest at His grave;'

and as they are said to have been with the disciples that very morning, it is most probable that some of them were present when our Lord appeared and spoke the words in question. But whether they were so or not, is a matter, I think, of no importance; the point I wish to establish is that no power was by our Lord's words conveyed to the apostles, but what was equally conveyed to all who were then present. We have, however, full Scripture testimony to assure us that women received the 'baptism of fire' on the day of Pentecost, equally with the men; the apostle's quotation from Joel sufficiently proves that. I have considered much about these

things lately, because I think it is of such very great importance that they should be rightly understood, especially in these days when there is again being set up, instead of the religion of Christ, a 'religion of sacraments'-of forms and ceremonies-and ascetic practices-in short-of refined Popery!"

### CHAPTER XI.

"A saint! and what imports the name Thus banded in derision's game? Holy and separate from sin, To good, nay e'en to God, akin.

A saint! oh, scorner! give some sign, Some seal to prove the title mine, And warmer thanks thou shalt command, Than bringing kingdoms in thy hand."-MARRIOTT.

"Yes, and why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?"—Luke xii. 57.

"I will receive nothing without examining it, for I cannot think my reasoning faculties were given to me to be hoodwinked, and led about in passive helplessness by those of other men."—Judah's Lion: CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

"While the toils are fast gathering around the English Church, and while the younger clergy, if common report says true, are generally yielding themselves to the fascination, and while some who should loudly express themselves, seem disposed to leave things to take their course, and, at any rate, to be 'quiet,' there is a body at hand that is not asleep, although mute, nor indifferent to the issue of the movement, however wary and discreet is the expression of its deepfelt joy. The Church of Rome need not act or speak on the present occasion; her part is to wait her time."

#### TAYLOR'S Ancient Christianity.

"Well, I have no objection to your doctrines, I am sure," said Mr. Roberts, in answer to Sir Roland's last observation, "if it were merely that it opposes those proud, pragmatical, Papistic Puseyites; whose only motive in life, I believe, is to exalt themselves and their order, and to ride onthe necks of the people.

"Why Roberts," asked Sir Roland, with some warmth, "will you deny to others that charitable construction which we probably all wish, and certainly all require, should be put on our own actions? Why will you indulge that spirit? However," he added, smiling, "I need not put myself into a rage about it; only it is so strange that you who are, in reality, one of the best-natured fellows in the world, always in conversation make yourself out to be a perfect Ogre.'

composition," answered Mr. Roberts, good-humouredly; "so if I exhausted it all in 'honeyed accents,' my deeds might become dreadful!"

"Well, then, send out your bees and fill both hives," said Sir Roland. "But, with regard to the love of spiritual power in the Puseyites, I think it very likely that it does mingle itself with their other feelings; yet we have no right to say that it is the main chiect which they set before them. It is certainly painful to see how their idea of the value of the 'apostolic succession' takes the place of more essential things in their minds; and nothing convinces me of the evil of their doctrines more than the change which I see effected in many who formerly professed and acted upon evangelical principles; those who were once ever wakeful to the necessities of souls, ever desirous to promote God's kingdom upon earth, seeming now, in many instances, intent only, or at least chiefly, on exalting the merits and power of the 'succession,' leaving the souls of men to fare as best they may. Returning too, in so many instances, to the vain and frivolous dissipations of the world, which once they had utterly renounced! Oh! I have traced the effect of this poison in so many minds! and in some too, of whom my heart tearfully exclaims, 'Ye did run well, who hath

hindered you?"

"You will find, Mr. Roberts," said Mr. Singleton, "that grievous error has often been put forward by well-intentioned, honest, and even pious-hearted men. Indeed, it has been observed that most bad systems have been originated by good men—outwardly good, at least—Satan having sagasity enough to know, that, if wrong doctrines were preached by those of immoral character, the generality of people would instantly reject them. But the great relity of people would instantly reject them. But the great relits, that most of the followers of these men, adopting their errors, without holding to the chain of faith which, though slender, yet bound them to the truth, make shipwreck of conscience, and faith, and all things. I have heard a very excellent, but prejudiced man, say, 'that he did not think that any Puseyite could go to heaven;' but I cannot say that I agree with him in that awful opinion, for I believe, that amongst them may be found many (and among Roman Catholics also) who do sincerely desire to do the will of God, though not clearly perceiving wherein that will consists; and who also really trust to Christ for their salvation. But in both cases, there is so much of error mixed, that, I conceive, they must be saved in spite of the doctrine they hold, and not in accordance to what it teaches."

"Well then," said Mr. Roberts, "I hope I may be allowed, at least, to call these Puseyites the greatest fools that ever existed?"

"No," said Mr. Seott, "I shall enter my 'veto' against you there, and quote, though not the Scriptures, yet the opinion of the wisest uninspired man that ever lived or wrote—Lord Bacon; who says (though I may not be quite correct in my words, perhaps, as I quote from memory) that, 'the Dervish who spins all his life on one foot in hopes of gaining Heaven, is a wiser man than he who takes no pains at all about it;' so if the matter were at issue between you and these earnest though mistaken men, or even between you and the spinning Dervish, Roberts, in whose favour would the learned authority just quoted have given his verdict?"

Mr. Scott looked at Sir Roland as he said this with a langhing gesture of deprecation; for he knew that the latter did not like the light tone of irony which he often used when speaking to Mr. Roberts; thinking it but ill calculated to create in the mind of that careless being, a respect for sacred things, or to awaken in him that due regard for "the vast concerns of an immortal state," which it was so desirable that he should feel.

Mr. Roberts, however, seemed but little discomposed, and replied contemptuously, "I do not pretend to be a saint, certainly; so I am afraid I must yield the palm both to my Puseyite and my twirl-

ing friends. I am not ambitious of such honours."
"You will, I am sure, forgive me, Mr. Roberts," said Mr. Singleton, in a grave but kind manner, for he felt that he ought not to remain silent, "if I say that the light way in which you speak at times pains me. These are high and solemn subjects, whether regarded as truth or error, and should not be approached with an irreverent spirit. Remember, if we are not 'saints' we are what? Children of Satan! A saint is one who has been sanctified by the Spirit of God, and taught to accept in heart and soul the salvation of Christ; all who are not such, therefore, in a Christian land, must perish—wilfully perish—because they choose not to listen to Him who 'brought life and immortality to light.' I am sure if you will think of this in the solitude of your chamber, you will not wish to disclaim so blessed a title, but rather earnestly desire to prove your claim to it.'

He smiled kindly as he ended, and Mr. Roberts, whose spirit always hardened itself against Mr. Scott's playful but cutting remarks, was completely subdued. His colour rose, and he seemed both pained and embarrassed, and the expression of defiance which his countenance had previously worn, gave place to one of feeling

and respect.

Sir Roland, whose considerate spirit felt for every one, willing to relieve his embarrassment, instantly resumed the conversation.

"I can easily comprehend," he said, "that persons who have habitually lived in ignorant and careless disregard of all religion, should be attracted by the doctrine of the Puseyites, and also by that of the Church of Rome. I had a friend who, having scarcely ever heard religion spoken of, and meeting with some zealous and amiable Roman Catholics, was induced to adopt their views, and become a Papist. Some one observed, 'It was a pity people were not contented with the faith of their fathers;' to which another answered, that, 'in this case, they would have been mighty easily contented if they had been.' To such persons, as I said before, I can well imagine that the doctrines and practices of Rome and Oxford, may hold out great attractions—they knowing of nothing better: but that those who have once tasted the good things of God'—any portion of whose souls has been informed by the Holy Spirit of God-who have enjoyed in any measure 'the glorious liberty of the sons of God'—that such persons should 'leave feeding on this fair mountain, to batten on that moor,' is past my comprehension! I remember hearing of a speech which the old Lord Eldon made many years ago, in which he said 'He could not think on a velocipede!' But the Tractarians have un-thought on a velocipede—and on one of tremendous power too—for in one moment, as it were, they have taken a backward leap of fourteen hundred years, and with desperate determination have thrown their intellects into the darkness of the earliest ages."

"It is most marvellous!" said Mr. Singleton. "And they certainly strengthen exceedingly the hands of Rome, so that I do not wonder at the latter exclaiming, 'Beati sono i Puseiti!' (Blessed are the Puseyites!) But they have not yet found out the point at which infallibility is to rest. They say indeed, to us, 'Hear the Church,' and yet they differ from each other in every possible shade and degree, and 'hear the Church' themselves only on such points

as they like.

"Yes, that has often struck me," said Sir Roland; "for if 'the Church' is to be received as an infallible guide (as the Papists 'bona fide' receive their church) we must bow our judgments entirely to her, and not take upon ourselves to judge of any thing that she teaches; but this, though they inculcate it, they do not practise, for they venture to differ whenever they please; and if they object in one thing, I may—as far as infallibility is concerned—object in a hundred. To the Bible I can bow my whole soul, for that is the true, unerring word of God; but I am afraid Dr. Pusey would think me a terrible and audacious heretic were I to say, that I adhere to the Church of England, not as taking her for my guide, but as mere matter of preference. Indeed, a Puseyite friend of mine always tells me I am not 'a churchman,' only a 'man who goes to church'—not a bad distinction, and perfectly true according to their views."

"Do you prefer it then as the best sect?" asked Mr. Singleton,

"or as, the Church of England, by law established?"

"As the 'Church of England by law established.' A Church—a settled State-church—I think every nation is bound to maintain, if it hopes for the blessing of God on it as a nation. Any government is inexcusable, in my opinion, which does not, as a great 'Pater familias,' feed its children with nourishing spiritual food; and our church, spite of her errors, has been, and is, deeply valuable, as a preserver of the uncorrupted word of God, and of much that is excellent in doctrine and discipline. To her, therefore, shall I adhere as long as it is in any way possible. If the Tractarians succeed, as is their avoved and published wish, in reuniting her to the Church of Rome, by altering things so as to suit that church (some concession also being expected from her) then I must, perforce, leave her—or rather she will have left me. But I do not like to anticipate that evil day; if it comes, may God 'give strength to his people, that they may be faithful even unto the end.'"

to his people, that they may be faithful even unto the end."
"Amen!" said Mr. Singleton. "But if one thing more than another could vex my soul, it would be, I think, the having no fixed national church to go to. Besides, I feel sure that, if the church depart from God, God will depart from her, and from this—then—fated nation. I almost fancy I have seen 'Ichabod' written on her ever since the admission of the Catholics into our national counsels; and whenever our church becomes more faithless than she is, then indeed shall I fully expect to find that 'the glory of

the Lord is departed."

"The same impression rests on my mind," said Sir Roland; "yet I can feel sincerely for the Roman Catholics as men, and am glad that many of their disabilities have been taken off; but never

should they have been admitted into parliament; and never either ought we to have thought ourselves justified in voting supplies for the instruction of those who were to go forth and teach the people

error.'

"Ah! it is a most difficult subject to manage," said Mr. Singleton; " and I only wish we could have come with cleaner hands into the combat, as regards Ireland; for though I do not believe that, in the whole world, there are a set of men who labour as 'in the fire,' as many ministers and others do at this moment in that country, yet for how many years was the Protestant Church there a scandal and a disgrace to any religion? It is a deep debt we owe to that unhappy nation, and I almost fear the time and power for paying it off is fast passing from us. Truly 'Christ has received fearful wounds in the house of His friends' there, and even now, in many excellent people, I should be rejoiced to see more of the 'sword of the Spirit,' less of the Spirit of the sword; more conciliation to the Papists themselves, though as deep an abhorrence as they like to Popery. Of all the missionaries that I ever read of. Felix Neff appears to me, for this very reason, by far the most perfect—joining such temper, and gentleness, and discretion—to such high clear views, and such unflagging zeal and devotion. Labouring as he did, till he destroyed himself-and on the very Valdensian spots, too, which had been so often red with the blood of the persecuted and slaughtered Protestants—yet he raised no enmity against, or among the Romish priests and population which were about him, but lived with them on the kindest terms; so much so, that we are told in Gilly's memoir of him, that the sub-prefect, a Roman Catholic, and many others of that persuasion—to show him honour-actually attended at the ceremony of opening the little Protestant chapel at Violins; and that many also, would often attend his sermons—Bibles and Testaments being distributed too, for a length of time without interruption. Would-would that all were animated by the same heaven-born spirit! that alleven while devoting themselves as this young martyr did—to teaching the most pure and spiritual truth, would remember 'that the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."

"I have often wished that the Church in Ireland could be put upon a different footing than it is," said Sir Roland; "though I dare say the attempt would be found fraught with a thousand difficulties. It is very easy to dictate what should be done, as one sits by one's own fireside, but one must hold some of the reins of government one's self, I fancy, before one can justly estimate the difficulties that surround a minister, in the endeavour to carry out any great question. But I have long wished that tithes could have been entirely redeemed there, and a fund formed from them, out of which Protestant clergy or missionaries could be paid; so that, dropping down, as it were from Heaven, in the midst of the Roman Catholics, they might spend and be spent amongst them, without drawing money from them in a manner which they feel, and naturally resent; and which is certainly calculated to prejudice them against these spiritual teachers; for it must be gallingly oppressive to them to have to pay for the maintenance of a church

which they think accursed, and that, too, out of a fund which had for ages belonged to the ministers of their own faith. I think there has never been sufficient consideration shown for these natural feelings of the Papists; for what should we feel-and which perhaps, we may soon have to feel-were we obliged to pay our tithes to a Romish instead of a Protestant church?"

"As you are so very tender of them, Sir Roland," said Mr. Roberts, "you had better pay the Popish priests at once, as has

been often talked of."

"I should as soon think of paying chemists and confectioners to sell poisoned drugs and sugar-plums," answered Sir Roland. "If people's fancies in religion are to be provided for, their fancies in other matters may as well be considered also, and there might be a provision for all sorts of absurdities. No, the use of a church is to instruct the people in the truth; we must not pay to have such fearful error as Popery taught, though we may feel so much for the victims of delusion, as shall make us desirous of softening to their natural feelings all that may, and must seem hard, and difficult to be borne.'

"I care not a rush for them or their feelings," exclaimed Mr. Roberts; "I should just like to string them all up in a row. like Ulysses's ill-behaved maids, with a bunch of Puseyites at each end,

by way of tassels.

"And a sprinkling of dissenters, too, Roberts," suggested Mr. Scott: "for I know you equally hate them."

"By all means, or a whole cluster of them, if you like it." "What hangings, drownings, and burnings, you will have, my good fellow, when your sect of 'Nethingites' comes in; you, as the mighty 'Nil ipsissimum' ('Nothing' himself) installed in the

high chair of state !"

When I am arrived at that desirable elevation, Scott, you may be sure I will give you and your dissenters some test which you will not be able easily to swallow; something which will bring you under all three forms of death."

"Are you particularly fond of the dissenters, Scott?" asked his

cousin.

"I infinitely prefer standing by my own church to being a dissenter," replied Mr. Scott; "but when I see the great good those men have done in so many instances (Christian dissenters, I mean, not those who deny the Atonement, of course,) and how much God blesses their work, I am ready to say, as some good old divine did, 'What is good enough for Christ is good enough for me.' Many people seem to overlook the fact that it was when in their unconverted state, that the apostles 'forbad' others doing good in Christ's name 'because they followed not after them;' and they seem also, to have forgotten that our Lord answered, 'Forbid them not;' while St. Paul, when converted—even when speaking of those who preached of contention, said, 'Notwithstanding every way, whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is preached; and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.' And I confess the apestle's feeling is my own." "Well, Sir Roland, at least you will let me call Popish priests

hypecrites?" said Mr. Roberts.

"Oh, in mercy do, Ashton," exclaimed Mr. Scott, with an imploring gesture; "he is under the influence of that word to-day, and we shall have no peace till he has had his fancy out. I really suspect, Roberts, that some one has been calling you 'hypocrite,' you seem so exceedingly anxious to pass the title on to some one else.'

Mr. Roberts laughed, and Sir Roland answered, smiling,

"I am afraid I cannot grant your request, even here, Roberts; though I am quite grieved to refuse it, backed as it is, too, by such corent reasonings from Scott. But I will tall you why I cannot brand even these men, individually, with the name you wish me

to give them."
"Particularly not those who assist at the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius-or at the bursting out of the statue of somebody or other at St. Peter's into a profuse perspiration—or who sew frogs up in lawn, and put them on the altar to leap about, pretending they are the devils they have just cast out of a shriven penitent, I suppose?" asked Mr. Roberts triumphantly.
"You have not, after all, Mr. Roberts," observed Mr. Singleton,

"named the worst of all impostures, the one, most horrible, probably, that the world ever produced—namely, the 'Fire in the Greek Church.'"

"To say the truth," replied Mr. Roberts, "I never thoroughly

understood what that fire was, though I have often heard of it."
"It is this," replied Mr. Singleton. "The Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem is, you know, built not only over the supposed site of our Lord's tomb, but over the also supposed house where the Holy Ghost fell on the disciples on the day of Pentecost. The Greek church, with awful profanity, pretend that fresh showers of the Holy Spirit descend on their priests every returning Whit Sunday. To prove this, they concort a species of gas, or a phosphoric flame of some kind, which they cause to issue forth at the appointed times, and, apparently, to fall on the assembled priests."

'Horrible!" exclaimed Mr. Roberts. "I did not think any

such frightful atrocities could ever have been conceived."

"It is most lamentable, indeed," replied Mr. Singleton, "and scarcely is it less so, that the patriarch of this church should be regarded by the Tractarians with special reverence, as the 'immediate successor of St. James, the first bishop of Jerusalem.' At one time they endeavoured also to train a dove to descend; but the bird—more faithful to the nature God had given it than the men proved refractory, and would not descend properly, but flew hither and thither at its own pleasure, greatly discomfiting the holy fathers, and finally obliging them to omit that scene in their profane farce.

"Can that be true?" asked Sir Roland.

"A perfect fact, I assure you," replied Mr. Singleton, "though

so dreadful a one, that I do not wonder at your doubting it."
"That is, indeed, worse than anything I had ever dreamed of," said Mr. Roberts; who seemed really subdued by the frightful view of human nature presented to him.

"You have driven me hard, certainly, Roberts," replied Sir Roland, good-humouredly, "with regard to the Papists: though I I am perfectly aware that in many cases the wont yield yet. priests must know for certain that what they say is not true; and also that they pretend to do what they know to be impostures; but we must remember that their church teaches them that such things are calculated to do good, and to save souls; and if they once began to doubt the lawfulness of the things she commands—that doubt would be, in their eyes, one of the most deadly sins they could commit.—one not to be purged away without the severest penances; therefore, you see, the conscience itself becomes bound by this terrible system to such a degree, that, unless the all-powerful Spirit of God work irresistibly, the wretched slave of superstition is left to perish in the chain that reduces the whole soul to the most hopeless degradation. We have however taken extreme cases, for all are not commanded to perform such revolting impostures; but if I am right, you see that the individuals them-selves may even then be wholly guiltless of the sin of hypocrisy, even in practising these pious frauds; though there is no doubt that many delight in these things, and go far beyond what even the church desires, for their own private gain and advantage. But it is the system. Roberts, that is so awful: and in nothing does the wily wisdom of its dreadful author show itself more decidedly than in thus terrifying men from venturing for one instant to use their own reason. Against the *system* of Popery it is impossible to feel too strongly."

"I see what you mean," said Mr. Roberts; "but you really seem determined to make yourself 'un ange de clémence,' (an angel of clemency) for everything in the world, good, bad, and indifferent. You will end in being, like John Huss, who, if you remember, when a woman rushed forward with a lighted torch to be the first to set fire to the pile that was to consume him, with wonderful density of intellect, saw in the act only the simplicity of her faith, and exclaimed, 'Sancta simplicitas! (holy simplicity!)'"

"I don't know: I think I might have had my doubts about that; though I might have been constrained to acknowledge her burning zeal."

"You making a pun, Ashton!" exclaimed Mr. Scott; "'Proh pudor! (For shame)!"

"Very dreadful, I acknowledge," said Sir Roland, smiling. cry your mercy for the deed."

"But you really do appear to me," continued Mr. Roberts to Sir

Roland, "to waste your life in making excuses for people."

"Wasn't it Lord A-who said of some friend, that he was a sort of man who frittered away his money in paying tradesmen's bills?" asked Mr. Scott. "Your observation, Roberts, would serve beautifully as a 'pendant' to that witticism.

"Ah, well, I dare say I have you all against me; so I shall content myself with saying, as regards all Papists and Puseyites, and dissenters too, to please you, Scott - what the Swiss republican said respecting all the kings of the earth: 'Je voudrais

bien, qu'ils eussent tous une chaîne au cou, et que moi, je la tinsse!'

and a pretty tight strain I should give it, you may be sure."
"My good friend," said Mr. Singleton, "it seemed mighty easy to Jehu to say, 'Come, see my zeal for the Lord,' when that zeal consisted in slaying the prophets of Baal; but when called upon to surrender one heart-sin, how far did it carry him? I think we have all great need of bearing that example in mind."

"I am afraid I shall come quite within the sweep of Roberts's virtuous indignation," said Sir Roland, "if I say that there are really some things in which I think the Puseyites have done good. I like, I confess, the restoration of the old church architecture, and the beautifying of churches, where not overdone; I highly approve a greater degree of church discipline than has been attended to for a length of time; wishing earnestly that it would extend itself so as to make the bishops who are opposed to the doctrine conscientiously and effectually suppress its preaching and teaching throughout their dioceses; or, what would be still more conscientious and more effectual, exert themselves to get the errors expunged from the services. Then, the attention to education is most praiseworthy, though I cordially dislike and disapprove the exclusive principle on which it is carried on; which, however, naturally grows out of the erroneous and unscriptural ideas they

have formed of the power and sanctity of their particular church."
"Well, if you take my advice." said Mr. Roberts, "you will
let them and all their practices alone. Depend upon it, if you
begin by admiring one thing in them now, and adopting it, you
will never end till you have gone to the 'ultima Thule' of all their

absurdities and abominations.'

"I am too old, Roberts," replied Sir Roland, shaking his headwhile his young countenance lighted up with the most sparkling smile—"to start at shadows. No," he continued more gravely, "I am glad to accept what is good from any hand; for we are told to 'prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.' You shall hear what a wiser man than I am says on this subject, for I have here an extract from a work of that excellent man and pure theologian, Bickersteth, who, in his 'Divine Warning to the Church,' says, 'Let us beware of opposing anything really good, because it comes from those whose general principles we are constrained to condemn. Let us rather gladly promote that which is really excellent, whoever suggests it. Thus we shall not only add strength to our own testimony against their errors, but take away the strength of error in conjunction with important truths, by which alone the consciences of really good men are retained in its defence. In short, let us realise the words of St. Paul, 'that ye may approve things that are excellent, that ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ.' But see how well he guards his liberality from the charge of carelessness by an after passage,

<sup>\*</sup> There is a slight literary anachronism here, as Mr. Bickersteth's work was only published in 1843; and this conversation, from the construction a the story, must necessarily have taken place four or five years before. Indeed, it must be confessed, the whole tenour of this conversation is rather antedated.

which I have also noted down here, and a magnificent passage it is; warning us of the approach of the troublous times, which seem, indeed, near at hand. He says, 'Let us not mistake halting between two opinions, for a peace-making, peace-loving spirit, but remember that heavenly wisdom is first pure, then peaceable. Let us never think to promote true peace by clothing unfaithfulness to God and His truth with the names of judgment and discretion. There is no judgment or discretion equal to that of being on the Lord's side, and undergoing suffering for rightcoursess' sake; and eternity will make this clear to all creation. Let us then well count the cost of being a real Christian, all the hazards and dangers, all the shame and gruel mockings, all the sacrifices and heavy losses to which we may be soon exposed. But then let us look to that treasury we have in Christ Jesus to meet all this cost, and at that recompense of reward and that crown of life which He will bestow."

"It is a very beautiful passage, I will confess," observed Mr. Roberts. "and I don't know that I should quite object to being like the man who wrote it; but it is the process of becoming like such persons that is odious and insupportable. 'Figurez vous' the flapping of wings, the struggling of legs, the writhing of antennes, before the butterfly can emerge from its chrysalis state! I fancy we should all be tolerably resigned to being perfect, if perfection could be achieved as easily as renown was by that man, who said 'that he got up one morning and found himself famous!' But the transition state—that must be hideous! When considerate, wellintentioned friends (like the present company) recommend perfection to me, it is extraordinary what an amiable, engaging fit of timidity comes over me. I retreat a step, and, courteously waving my hand, beg my friends to go first."

'And with true Chesterfieldian politeness, they have, I think, Roberts, obeyed the invitation," said Mr. Scott, with an arch smile.

Mr. Roberts laughed away a rising flush, and replied—"That is no disgrace, you know, Scott, when one has voluntarily yielded the pas; and remember, that though Lord Chesterfield got into the carriage first, his majesty still remained king."

"I wish your majesty would make me a gracious donation of

some of your royal modesty," said Mr. Scott.

"Perfectly welcome to the whole of it, my dear fellow! for I

never make the slightest use of it myself.

"Really, Roberts," replied the other, "I do wish you were a good man, for I must confess, you have a vast deal to say for yourself, and might be of great use in a good cause.

"I am very well satisfied," replied Mr. Roberts; "'accordez moi la tête, et pour le cour, je vous l'abandonne! But now I

really must be off."

"What! without a lingering Parthian shot at the Puseyites!" "Yes, 'j'ai vide mon carquois,'-(I have emptied my quiver), and have only to entreat, that if Sir Roland gets installed in state amongst them, he will insure me a merciful death at their hands when they begin their 'auto-da-fé.' Depend upon it, when one of the first half-hatched chirps out of the scarcely chipped egg-shell.

that they 'approve of penances for differences of opinion,' they will not be full-grown and full-fiedged, without making those penances pretty severe. That is a prospect which it is particularly disagreeable to me to contemplate; for though I may not be all Mr. Singleton would wish me to be (perhaps it would be better if I were), yet I hope I should be ready at any time to go to the stake rather than subscribe to what I felt was false. These Pusevite opinions suit 'la jeune église,' though the present bench of bishops is not throughout affected by them; but such will probably not be the case with the next, and—remember my words, and see if they come not true: -- if ever these men get the staff in their own hands. they will make use of that 'argumentum baculinum' in a way difficult to be borne; and if some strong measure be not taken to keep them out of the Church of England sow, depend upon it that day will soon arrive. I warn you and when you are smarting under their blows, remember me! There, Scott A have been able, after all, to produceouse arrow more; and having 'drawn it to the head,' I take my leave." And shaking hands with his two friends, and bowing with great respect to Mr. Singleton, he left the room.

"You don't take the right way with that young man, Scott," said Mr. Singleton, as soon as Mr. Roberts was gone: "you should not talk so lightly to him."

"There! I was sure you would begin a 'tirade' against me the moment he closed the door; I was very near going away with him to avoid being torn to pieces, for I know Ashton also is thirsting for the onslaught.

"No, no, one at a time," said Sir Boland. "I leave you in very excellent hands, so good-bye." And nodding kindly, he left the room.
"I wish he had stayed," said Mr. Soott, with somewhat of an

embarrassed laugh, "for I had much rather have had a general mêle' than have to sit down for your solemn single-handed reproof, Singleton, and all your detestably-unanswerable arguments.

"I will defer what I have to say then, if you like it; or suppress

it altogether, if you had rather not hear it.

"No, no-go on." And he took up a book and busied himself in

turning over its leaves.

"I am not going to be very severe, Willy," said Mr. Singleton, smiling, "so don't put on that angry look."

"I am not angry," said Mr. Scott, raising his glowing countenance to his cousin, with a look of so much good feeling and affection, that the latter, looking at him for a moment with an expression of great love, said, "I like to have a fault to find with you even now and then, Scott, it brings out such a bright side of your character; there are few who can bear as you can to have it hinted that they are not 'quite perfection.' However, I forgot, I was not going to praise but to blame you-wasn't it?

"I know pretty well what you would say," observed Mr. Scott; "you would tell me that I am wrong, both in laughing at Roberts,

and in laughing with him."

"Quite right. Go on."

"No, no, I am not going to mix my own draught, and take it too; that is more than can be expected of mortal man! You must prepare the ingredients for the cup; and mind you make them

very palatable if you mean me to swallow them."

"I object to your laughing at Roberts, then, because ridicule opens no man's heart; it is the utmost that the best temper can do just to bear it; no one can like it, or at the moment feel complacent towards the person who uses it. It is not a Christian weapon, and should be put out of our armoury. Ridicule in writings may occasionally do good; as people reading what is said quietly to themselves, may perhaps, be led to see the folly of what they have professed or done, more by this means than by solid argument, and may secretly take their own measures for alteration. without their pride being hurt by having confessions to make, or by being forged to say what has caused the change. But in conversation, it should invariably be avoided, for the reasons I have mentioned. To such as you and I, who have both of us such an awful eye for the absurd in life, it is a great temptation; and hundreds of times have I given way to it, and hated myself the next moment. But of late years I have kept such a tight hand over myself in this respect—especially where anything of religion is concerned—that my mind, ceasing to cater for its amusement in that way, really does not perceive the absurdity of many things that would have convulsed it in former days. I can now more sympathize with Sir Roland, who, I can see, feels distressed if any one makes himself ridiculous. How many times I observed him to-day draw off attention from Roberts, when he saw him embarrassed. You have no jealousy in you, Scott, so I do not fear praising your friend before you."

"It is impossible to praise him enough," said Mr. Scott, with great energy; "you don't know what that man is, nor half the sacrifices he has just made to be of use to Anstruther, whose con-

duct to him used to be unsufferable, poor fellow!"

"That he is your chosen friend is enough to prepossess me in his favour," said Mr. Singleton; "but I certainly like most extremely what I have seen of him. But with regard to laughing with that young fellow, I think if anything it is worse than laughing at him, when you reflect that by joining him, you encourage him to speak lightly of serious matters. Good nonsense is a very good thing sometimes, as long as it is an innocent exercise of wit, and fun, and cleverness; but as soon as it verges towards that

### 'Mirth unblest, Drowning God's music in the breast,'

which is so much condemned both by Scripture and good feeling, it ceases to be 'good'—and becomes 'bad' nonsense. 'Wisdom should ever be the under-current of your wit.' That young man, Roberts, has a very quick, clever, discerning mind, with a wonderfully good judgment, and great penetration; and I do not think there was a single view of the present fearful state of the church, in

which I did not fully and entirely go with him; but his tone of feeling I could not approve. He seems to have been brought up entirely in, and for the world, and much excuse is therefore to be made for him; and we who think—who know—that we possess a better knowledge than what this world can teach, should never let him talk slightingly of those things whose inestimable value we are acquainted with. I am convinced he might be easily checked, for though conceited and presumptuous, he is not hardened; and if all the true Christians with whom he converses were faithful, Willy, and consistent, God might give a great blessing to them and to him. Now put on your hat, and come and show me about your fine city here."

### CHAPTER XII.

"I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose, and see my path, but now—lead Thou me on! I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will,—remember not past years!

Those angel faces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !"

AT twelve o'clock on the following day, Mr. Singleton, as had been agreed, went to Lord N---'s house and walked straight up to Mr. Anstruther's room, where he found all prepared for the Sacrament, and the invalid alone, as he had requested. The excitement of his feelings had lent an unusual glow to Mr. Anstruther's countenance; and a deep flush had settled in one bright crimson spot—the hectic of consumption—on his cheek. His large dark eyes shone with a force of expression which health seldom presents; yet was there nothing of the painful restlessness and anxiety which had formerly so strongly characterized them, but rather an earnest, settled look of exalted peace. The dignity of an adopted child of God had greatly delivered him from the fear of man, and had overcome the diffidence and embarrassment which he would otherwise have felt in seeing those who had formerly known him under such very different circumstances. He had, with a noble frankness, asked forgiveness of Mr. Scott for the contemptuous rudeness of his former manner and conduct; yet in doing so, no false shame had caused his eye to shrink from that of the other. who met him with the utmost kindness, and showed an interest and regard that was most touching to him. With equal openness, when Mr. Singleton entered the room, he held out his hand to him,

and thanked him for coming so readily to a stranger.

"You must not consider yourself a stranger, Mr. Anstruther," said the other. "None who are looking to Christ for salvation can be strangers to those who are enjoying the same inestimable

hope. You are truly resting on Him, are you not?"

"Most truly."
"The Holy Spirit testifying with your spirit that you are one of the sons of God?"

Mr. Anstruther looked up with a countenance so beaming with the bright hope that was within him, that before he could answer, Mr. Singleton stopped him, saying, "I want no words—save your poor lungs—a higher language has told me all; the testimony of the Spirit shines too clearly through those speaking eyes for me to need You are a happy man-so near the possession of your inheritance!"

"I am indeed happy," replied Mr. Anstruther; " not even the remembrance of my sins can disturb me now; for when I begin to think of them, the sense of God's forgiving mercy rushes in, and

sweeps all before it."

"Ay," returned Mr. Singleton; "a nauseous pill so wrapped in sweets that its bitterness is lost."

Mr. Anstruther smiled at the quaint comparison, and said, "it was indeed true, for all bitterness was lost in the sweetness of

God's love.

"And now, my good friend," said Mr. Singleton, "you shall talk no more. My mind is satisfied about you, and I will gladly administer the Sacrament to you, in remembrance of Him, 'who has indeed redeemed you to Himself by His precious blood-

shedding.

Then ringing the bell, he desired Mr. Anstruther's servant to request Sir Roland and Mr. Scott to come up-stairs. The moment they approached the table, he commenced the service, which the peculiar circumstances under which it was given, rendered unusually solemn. Mr. Anstruther was excessively affected, and leant his head on the table the whole time, for he was too weak to sit up. When it was concluded, however, he held out his hand to Mr. Singleton, and thanked him with a countenance which proved that the "peace of God," which had been so sincerely prayed for, had entered indeed into his soul; and that "the blessing of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit," rested abundantly upon him.

In after times often did Sir Roland recal that look, and never

without a thrill of thankful joy passing through his breast.
"Are you tired, Anstruther?" he said, after the others had left the room; "or shall I stay with you a little?"

"Stay, by all means; for even if I cannot talk much, I delight

in seeing you there."

"If I tire you, you must tell me; but I had something to say to you. A little while ago you asked me how, in your short remaining time, it would be possible for you to prove the reality of your conversion. You have evidenced it by the complete change in your whole self; or rather, the Spirit has shown forth its power and work in you in a manner visible to all who see you. But there is yet one exertion with which I think God would be well pleased if you felt equal to it."

"I shall be only too thankful to be enabled to show forth His

glory in any way.

"It is to speak to some of the young and thoughtless creatures around you, and try to arouse them to a sense of their danger, and of their ingratitude to God. I have myself endeavoured to say a

word to them from time to time, but I seldom see them; and besides, everything from me comes, you know, like an 'ex-parte'

statement."

"It is from me, certainly, that it should come; for I have been too long a strengthener of Satan's hands as respects them, by my total disregard of religion, and by the contempt I have so often thrown upon it. And they could not think that I had any sinister motive in contradicting my former self, and speaking in favour of Him whose service I once so wholly cast off. Ask Seymour to come to me, will you, when he is at leisure. I may not be able to speak much to all, though I should like to take leave of them; but to him I could speak best-he is of a soberer, kindlier nature than the rest, and he might not, perhaps, mind repeating to them any message I might give him. Ah! how I now regret the time which is past, lost for ever! What a blessing I might have been to those young things, so full of life and spirits, but giving all their fresh and bright affections to this world! Instead of which I have been a curse—a blighting, fearful curse to them; teaching them to despise their God, and trample upon His laws. Send the poer boy to me now, will you, Ashton, if you can find him. Time presses; and my proud heart might shrink from the task if I thought long about it. It is not pleasing to flesh and blood to say, 'I have been wrong; but God will not suffer me to fail, I trust, in this duty: and joyful indeed should I be, if He would bless my words to any who hear them."

Sir Roland went in search of Mr. Seymour, who was one of Lord N—'s 'attaches,' and who lived in his house; and having found

him, begged him to go up to Mr. Anstruther.

When he entered his apartment the latter received him most kindly, saying, he wished much to see him, and take leave of him. The young man was much affected at this kindness of manner in one, of whom, in former days, he had always stood so much in awe; and whose visibly dying state made his words fall solemnly on his ear. Mr. Austruther did not spare himself, but lamented the rebellion of his former life against the great Being who had created and redeemed him, and entreated his young friend to give his heart's best affections and earliest love to his Father and his God.

He subsequently, in a similar manner, took leave of all his young associates, most of whom seemed, for the time at least, to

be much affected by his representations.

Each day now brought a change to the dying man, who suffered agonisingly from weakness and difficulty in breathing; but seldom did an impatient sound pass his lips; or if one did occasionally escape, the eye, quickly turned towards heaven, showed that he supplicated pardon, and sought the blessing of the Holy Spirit, that "patience" might have "her perfect work."

"You are a strange fellow, Roland," said Lord N—, when he had returned from his short excursion with Mr. Roberts; "a little while ago you could not bear George Anstruther, and now I have saked for you ever so many times since I came home, and am

always told you are 'in Mr. Anstruther's room.' However, it is very kind of you, though I am afraid it is an irksome confinement."

"Far from it; I prefer being with him to being elsewhere just now. His mind is much changed, poor fellow, of late."

"Oh, what! 'the sinner was sick, the sinner a saint would be,"

I suppose.'

"No," said Sir Roland, pained at the way in which his uncle spoke, "I am convinced that it is no feeling of that kind with Anstruther. I believe him truly changed; and I rejoice the more because his days are well-nigh spent, I fear."

"Do you think him in immediate danger?" asked Lord N-

much alarmed.

"I do; I think a few weeks, or even days, may see it all at an end." "I had no idea," said Lord N-, "that he was so ill. I have not seen him lately; and during my absence I fear he must have got much worse. I am sorry I spoke so heedlessly, poor fellow, for I am truly grieved for him, and am shocked at what you tell me; I did not think his danger was nearly so great.'

"This last week has been a very trying one to him in every way," replied Sir Roland; "but his mind is now at peace, though

his health sinks fast.

"My dear Roland, you are young, and very enthusiastic (in which your friend Scott, by the bye, helps you not a little;) and I am sure I do not wish to deprive you of any encouragement you may find in your laudable exertions; but do let me warn you not to imagine that real changes take place in people's character in this sudden and wonderful way, for the days of miracles are past. Go on in your own way, by all means, for you have been a good boy from your birth, and no doubt you will go to heaven and have your reward. But don't expect an old man like me to believe that. just because a body gets ill, and is forced to lie in bed, that there-fore he becomes a saint all of a sudden. I dare say he gets frightened, just as a naughty boy does at the sight of the rod, and exclaims he will be good; but when you have lived in the world as long as I have, you will find that your virtuous bed-ridden folks turn out as great rogues as others, when they can walk alone again."

"It is so, often, I know," replied Sir Roland; "but cases do, undoubtedly, sometimes occur, in which the Spirit of God touches the heart, even in the closing hours of life; and as soon as they are led by Him to see their own sinfulness, and to accept of Christ's free salvation, they must, according to God's promise, become His children. And this real change it is which has, I truly believe,

taken place in poor Anstruther."
"Of course," replied Lord N, "a man at such a time, when he thinks he has nothing to do but to die, is vastly glad to be told he shall go to heaven without any merit or trouble of his own; 'c'est

tout simple,' and very pleasant hearing.'

"But, my dear sir, it really is not so simple—so much 'of course' as you think. Many, even at that hour, cling to ideas of their own righteousness—thanking God they have always been upright and religious, or always done their best, &c .- the enemy soothing them to the last with hollow hopes built on a wrong foundation; while others sometimes, not only virtually, but actually—fearfully deny

the name and existence of Christ the Lord."

"Well, my dear nephew, if they do so, it is very sad; for after all, I don't think we have much to boast of, any of us. And in truth, I do the poor fellow up-stairs a great injustice by classing him with notorious sinners; for though he has never been a religious man certainly, yet he has been under my roof now nearly six years, and I don't in my conscience think that even your life, Roland, has been a purer one than his; nor one more free from vice of every kind. And yet, I don't know how it was, but he was never liked; the vicious were afraid of him, I believe—and the virtuous too, I fancy, for that matter—for he was so mighty haughty and disdainful, and came into the room with his chin in the air, looking so gentlemanlike and disagreeable, that, truth to say, I would fain many a time have conveyed my own person out of the way if I could have done so unobserved: but that, of course, 'sub sigillo confessionali,' not to be breathed to ears profane."

"It is that unamiable spirit which he now so deeply regrets," said Sir Roland: "proceeding as it did, from enmity of the heart to God. But I always had a hope that the time would come in which the better part of his disposition might be brought out, and his

heart reconciled to God.

"And why where you to have that hope about him particularly? or do you charitably feel the same for everybody—even for your old reprobate uncle?'

Sir Roland smiled, and answered, "I cannot, I am sorry to say, feel that hope for every one, however much I might wish it; but

he had a mother once

"Well, and everybody 'had a mother once,'" said Lord N---, interrupting Sir Roland quickly, whilst his bright grey eye twinkled with a merriment which even the gravest subjects could scarcely ever subdue; "you need draw no very exclusive ground of

hope for him on that account, methinks.

'My dear uncle," replied Sir Roland, laughing, "I think I must really give up talking to you on these subjects at all. You are one of those who would make 'the scaffold re-echo with the joke,' and would delight in causing even 'death's ribs to shake with laughter,' I believe, if you could. I know you do not mind what I say, but in truth," he added, with a sadder expression, "I do so much feel for poor Anstruther—so very much! and am so filled with gratitude to God on his account, that though I could not help laughing at your interruption, yet it grieves and disquiets me to have the subject treated so lightly."

"Well, well! but I really am very sorry for the poor fellow, and will go and see him in a few minutes, though I shall not know what to say to him. We were never on a very familiar footing—speaking terms, but no more—business ended, so ended our conversations generally. But still to know that one who has been so long with me, and so young, too," he added, feelingly, "is sinking so rapidly into the grave, is a very appalling—a very painful thing But what were you going to say just now?"

"Oh! I was only going to say that his mether,—who, you know, was a great friend of my mother's,—was a truly excellent woman, and taught him in early youth much that was good, and I knew that he retained for her feelings of the deepest love; and it was that which always made me hope for him; for I trusted that what she had taught him—what she had sewed with, I fear, many tears (for hers was a sad fate) might, at length, be reaped with abundant

joy; God's promises are so full to faithful parents."

"My dear Roland, I am sure your parents' faithfulness is abundantly repeid in you," said Lord N—, with a glistening eye; "for you are the best—the very best creature I ever met with; and though I do sometimes abuse your vagaries, yet, when I come to hear you fairly out, I find you as sober and steady as a rock; and no wonder, for all you say is 'founded on a Rock.' There, you see, I know a little bit of Scripture as well as you; though I dare say, you though I did not know Aaron from Achilles. You good people always fancy no one knows anything but yourselves; though I must confess, there are a monstrous number of things which, if you do understand, I certainly do not. They don't suit a stupid old fellow like me."

"What things do you mean, my dear sir?"

"Oh, many things! A mighty deal that you say is utterly in-comprehensible to me. There are your conversions and convictions, and con-all sort of things, which to my mind, end in a complete con-fusion. They puzzle my old brain as much as all your newfangled names for old-fashioned flowers, which are enough to distract any man. If one goes nowadays to a gardener's and asks for -let me see - a troposolum, for instance, expecting to get something very fine and new, he gives you nothing but the old nasturtium which your grandmother pickled the seeds of a century ago; and so on with all the rest. And I dare say, when I come to discover the meaning of your fine high-sounding terms, I shall find them only to be some beautiful paraphrastic mode of conveying some plain, sensible old distich, such as,— 'Speak when you're spoken to; do as you're bid.' It is dreadful to live in such an age as this! One can't open one's mouth, if it be but to say, 'What a fine day!' but out comes some moral aphorism, or knock-medown piece of virtue, which one can't recover from for the next half-hour. And the moment one's back is turned one is sure of being held up as a 'mournful example!' It is the case with the whole of you! You remind me of the French earicature where the old school-dame has been reading a fairy tale to her children, which ends with stating, 'that when the princess was cured of all her faults, she became very beautiful and rich, and married a sweet young prince; from whence she drew this apt deduction—with skinny finger lifted high: 'Ceci vous montre mes chers enfans, qu'il faut toujours manger du pain avec son fricet, ne jamais mettre les doigts à la bouche, de. Now is not that just the way with you all-spoiling our pleasant fables with your dull morals?

"Which character of myself am I to walk away with?" asked Sir Roland, good-humouredly. "Just now I was 'the best creature you ever saw,' now I am a sanctified bore and a driveller! The very next civil thing you say, I shall be off directly, for fear of a

reversal of the sentence."

"Then I shall go on abusing you on purpose to keep you here," said Lord N-; "for I greatly like to see the sort of fights that go on in your mind when I traduce you or your people—wrath and fury struggling with good-nature and patience, but never quite getting the better. You are the bull, and I the matadore. You let me fling at you what darts I will, and flourish my taunting flags in your eyes; but though I have at times seen the front of the 'noble beast' flush up, showing there was a commotion within, yet I have never succeeded in getting a single roar or toss out of him vet.'

"That will do very well," said Sir Roland; "and now I am

"No, no, stay you here, I have a vast deal more abuse in store for you. But first, I really have a fancy for knowing what you do mean when you talk of people 'being converted,' or 'having convictions,' and such like terms. It reminds me of Lord — 's boy. Did you ever hear that story? A religious tutor crept in unawares at one time into that infidel house, and produced some good effect on one of the boys, which one of the others, observing, rushed into his mother's room, exclaiming, 'Do you know, mamma, brother has set religion! as if it were the measles or scarlet fever! And now. pray tell me what you do mean by those fine terms of yours?"

"I will answer you in better words than my own. 'The conscience becomes disquieted, and this is conviction; the heart and its affections are given back to God, and this is conversion."

"And a mighty long journey it must be for the hearts of some men to get back to God," observed Lord N-. "Yes, that is indeed conversion, for our affections are generally running in a far different channel from that! And of course, you will tell me too, that it is only by the power of God that we can be so changed—so converted. I believe you-I fully believe you, Roland; for I have been trying at it, in my poor way, for this half century, and have never yet got one inch nearer to heaven, nor been able to track a

path in my heart that did not lead away from God."
"The Almighty promises not only to help us in the work," replied Sir Roland, "but to do it for us—in us, if we supplicate Him for His powerful blessing. But one part of the explanation I quoted, you seem, my dearest uncle, to have known by experience."
"Ah! you mean 'conviction,' "said Lord N—; "but I am

not going to make my confessions to you, my young master, so do not think you are going to have the triumph and satisfaction of putting me into the right way as you think it. I do not mean to be beholden to such a Will o' the Wisp as you. But now," and he sighed heavily, "I will go up to poor Anstruther, and you—for it is about your hour—are going to ride—always with Scott, I suppose. You select him, I imagine, by way of coin appearance?"

"I do not think Scott at all ill-looking," said Sir Roland. You select him, I imagine, by way of contrast

"And how do you know that it was not you that I meant as the ill-looking one?" exclaimed Lord N.—. "Well, if ever I heard a

speech of more consummate vanity and conceit! And so you are 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form, the observed of all observers, are you? You are 'the faultless monster that the world ne'er saw!' Upon my word, if that is not the quintessence of coxcombical impertinence!"

Sir Roland coloured excessively at the unintentional vanity of the speech he had made; but laughing at his uncle's vehement

philippic, he said,—

"I am bound, you know, my dear sir, to believe all you say; and how often have you told me that I was a vastly good-looking

fellow !"

"A sad mistake, indeed," said Lord N—, shaking his head:
"and the worst is, that the good lady's recipe for some hideous but estimable man—of turning him inside out—would not benefit society much in your case; for with you the one is as bad as the other. But that fellow Scott!—he goes about all day, I am told, poking his nose into prisons, and hospitals, and other pestiferous places; mounting garrets, diving into cellars, threading labyrinths of filth-besmeared, vice-begrimed alleys! Well, 'tot homines quot sententize'—(There are as many opinions as there are men). I rather wonder, however, where he gets all the money he spends; for I am told he gives away enough to bribe the priests of Juggernaut to surrender the 'mountain of light.' I rather suspect that he has a mighty long arm, 'ce monsieur là,' and that whilst he is perambulating about in all directions, he keeps his hand in somebody's pocket, not a hundred miles from this room."

Sir Roland was confused for a moment; but then with upright

simplicity answered—

"Scott has a good fortune, but not one equal to the largeness of his heart. It can be nothing, you know, my dear uncle, to me to give away money for which I have really no other use. The difficulty of true charity is the personal labour required, and that Scott most freely and devotedly bestows."

"Whilst you are pleasing yourself to your heart's content in the manner most particularly delightful to you, in reading crooked manner most particularly delightful to you, in reading crooked hearts, writing business-letters, and casting up the sum-total of human vice—and of your uncle's wishes!—Well, God forbid that I should seek to bring you down from your 'good eminence,' to the level of the trifles—ay, and I fear," he added with an involuntary sigh, "often worse than trifles of this world. Go on—go on—'dans un si beau chemin, il ne faut pas s'arrêter.' (In so beautiful a path one must not stop;) though I suppose in time, you will sivel Abdel Motalleb and arread from the tors of the will rival Abdol Motalleb, and spread food on the tops of the mountains for birds and beasts!" And nodding kindly to his nephew, he left the room to pay his dreaded visit to Mr. Anstruther.

## CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT Lord N- had said of himself was perfectly true. had been for years "feeling after God in the dark;" and virtuous sentiments, and holy truths, had always found something of an echo

in his breast. He had been in the world all his life—thrown, from a boy, into scenes the most be wildering to the heart, the most searing to the conscience; yet throughout all, he had maintained a fair character, and had been beloved and respected by all his associates. But good and evil were so mixed together in his mind, and his judgment was so warped by supposed necessities of action, that though truth was ever making some feeble efforts to be heard, yet he really knew not in what direction it pointed, nor what it would have him do. His mind was not sufficiently enlightened to make him see that he could do nothing of himself, and therefore he had never humbly applied to God for His effectual teaching. He had more-over, a great deal of heart-pride to contend with; not the pride which feels itself superior to others, nor the pride of rank, and wealth, and power—for no one was more affable and unassuming than he was—but it was that pride which makes it difficult to confess that anything is wrong, or that any help is required. He delighted in Sir Roland—was vain of him beyond measure as his nephew-drank up his praises as if they had been nectar, and doubled them by encomiums of his own. But though he felt his vast superiority to most others, he did not choose to show that he thought him superior to himself. He endeavoured by all sorts of stratagems, jesting questions, and pretended misconstructions, to draw out his principles and sentiments,—really anxious to learn and profit by them, but most extremely unwilling that his aim should be observed; and though, at times perhaps, he would unguardedly make confession of his own weakness and inability, yet the next moment he would pass it off as a joke, and pretend to treat the whole matter with contempt. But in his heart he treasured up all he heard; and the mists of error began by degrees to roll off from his mind. He was exceedingly respected in the high situation which he occupied; and, though particularly familiar in his manner to all ranks and all ages, yet he had something about him which kept off all familiarity from others; and it was often observed, that though he passed his jests freely on all, from the prince to the peasant,—yet that nor king, nor emperor, was ever known to jest with him. He was looked up to by all with whom he had to do, for he was keen, shrewd, and observant; and though too often led into the crooked paths thought necessary to success in his plans, yet his word once pledged, was known to be inviolable.

His natural feelings were most kindly; but long contact with the most worldly portion of the world had taken away much of their strength; and continued absence from his family had weakened to a great degree all habits of affection. Strong emotions were to him so unusual and so unpleasant, that he put them aside as much as possible; and never, if it could be avoided, mixed himself up with scenes of sorrow or distress. Not that he was incapable of sympathy, but that he was selfishly unwilling to have his peace and comfort disturbed by the real compassion and regret he was certain to feel. Nothing, therefore, would have induced him to have gone to Mr. Anstruther in his dying state, but the fear of seeming unkind and neglectful; and

his reluctance to do se was so great—the dread of what he had to encounter was so strong—that even after he had mounted the staircase, it was long before he could summon up courage to enter the chamber. Never had death visited his own house before; and he felt a nervous apprehension of the whole thing that was most distressing, and which might perhaps surprise those who have not observed how very much quiet habits of self-indulgence enervate the mind of man, and make it a feeble and a timorous thing.

Long did he pause at the ante-room door—then take a few turns on the stone landing-place; then, with a desperate effort put his hand on the lock—then withdraw it, and again pace up and down till at last he had worked himself up to such a state of excitement and agitation, that in all probability he would have entirely given up the effort, for that time at least, and have gone downstairs again—had not Mr. Anstruther's servant, suddenly opening the ante-room door, just as he was about to turn from it for the last time, obliged him to summon up courage, and, for very shame's sake, to ask the man if his master could see him; and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he reluctantly entered the chamber of death.

As soon as he had closed the door, however, his nervous tremours entirely ceased—overcome by feelings of real pain and distress. Mr. Anstruther lay there, supported by pillows, in his bed—for he could no longer bear the fatigue of being moved to the sofa; his eyes were closed—for he was at that moment particularly exhausted. -and his countenance was so utterly colourless, that at the first moment Lord N--- thought he was gone. The faint exclamation of horror which escaped him, however, roused Mr. Anstruther from his torpor; and opening his languid eyes he looked towards the door to see who entered. On perceiving it was Lord N-, the colour rose in his cheek, and his eyes became animated with an unusually full and strong expression. He had not seen him before since the great change in his views and feelings had taken place; and a crowd of confused emotions rushed over his mind. He made

an effort to raise himself, but could not do it.
"My dear Anstruther," said Lord N, advancing to the bedside and taking his hand, "my dear fellow!". He could say no

more, for a choking pain rose in his throat.

"I am quite easy now," said Mr. Anstruther, returning the kindly pressure of Lord N—'s hand; "ealy weak; but my cough is better, and that is a great mercy; it used to tear me to pieces; but it seldom troubles me now. My dear lord," he continued, looking gratefully up at Lord N—'s agitated countenance, "I doubt not you are shocked to see this rapid change; but I am not dismayed—it must soon end, and then all pain and trouble will

"There may yet be hope," said Lord N—, after a time; 
"your youth—your regular way of life, are much in your favour."

Mr. Anstruther shook his head, while a quiet smile rested for a moment on his lins.

"No," he said, "there is no hope of life; but, thank God, the

hitterness of death is past. My lord, I have wished much to see you, that I might express my deep sense of your continued kindness to me. But for that—I might have been a homeless outcast." He pansed, while his labouring breath betrayed his weakness and his agitation. "I wished also," he continued, after a few minutes, "to express my deep regret—for the many ways in which I am conscious that I have not received—or returned, your kindness as I ought. My pride, and—and faults of many kinds—I am now painfully sensible of—though too late to prove it to you; but God knows that my regret—can cease but with my life."

"My dear fellow," said Lord N—, whose tears new flowed

dewn his cheeks unrestrainedly, "why do you speak so? You have been most faithful and conscientious to me through all our intercourse together; you have saved me every trouble in your power, and no one fault have I ever had to find with you since you

entered my house; and deeply—truly shall I regret you.

"I thank you, from my heart, my dear lord, for your kind and considerate words; but they cannot blind me to the truth—nor reconcile me to myself—though the kindness that dictates them I feel most deeply. I cannot speak much—but Ashton will tell you anything you may wish to know-about one-who has ever been so unworthy of your favour. Ask him-oh! my lord-ask him," he continued, with energy beyond his strength, "the grounds of the peace I now enjoy-and may it be yours too!"

He closed his eyes in utter exhaustion, and signed that he could speak no more. Lord N—was equally incapable of replying; and after a few minutes, laying his hand with kindly pressure on Mr. Anstruther's shoulder, he seemed in that manner to take leave of him. Mr. Anstruther's eyes followed him to the door, kindling with grateful and softened expression; and Lord N----'s feelings again overcame him, as he turned to take a last look of one who was thus early "passing away." That look-so full of mutual kindness—was the last they ever exchanged! Lord N- had to leave again the next day for a short time, and ere he returned, his young friend had entered into his eternal rest.

When Lord N-had left Sir Roland, the latter had still some letters to finish before he rode out. While employed on them, some one knocked at the door, and Wilson, Mr. Anstruther's ser-

vant, made his appearance.
"What is it, Wilson?" said Sir Roland, rather alarmed. "Is

your master worse?"

"No, sir, no, my master is not particularly had just now; but I wanted to take the liberty of speaking to you, Sir Roland. Sir, my master is very ill-"

'Well, Wilson, but is he worse?" again asked Sir Roland, looking up from the papers over which he had been running his eye; "shall I go to him?"

"Not at all, Sir Roland, not at all; but, in fact, to make the matter short, I was to have been leaving Mr. Austruther about this time, and somehow I feel very unwilling to do so."

"I do not wonder at it," answered Sir Roland, rather coldly.

"You see, Sir Roland, my warning was given before my master's last attack came on, when he was getting better; and, sir, master used to be very hard to bear with at times. Not that I ever had a bad word from him, Sir Roland, never; but then, I never had a good one; and masters don't know how far a good word goes with a servant. Master never was a bad liver, sir, never—never heard an oath from his mouth; never gambled, never did anything to set a servant a bad example; but there was something, Sir Roland, so uncommonly cutting in his way. Take what pains I would, there was never a 'thank you,' never a word of praise; only a gruff, 'that'll do,'-' put it down.' So when master was a little betterbefore he became so ill again—I thought I would try another service, and so gave warning. But I have been with master now these six years, ever since he came here, and I know all his ways, and how he likes things done, and I should be uncommonly loth to give him over just now to the hands of strangers, who don't know him scarce by sight. So I was thinking, Sir Roland, if you thought proper, and master was agreeable, that I should have no objection to staying on, and doing what I could as long as he is here." And the poor man moved about nervously, and cleared his voice once or twice.

"I think you are quite right," said Sir Roland, kindly; "and to say the truth, I thought it rather odd, Wilson, that you had not made this proposal before; for it must strike any one, that it would be very irksome and painful for a dying man to have strange faces and new ways about him; and I think, too, from what I can observe, that your master is not so 'cutting,' as you express it, now, but that any one might bear with him. Sickness is very trying you know, Wilson, to us all; and for a young man like your master, to be confined to his room, dying, whilst others of his age are enjoying themselves around him in health and spirits—without parents too, or relations to cheer him—it must

seem a heavy trial.'

"No doubt, Sir Roland—no doubt it must," replied Wilson, feelingly; "but it is strange, sir, that the worse he gets, the better he is to do for. He'll often thank me now, and say 'he's sorry to be so troublesome.' But dear me, Sir Roland, I don't mind trouble, if one's only treated like a Christian; and ever since he's been like that, I've been wanting to say I should be glad to stay and do for him to the last; but I never plucked up courage till just now, when my lord went in to master; and so I thought I would make bold to step down and speak to you."

"I think it is a very good arrangement," said Sir Roland, "and I will settle with the other man. I am sure your master will feel

very grateful."

"As to that, Sir Roland, it is not much," said Wilson; "indeed, if master was always to be as he is now, I should not mind staying on with him, if he lived ever so long. Death makes a great difference in people, Sir Roland."

"It is not death—but the Spirit of God which has made the difference in your master, Wilson. Many people get worse and worse in their ways and tempers, through long illnesses, till death

cuts short their power of tormenting here, and delivers them over to a terrible hereafter. But God has shown your master the evil of his heart, and His own willingness to pardon him for Christ's sake; and that it is which has produced the change in him. But we will try and find some future opportunity for talking this matter over together; for, remember, Wilson, on its being rightly understood and received depends your salvation as well as your master's: we are all alike in God's sight; there is no distinction of persons with Him! Shall I tell your master of your wish to stay with him, or would you rather do so yourself?'

"If it is not too much trouble, Sir Roland, I had much rather you should speak; I don't feel very free yet with my master though I am not afraid of him, as I used to be."

When Sir Roland had finished his letters, and had returned from a short ride, he went up to Mr. Anstruther, whom he found somewhat recovered from his agitating interview with Lord N-, and informed him of his servant's wish to remain with him. Anstruther was much gratified; and the next time that Wilson entered the room, after Sir Roland had left it, he thanked him with such a kindness of manner, as brought tears into the poor man's eyes.

"I have been a bad master to you, Wilson," he said: "and have

much to reproach myself with on that account."
"Indeed, no, sir," said Wilson; "no gentleman has less to accuse himself of on that score; unless, indeed, it be Sir Roland, or Mr. Scott, or that kind of gentleman. I never saw you do a wrong thing, sir, in all my days; but to hear the account other servants give of what their masters do at times, dear sir! it would

almost make your hair stand on end. There's Lord ——"
"Never mind, Wilson," said Mr. Anstruther, stopping him, "I have no business with other people's faults; I have enough to

do with my own just now."
"Certainly, sir," said Wilson; "but I only meant to show that you had never done anything at all, as it were, compared to others."

"We must see about it, Wilson, not as compared to others, but as compared to the word of God," said Mr. Anstruther, "for that

is what we must be judged by.

Wilson stared at this announcement, so extraordinary as coming from his master; and was still more astonished when Mr. Anstruther, taking the Scriptures from his pillow, and turning to the parable of the talents, said-

"You can read well, I think, Wilson? just read that parable to

me."

When it was finished, he said, "Now do you not see that it is not only those who abuse, but those who fail to use properly the powers that God gives them, who will be condemned hereafter?"

Poor Wilson was quite at a loss what to say or think, these

subjects being entirely new to him.

"I ought," continued Mr. Anstruther, "to have used the influence which a master should have over his servants, to lead you to what is good—to make you a fellow-walker with myself in the paths of peace and godliness; therefore, if judged by my own deeds, you see from the Bible itself, what a fearful doom I deserve to have pronounced against me. But Wilson, Sir Roland, whose kindness I can never repay, has shown me not only my own sinfulness, but the way by which my sins can obtain forgiveness—even through the merits and sufferings of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I cannot talk much with you now, I so soon get exhausted; but I am glad to have been able so far to tell you what it is which makes me resigned and happy now, while in the days of health and strength I was morose, and miserable—and unkind, too, I am afraid, my poor fellow," he added, holding out his hand.

Wilson was much moved, and respectfully kissing his master's extended hand, burst into tears. Mr. Anstruther was exceedingly touched by this unexpected proof of feeling in one whom he had supposed so wholly indifferent to him; but after a few minutes.

he continued in a kind voice-

"You will read the Scriptures constantly, Wilson, and pray to the Almighty Father to send His Holy Spirit to teach you to understand them? You probably have a Bible?"

Wilson was silent.

"Well! you are no worse than your master was," added Mr. Anstruther, with a deep sigh; "I had none till Sir Roland gave me this! There is my purse—go now and get yourself one, and never let a day pass without reading some of its holy and blessed words."

Wilson, with many thanks and promises, left the room, and pro-

ceeded to do as his master desired.

"How the Lord smooths my path!" thought the dying man. "Oh! that I had known Him as I might have done, all the days of my life. Oh God!" he exclaimed aloud, clasping his hands and raising his earnest eyes to heaven, "that I should have been so long within hearing of Thy voice, yet never have listened! Surely it is because 'Thou art God, and not man,' that Thou hast patience so long with Thy rebellious servants: and now 'Thou crownest me with loving-kindness, because Thy compassions fail not.'"

Long did his mind continue to dwell on this delightful theme; for this fresh mercy of God—this new proof of his Heavenly Father's watchful tenderness in continuing about him one whose services long use had made so essential to his comfort—drew his heart out towards Him with a degree of fervour and devotion that

he had seldom before experienced.

And it is often thus! for great mercies, and great deliverances, are scarcely so touching to the heart, as the wonderful sympathy of the Almighty, often manifested in the smallest, and apparently most insignificant occurrences of life. The rescue from imminent peril, either temporal or eternal, or the fruition of exalted happiness, is a work which, at a glance, might appear such as a deity would delight in! But that "the High and Holy One, who inhabiteth eternity," should not only

"Stay His car For every sigh a contrite spirit brings," but—even where the soul's interests seem not concerned—should deign to consider what will please and gratify the passing moments of life—is a sweetness of mercy so great, as to fill the Christian's heart with love and gratitude.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"In sleep
The soul hath a capacity of horror
Unknown to waking hours."—City of the Plague.

- The morning dawns on his unpillowed head Who keeps his vigils by the sufferer's bed."—MS.
- "But now, mine enemy, the strife is past,
  And thou mayst lay thy victim low at last.
  Strike, and I will not fear thee; for a light
  Flashes around me from the depth of night—
  Not with an earthly hope's uncertain ray,
  Nor pride's fell fire, nor passion's blinding ray;
  A light that daszles not the aching eye,
  But pure and soothing, tranquil, holy, high I"—Unknown.

Mr. Anstruther's strength now diminished hourly, but his hope seemed to grow brighter and brighter. A deep regret for his past ungracious life was, indeed, often felt; but the nearer he drew to his heavenly home, the more did its glory and blessedness fill his soul. He suffered intensely from difficulty in breathing, and Sir Roland was in continual anxiety about him.

This devoted friend passed every night in his room; and never left him during the day, unless when business absolutely required him to do so; or when he went out for a few moments to revive his oppressed, yet thankful spirit in the summer air, at such times as Mr. Anstruther fell into his short, flushed, and unrefreshing slumbers.

One night, while resting on the sofa, Sir Roland was aroused from his watchful sleep by sounds of distress and anguish proceeding from the bed of death. He arose in much alarm, and approaching Mr. Anstruther, found him apparently awake, but wholly unconscious of the objects around him. His countenance exhibited the utmost agony and agitation, and he moved his arms violently about, as if endeavouring to keep off some invisible enemy, while he murmured broken sentences of despair, and of earnest supplication. Sir Roland endeavoured to rouse him by taking his hand and speaking to him; but this seemed only to increase the wildness and terror of his looks. At length, finding all other efforts vain, he knelt down by his side, and implored that the Lord would send relief to the troubled spirit of his servant, and pour peace into his agitated mind. His prayer was answered, and Mr. Anstruther soon recovered his full recollection. He sighed heavily.

"What is it, Anstruther? What oppresses you?" asked Sir Roland, bending over him.

"Oh! I have had such dreams, Ashton! if things so vivid, so actually before me, could be dreams—so fearful—so terrific! Oh, if my hope should at last prove but a delusion!"

"Do not let such thoughts arise in your mind, Anstruther," said Sir Roland; "you know in whom you have believed, and that He is a faithful Saviour, who will never cast out any who come to God through Him. 'No man can pluck you out of your Father's

hand.' And what makes you fear it?"

"Oh, I have been in such dreadful straits! I seemed on a rock rising out of the burning abyss of hell. Demons rose on every side, and drowned my prayers in curses and revilings. They taunted my hope—'as if one like me could go to heaven!' They brought before my shrinking mind unremembered sins, and, howling, pointed to the deep forgetfulness of God which has marked my life. Each flery wave bore on its crest flends who strove to reach me; some failed, but others seized me, and, with horrible rejoicings, tried to drag me down to their own terrible torments. I battled with them in vain, till, amid the horrors of that combat, a voice of comfort reached my heart—it was yours, dear Ashton, raised in prayer for my afflicted soul. But oh! am I indeed safe? have I not been staying myself up with false hopes? Can sins like mine be really pardoned? or were the terrors of that dreadful moment only foretastes of my awful, inevitable doom? No sufferings I ever underwent could be compared to the terrors of that confused. affrighting vision. Ah! Ashton, surely the power of Satan was there, to torture—to agonize; and would he have been permitted to do so if I were indeed a redeemed child of God?"

He spoke with the utmost difficulty, continually labouring for breath, and the impress of death was on his fine but agonized brow.

Sir Roland, much agitated, answered-

"Satan, doubtless, will endeavour to the last to drive you from your hold of Christ; but do not let this effort of his malice dishearten you, my dear Anstruther. Remember that even in your dream you were not given up to the powers of evil,—your feet were still kept upon the 'Rock.' And you must not judge of your real state by impressions made on your mind in the irresponsible hours of sleep, when the soul, like a ship without compass or rudder, is driven about to distraction. No; let this dreadful trial only serve as an additional reason for thankfulness that you are delivered from Satan's fell dominion for ever."

"But am I delivered, Ashton? Oh, my soul is tortured by this

scaring vision!"

"My dear Anstruther, are you not trusting to Christ for all your salvation?"

"I did trust to him most truly."

"Then, do you think He cannot save? or that He will not?"

"Oh! He is both willing and able," exclaimed Mr. Anstruther,—faith and hope again beaming from his animated eyes. "Yest and I shall be saved! It is past, Ashton—thank God! quite passed. -that dark cloud; and God's favour again shines in my soul, making all light—all joyful there."

."Thank God!" said Sir Roland, greatly relieved. "But you seem so exhausted, Anstruther?"
"I feel so, and long to sleep again; but dread a renewal of

these horrors.

"I will sit by your side," said Sir Roland, "and wake you if I see you become at all agitated."

In utter weakness Mr. Anstruther again closed his eyes; and Sir Roland, taking his station by his side, watched him with the utmost solicitude. If he saw him become at all restless and uneasy, he gently roused him, and in his low, penetrating voice, whispered to him words of hope, and peace, and comfort. At times, Mr. Anstruther would unclose his languid eyes, and gaze on Sir Roland with a look of unutterable love; but at other moments he could only express, by a faint smile, or quiet pressure of the hand, the gratitude he felt for his devoted kindness, and the comfort which his At length, notwithstanding his difficulty in words conveyed. breathing, he fell into a deep and tranquil sleep, while an expres-

sion of heavenly calm rested on his features.

The morning twilight stole into the room; and after a time, seeing that he continued tranquil and undisturbed, Sir Roland rose, and going to the window, gazed from it, though often turning towards the bed, to watch if all remained quiet there. The crimson flush in the sky became deeper and deeper, till at length, the tops of the mountains caught the blaze of the sun's unclouded rising. Peak after peak shone out in the beam, which stole down the mountain's side, till its streams of light stretched far along, and flooded all the plain. A cloud of silvery vapour marked the course of the river, and rose steadily for a time, obscuring the base of the mountains by a veil of prismatic colouring; till a light morning breeze, rolling it away, left the whole scene glowing "in bright tranquillity.

Long did Sir Roland stand, and look out upon the newly awakened world, though scarcely conscious of what his eye rested

There is something very strange in the sensation experienced in looking out at the calm, clear morning light, after a night of watching in the room of sickness. It is seldom, perhaps, excepting on such occasions, that the high-born of the earth witness the beauty of that delightful hour, with all its bright accompaniments, -its "charm of earliest birds," its dewy meadows, and fresh "untasted air;" and then the unrested spirit has such a dreamy feeling! and all without—the gay and laughing light, and bright life-like look—seems in such strange contrast with the scene within -where pain, or danger, or perhaps even death itself, reigns in gloomy quiet! But when anxiety has been exchanged for the delighted feeling that danger is over—that every passing hour brings the loved object of our cares nearer to health and strength then, indeed, there is happiness in the night-watch!—then sensations of exquisite, unspeakable joy thrilling through the breast, make us meet the cheerful morning light with an answering gleam from within.

But far different from these were Sir Roland's feelings, as he turned from the splendid glow which was flooding all the landscape, to gaze on the pale deathlike countenance of him over whom he was watching with more than a brother's love, and who now seemed on the very threshold of the grave. He left the window. and again took his silent station by the bed of death. The oppression on the lungs, from which Mr. Anstruther had suffered so much for many days, was increasing fearfully, and his respiration became so difficult, that at last Sir Roland, alarmed, endeavoured to raise him up. The action roused him, yet his breathing was one continued spasm: he grasped Sir Roland's hand, and murmured,-

"This cannot last; but oh!"—and a bright smile played over his face—" the glory of the prospect—the blessedness of feeling that I am near my Father's kingdom. But open the shutters. Ashton, I would see you once more—once more before—my eyes—

close for ever."

"They are open," said Sir Roland; "and the sun is stream-

ing in."
"Is it so?" said the dying man, as a shudder passed through his frame: "then this is death!—I can see nothing—all is dark. hear your voice, Ashton-and would fain have looked on youagain looked on that countenance"—He stopped, and a deep sob-heaved his breast. "Oh! it is a pang to part!"

Sir Roland could scarcely repress his emotion.
"We shall meet again," he said; "soon meet again, in perfect

happiness, where we shall never part."

Oh! yes; oh! yes," said Mr. Anstruther; "time will soon be passed, and you-will be with us. A little while ago-how could I have met—this hour—with all its terrors—so great? but now the brightness of Heaven is around me! The Almighty God—bless you, Ashton," he continued, straining Sir Roland's hand with dying energy to his lips; "the blessing of him-who was ready to perish—fall on you! Raise me—oh! raise me; give me more air!"

Sir Roland raised him, and, ringing the bell, desired Wilson to throw up all the windows, and to go instantly and call Mr. Scott. Mr. Anstruther gasped agonizingly for breath; but at intervals spoke words of firm trust in Christ—of happiness and peace. When he heard Mr. Scott enter the room, he held out his hand to him, and also to his servant; then leaning his head on Sir Roland's breast, and raising his hand to mark his high hope (for speech was gone) after a few long-drawn sighs, he lay tranquil, as in sleep.

> "Oh! change; oh! wondrous change; Burst are the prison-bars! This moment there so low, So agonized; and now.-Beyond the stars !"

Sir Roland gazed long with struggling emotion on the countenance, so fine in death !—then pressing his lips on the cold brow, and laying the inanimate form he had been supporting back on the "low, he covered his face with his hands, and leaning his head on bed, gave way to a burst of irrepressible sorrow. He continued. for a time lost in a maze of confused feeling, but his heart, at length, arose from this troubled state, and poured itself forth in silent thankfulness to God, for His mercy to the soul of him who

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To those who know not the strength of the Christian tie, his deep feeling may seem surprising; but they who have experienced the blessedness of being employed to bring a soul to salvation, know full well the gift of love which accompanies the work. In this particular case, too, there was something more than usual—an earthly as well as a heavenly cause—for the strong affection felt; for that fascination which, as has been observed, was so remarkable in Mr. Anstruther, even during the unamiableness of his former conduct, rendered him, when it was joined to the graces of the Spirit of God, perfectly irresistible. Attendance on him had been, therefore, a most delightful duty; and Sir Roland, during his illness, had become attached to him in the warmest manner.

Mr. Scott had motioned to Wilson, after the first moment, to leave the room for a time, and had retired himself into the window, that Sir Roland might not be checked in the expression of his first griefful feelings. After a time, the latter joined him, and they gazed together on the fine scene before them. The room they were in was one of the highest in the house, having been selected for Mr. Anstruther purposely on that account, as it looked over the walls, while the lower apartments looked on them, thus obtaining a fresher and freer circulation of air, which it had been hoped (unavailing care!) would have benefited him; and it was in consequence of being situated so high, that it commanded the beautiful view we have before described. As the two friends stood gazing upon it together, Mr. Scott, laying his hand on Sir Roland's shoulder, said, in a voice of the deepest sympathy,—

"His prospect is far more glorious now!"

A smile of heavenly expression lighted up Sir Roland's face, though his lips quivered convulsively, as he replied—

"Yes, his mortal has put on immortality, and he dwells with

his King and his God for ever."

He covered his face with his hand as he leaned against the window, and remained for some time silent. At length, rousing

himself, he said-

"I will not give way to selfish regret: it was for this that I prayed, and now—why should I repine? If I had no other mercy to be thankful for in life, this one is enough to bind me to God for ever; and I trust I may henceforth be more devoted to his service than I have ever yet been. Oh! my dear Scott, whilst we rejoice over this one soul that is saved, let us remember the thousands who are around us perishing—perishing with the riches of redeeming love within their grasp!—I will go now to my own room, and try to rest. I shall then be more fit for the business of the day; for irksome and distasteful as it is, it is still the work that God sets me to do, and it must be done. Will you—if it is not painful to you" (and a shade passed over his contenance)—" will you see to all this for me?"—an inclination of his head towards the bed showing what he meant.

Mr. Scott signified that he would, and grasping his friend's hand, Sir Roland left the room without again looking towards the dead.

How dreadful is everything connected with death, to those who are left behind! And doubtless it is intended so to be, for death is the manifestation of God's wrath against sin; and it should never be regarded lightly. To the true Christian, indeed "death is the gate of life:" yet still it is a gate which divides, in part, what has been, from what shall be; and though the future on which we enter may be bright beyond conception, yet the parting with those we love, must ever be a pang to nature. "Death," as the good and noble—though visionary—Sir Harry Vane well says, "instead of taking anything from us, gives us all, even the perfection of our nature. It doth not bring us into darkness, but takes darkness out of us—us out of darkness, and puts us into marvellous light." Yet still the thought of death, and all its sad accompaniments, as

regards the body, must ever be shocking to human nature. Sir Roland felt this peculiarly; and it was not till after he was informed that Mr. Anstruther's body was placed in the coffin, that he again visited the chamber of death. He then remembered his friend's dying wish respecting the little faded flower; and overcoming his reluctance, he went to fulfil that—his last desire, though he shuddered as he entered the chamber, and beheld the still open coffin. Before he approached it, he went to the desk Mr. Anstruther had named, and opening it, took out a small sealed packet, which he concluded to be the one which had been mentioned. It was some minutes before he could prevail on himself to break the seal—which the hand of such love had placed upon it! and, when he did so with a sinking heart—the countenance that met his view almost overcame him. There was, perhaps, in Mrs. Anstruther's picture no resemblance to the features of her son; but the expression was most perfectly his, in its brightest, finest moments. This, then, was his mother—the mother he had so much loved, so deeply, sadly mourned! As Sir Roland gazed upon the picture, he recalled to mind the sufferings which Mr. Anstuther had so feelingly described, and which he and his mother hal had to endure; and tears started at the remembrance of their griefs. though he knew that they were now, where "pain and sorrow had vanished before them;" and his heart perfectly thrilled as he seemed for a moment to realize what their meeting must have been. He then sought for the little faded flower that had been preserved and cherished with such deep affection. He found it; and, after regarding it for a moment with an aching heart, he laid it for the second time within the gloomy place of death. He had not meant to look again upon the dead; but, when he was ly the side of the coffin, his eyes involuntarily sought the feature: they had so often dwelt upon of late. He was struck by their still unchanged expression; and, after gazing for a long, long time upon the face which lay so calm in death, he stooped—and once more pressed his lips upon the marble brow.

#### CHAPTER XV.

"That hour of parting o'er,
When shall the pang it leaves be felt no more:"
Mrs. Hemans.

"It draws me on—I know not what to name it, Resistless does it draw me to his grave."

Death of Wallenstein. COLERIDGE's TRANSLATION.

THE funeral was fixed for the next day; and many of the foreign ministers, and of the English, staying at ——, expressed their desire of paying the last tribute of respect to the deceased, by following him to the grave. As Mr. Roberts was absent (having again accompanied Lord N—,) it was arranged for Mr. Singleton to perform the service, which he said, he had no objection to doing, over one for whom he really had "a sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection."

The evening before the ceremony was to take place, Mr. Singleton received a message from the officiating Roman Catholic priest, to inquire whether it would be displeasing if the procession which usually accompanied interments amongst themselves were to attend the body to the grave, as if so, it should go no farther than to the entrance of the burial-ground; but that it was necessary that it should accompany it till it arrived there. Mr. Singleton thanked him for his kind consideration, and confessed that it would be more agreeable for the procession not to accompany them the whole way; for, in fact, he did not know what Roman Catholics usually did on those occasions, and whether their ritual might not oblige them to use ceremonies that it might be painful for a Protestant to witness. It was arranged, therefore, according to his wish; and, when the time arrived for the funeral to set forth on the following day, the friends of the deceased found the Romish priests and their attendants ready to join them, bearing with them all that was usual on such occasions.

When the funeral train arrived at the entrance of the burial-ground, the Romish procession, as it had been agreed, paused, while the body and the accompanying friends passed in; but the priests, divesting themselves of their sacerdotal robes—as a mark of attention—followed within the enclosure, as private individuals, and remained during the whole ceremony in the most respectful silence.\* When the procession reached the spot selected for the interment, the coffin was placed on high tressels, and the ceremony commenced. But when they came to the moment when the body was to be lowered into the grave, the pang of parting was so great, that Sir Roland, who acted as chief mourner, involuntarily laid a restraining hand upon the pall, and leaned his head for a moment on the coffin. There was a pause—for all felt affected! The great change

This account of the conduct of the Romish priests was given to the author by an English clergyman, who was called upon, some few years ago, to bury an English Protestant in part of the Austrian dominions, and exhibits a degree of liberality and courtesy scarcely to have been expected.

that had taken place latterly in the deceased was very generally known amongst the English at ---, and they were all acquainted with the devoted attention that Sir Roland had shewn towards When, therefore, after a moment, he recovered his self-possession, and raising his head, motioned for the body to be removed -there was not one in all the assembly that did not look on his pale and expressive countenance, with feelings of the strongest sympathy and admiration. He was, however, wholly unconscious of it, for his eyes were bent on the ground; and he remained composed and collected during the rest of the ceremony, though a shudder passed over him as the heavy, dull, fall of the earth, sounded on the coffin-lid.

When all was concluded. Mr. Singleton addressed a few words to those assembled. He spoke of the deceased — of his great abilities, and high attainments; but reminded them how these qualities had failed in making him either happy in himself, or beloved by others, until that "wisdom which is from above," and which is "peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated," had which is "peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated," had shone on his mind, and made him a new creature. He recalled to them how, a few short months before, they had seen him whose body they had just consigned to the earth, amongst them, in all the strength of youth and health—and besought them "to watch and pray," lest their summons should come when they looked not for it. He paused a moment—then raising his hand, and speaking in the fulness of his heart—his powerful voice gaining energy from the high feeling which possessed him, he exclaimed-

"Oh! Lord God, suffer not these—the work of Thine hands, to perish! let not their souls sink in the darkness of sin and destruction; but redeem them unto Thyself, through Christ's most pre-

cious blood.'

A murmured "Amen," rose from every lip. Before the assemblage left the burial-ground, Sir Roland and Mr. Singleton passed over to the side where the Romish priests were standing, and thanked them for the kindness and courtesy they had shown; and added, that they should be happy in any way to show their gratitude for a token of respect so little to have been looked for. "And if," added Mr. Singleton, "in the course of our acquaintance, any discussion ever arise concerning the dif-ferences in our faith and feelings, let us pray for the power of the Holy Spirit to lead us into all truth.

Sir Roland, Mr. Singleton, and Mr. Scott, lingered till all the others had left the burial-ground, and remained for a time in the quiet of its seclusion, conversing on the themes ever most interesting to them, and examining many of the monuments around where affection had, as usual, striven in various ways to commemorate the virtues of the deceased, and to express its own deep regrets.

As they were considering one high and handsome tomb. Sir Roland was surprised at seeing a man enter the enclosure, and, after looking suspiciously around, advance straight to the spot where the body of Mr. Anstruther had been laid. He stood regarding it for some time, with his arms folded across his breast; but it would have been difficult to have defined the emotions that clouded his countenance. The expression was altogether most repellent, though the features were strikingly handsome. appearance excited no particular interest either in Mr. Scott or his cousin, they walked slowly away together, not wishing to be interrupted in their own thoughts and conversation; but such was not the case with Sir Roland—one glance had sufficed to tell him who the stranger was: and his heart sickened at the conviction, that the wretched father of Mr. Anstruther stood before him! likeness was so strong that he could not be mistaken. There was the same outline of feature—the same harsh expression, which used in former times to be seen in his friend—the same tall figure —and the same peculiarly gentlemanlike appearance, which shone conspicuous even through the almost threadbare garments in which he was attired.

Sir Roland was so much concealed by the monuments, amongst which he was standing, that he was at first unperceived by the stranger; but after a few minutes, the latter, uttering a bitter groan, raised his head, and his eye then encountered that of Sir Roland, who remained, as it were, spell-bound at the sight of him. He started—and it seemed as if a momentary faintness came over him; but recovering himself, he instantly advanced to Sir Roland,

and addressing him in a haughty manner, said—
"I am speaking to Sir Roland Ashton?" Sir Roland bowed in reply; and the other continued in an excited manner—"You, then, I have to thank for doing what it was my place to have done—watching over him"—and he pointed to the grave.

"I was with him, certainly, during his illness," answered Sir

Roland.

"And it was you then, doubtless, whom he charged with his dying curse for his father!"

"Far from it," replied Sir Roland, greatly shocked; "his last

feelings for you were those of strong interest."
"They must have been his last then, indeed," returned the other,

with a taunting laugh.

"I had seen but little of him for many years," continued Sir Roland, endeavouring to soothe the evidently excited state of the stranger's mind, "but when he mentioned you to me during his last illness, it was with much feeling; and at his request, I wrote off to every city in Europe, where I had any friends, to endeavour to discover where you were."

"In Paris!" said Mr. Anstruther, gloomily. "I have been there

for years."

"No less than three letters of inquiry have I directed there, within the last month," rejoined Sir Roland, "but I could gain no

tidings of you."

"Tidings! no!" exclaimed Mr. Anstruther, with a shout of derision-"how could you hope to discover any one devil (and he ground his teeth as he spoke) from out of the legions that infest that accursed, infernal place? What did he want of me?" he continued furiously; "he who was pampered with all life's luvuries, whilst I gambled, robbed, plundered, for my daily bread—and

failed to get it.'

Sir Roland could scarcely restrain his horror and indignation at this extraordinary avowal; but perceiving that the stranger was evidently almost unconscious of what he said, and pitying the destitution which could have led to such a course-remembering too, the dying request of his friend, he controlled himself, and answered calmly,-

"He wished much to know where you were, in order, if possible, to be of use to you; he thought indeed, that if you knew of his dying state, you might come to see him, perhaps, once again; but if not, he begged me, if ever I met you, to endeavour—to speak—to say—what joy and happiness he had found at last, in the knowledge and love of God."

"There is no God—there can be—there shall be no God!" ejaculated Mr. Anstruther frantically, raising his clenched hands

to heaven, as if he defied the Omnipotent!

Sir Roland was horrified and scarcely knew what course to pursue with the distracted being before him. He was thankful, however, that his two companions were at a distance; for though, under other circumstances, he might have been glad of their presence and assistance, yet as it was, he was happy that they were not witnesses of the conversation he was holding with the stranger; as tenderness towards the memory of his friend made him averse to his father's state and circumstances becoming known to any but himself. He therefore endeavoured to soothe the wretched man, and asked him, in a kind voice, how he happened

to be in —— just at that time.

"I have been here above a week," answered Mr. Anstruther, sullenly. "I knew he was ill" (and he glanced at the fresh-turned earth close to which he again stood) "so came—I know not why—but yet I came. About a month ago I heard he was dying; I heard it in one of the hells (fitly named!) of Paris!— -heard it from one of high name, who honours those abodes with his presence—one whose associate I used to be, though now, of course, he does not know me. However, I heard it there! I heard, too, from him, there—there in that devilish place, that you -Sir Roland Ashton, were tending him like a brother. He said too—while a fiendish laugh echoed around from his companions as he spoke—that you were making a saint of him! I could have murdered him as he stood!—But it was there I heard it. I had reasons for wishing to leave Paris—so thought to turn my steps here, though I hardly know why, for I never loved him, and he!
—he hated me with the deadliest hatred! and well he might—
well he might!" And the wretched man raised his eyes with a
bitter look to heaven. "Still he was mine," he continued, "and the only thing I had on earth; so I sought to be near him—and se I was—yes! as near as Lazarus was to Dives!"—And he laughed scornfully.—"I lingered unobserved near his house—his house the Embassy-house—the great man's house—the resort of princes, and nobles, and crowned heads! I was there—a starved and outcast being, where he was revelling in life's luxuries—and—and dying.'

He paused, and Sir Roland, much moved, inquired why he had

not made it known that he was there?

"Did I not know," exclaimed Mr. Anstruther, his eye again kindling with fury, "that he hated me!—And yet I thought I would try, at least, to ask how he was—and, had my courage not failed me, I might, perhaps, at last—have sent for you."

"Would to God you had!" exclaimed Sir Roland, much

agitated.

"Yes," continued Mr. Anstruther, with a softened expression, "stranger as you were, I felt I could sooner trust to you than to my own—only child!" A convulsive burst of agony stopped his utterance; and Sir Roland, pained beyond measure, would have approached him; but perceiving his intention, Mr. Anstruther, resuming his stern, haughty manner, exclaimed,—
"I want no pity—will have none!"

After a pause, he continued, "I thought, as I was saying, that I would try and inquire how he was, and I approached the gate of the brush by, and in a loud and authoritative tone, ask after 'the secretary.' I waited for the answer with shaking limbs;—'No Another time I lurked near, though unseen, and again had to listen for the reply given to a-stranger! At last, having rested all one dreary night under the gateway, I watched in the morning for signs of stir and life in the house, and—for the first time, ventured myself to ask for him.—It was well—it was right -that to me first should be spoken the word of death; -that on my ear first should fall that chill, dull, fearful sound! Yes-he was dead!" And the unhappy man covered his face with his hands, and shuddered. "I know not what I felt," he continued: "all was blank and cold, within, and around. I have scarcely "all was blank and cold, within, and around. I have scarcely tasted food since that hour, nor did I once lose sight of the house till I saw the funeral come forth this morning. I saw the coffin that held him," (and he looked for a moment down on the ground) "and I saw you—for I knew it must be you—again holding the place I should have held—chief mourner! I followed at a distance, for," he continued with a bitter smile, holding out his arm, "what had garments like these to do, by the side of peers and princes? I watched till, as I thought, all had left the burialground, and then came here to die!"

"You are exhausted, Mr. Anstruther," said Sir Roland kindly, "food and rest will restore you to, I trust, happier thoughts; come

home with me."

"I have no home!—nor will I go with you," he answered with despairing violence. "You have already heaped coals of fire on my head by what you have done for him. Go-go you to your home, for you deserve a home," and his features quivered convulsively; "but no power on earth moves me from this place alive!"

"It was your son's earnest request," said Sir Roland, with

strong emotion, "that if I ever met with you, I should try to speak

to you the words of pardon and of peace."
"Peace!" exclaimed Mr. Anstruther, "what is peace? I know enough of your Scriptures to know that they say—and truly— 'there is no peace for the wicked.' Pardon!-pardon for me-mewho murdered my wife, and sought to murder his soul!" And he stamped his foot with fury on the side of the grave, shricking with a shout of derision, "Pardon for me!"

Mr. Scott and Mr. Singleton had wandered away a short distance, before they discovered that Sir Roland was not with them: and when at length they turned, and saw him in deep conversation with the stranger, they thought it possible that it might be some one with whom he was acquainted, though he was unknown to them, and they therefore continued their walk, and kept aloof for some time; till at length, Mr. Anstruther's loud tone catching their ear, they became surprised, and even alarmed, at his vehement gestures, and hastened forward to join Sir Roland. Seeing them advance rapidly from amongst the graves and monuments, and nervously apprehensive lest they should discover who the stranger was-Sir Roland, by an almost imperceptible gesture and glance of the eye, endeavoured to keep them back; and Mr. Anstruther continuing to speak in a loud, excited manner, he said to him, in a low tone; "We will talk together of these things another time, these gentlemen are strangers to you.

But Mr. Anstruther, in whose eye the fury of madness burned,

exclaimed aloud, throwing his arms wildly above his head,-

"What are strangers to me!—all are strangers. I fear no one! -let those who have hope-have fear-I have neither! This will set all at rest," and he drew forth a pistol which he held high in the air.

Sir Roland sprang forward to wrest it, if possible, from his hand; but quick as lightning the maniac dropped it to the level

of his breast, exclaiming-

"Advance another step, and I send this ball through your heart." Sir Roland's cheek became white as ashes, and his pulse for a

moment ceased to beat!

Mr. Scott, in an agony of terror, rushed forward to place himself before his friend; but the latter held him back with the grasp of a giant, and by a motion of his hand on his arm, directed him to go round the tomb near which he was standing, wishing him, if possible, to get behind Mr. Anstruther, which Mr. Singleton had done at the first moment of alarm. Sir Roland kept his unblench-ing eye full on that of the madman, while, in the deep tone of his persuasive voice, he said—but so low that only Mr. Anstruther could hear-"You would not injure his friend," pointing to the

"No! no, no," hurriedly replied the wretched man, in quivering accents, as he gradually lowered the pistol—"but no one shall tear me from this spot alive." He raised the pistol to his head, as the glare of madness again lighted up his countenance, but his arm was caught from behind by Mr. Singleton; and Mr. Scott coming up at the same moment, they succeeded in wresting

the deadly instrument from his hand.

Thinking all danger past, they relaxed their hold; but the instant Mr. Anstruther felt his arm at liberty again, he drew forth another pistol, and before a hand could be raised to prevent him. placed it to his breast—and fired!

The body sprung into the air; then fell forward on the fresh-

made grave!

Sir Roland covered his face with his hands, and groaned in the agony of his spirit. His friends hastened to raise the body of the suicide, but life was extinct; the ball had passed through the heart, and the life-blood of the miserable man was welling forth in torrents—sinking deep into the light-strewn earth that covered the body of his son!

Perceiving that all aid was vain, they laid the corpse again on the ground, and hastened to Sir Roland's assistance, for he was completely overcome, and had leant his head on the tomb that was

near him, in almost a state of insensibility.

"Take my arm, Sir Roland," said Mr. Singleton, "and let us leave this dreary place."

Sir Roland made an effort to recover from the dreadful shock he had received; and taking the arm of his friend, he turned in silence to leave the burial-ground. But before they had gone far he perceived that a crowd of persons, attracted by the report of the pistol, were rushing in at the gate; and the thought struck him, that if the deceased had any papers about him, they might lead to the discovery of his name, which was what he so anxiously desired to prevent. This fear gave him strength in a moment, and with sudden energy he withdrew his arm from that of Mr. Singleton, and begging him to wait for him, returned with rapid steps to the place where the murdered body lay.

What would you do?" said Mr. Scott, who hastened after

"I must see if he had any papers," replied Sir Roland, hur-

"Why? what can it signify? Let others find them; why harass

"I must have them," answered Sir Roland, with a gesture of

impatience.

"Let me search, then, for you," said Mr. Scott, as they arrived at the fatal spot; and resting one knee on the ground, he proceeded to examine the garments of the deceased. In doing so, his eye rested on the fine features, and the likeness instantly struck him. He started; and, looking up to Sir Roland with an expression of surprise and horror, was about to make an exclamation, when the latter earnestly silenced him, for by this time some of the crowd approached.

There is not the vestige of a paper," he said.

"Thank God," murmured Sir Roland; "tell them so."

Mr. Scott informed the people around of the fact, and the two friends then passed on.

"Forgive me, Scott, for being so impatient with you," said Sir Roland.

"Don't think about it," answered Mr. Scott, kindly pressing the arm that held his; "I should have been dead, I think, if I had been in your place."

"It has been terrible, indeed," replied Sir Roland, "having all along had the knowledge which you have but just acquired. But as you love me, Scott, mention it to no one-not even to Singleton. I feel for Anstruther as he would have felt for himself, had he been

alive, poor fellow!"

They then rejoined Mr. Singleton, who had, during their absence, been accosted by one of the guard, with inquiries concerning the disastrous occurrence which had taken place. He related all the circumstances, as far as he was acquainted with them, and begged that, if possible, Sir Roland might be spared any interrogations for the present, as he had been so much overcome by the frightful event. Sir Roland, coming up with Mr. Scott at that moment, thanked him for his consideration, and informed the guard that no papers of any kind had been found on the person of the deceased; and fervently did he trust that no clue would ever be afforded which could lead to the discovery of the unhappy man's identity.

When he arrived at home, he felt thoroughly exhausted.

"I shall leave you, Sir Roland," said Mr. Singleton, "to Scott's care; he is, I know, an excellent and silent nurse (rare perfection!) and you must need rest both for mind and body. You have gone through very much to-day.

"I shall go to my own room, too," said Mr. Scott, "for there is nothing like perfect quiet; so pray rest; and may God be with you,

my dear Ashton—as he assuredly will.

Sir Roland confessed that he should like to be alone, for his mind was troubled in no small degree, and he needed the refresh-ment of prayer. After a time he told his man to ask Mr. Anstruther's servant to go and see what had been done respecting the unhappy suicide; the news of whose miserable end had reached the Embassy-house long before Sir Roland had returned there— "Or no," he continued, "I should prefer your going yourself, Thompson—and tell Wilson I would thank him to wait on me, instead of you. Make arrangements, if you can," and a shudder passed over him, "for having this unfortunate man buried respectably, and I will be answerable.—But do not let him lie near —Mr. Anstruther."

Sir Roland made this arrangement respecting the servants in the fear that, if Wilson saw the body, he might observe the likeness to his late master, which was so very striking in death; whereas his own man, not having seen Mr. Anstruther since his last fatal attack, would not so readily be struck with the resemblance; and Wilson was well satisfied with the change, for he had felt a sincere regret at his master's death, and was better pleased, after the

funeral, to be employed about the living than the dead.

Sir Roland, the next day, gave Mr. Scott an outline of the elder Mr. Anstruther's history, as far as he was acquainted with it, re-

newing his request that he would be silent on the subject to every one. It was a recital calculated to excite the greatest horror in a Christian breast, and Mr. Scott was greatly shocked at hearing it.

I wish I had known earlier," he said, "who it was you were talking to, so as to have taken part of the burthen off from you; for it must have been dreadful, knowing who he was, to see him in

that state of excitement, and to have to bear it alone.

"It was terrible," replied Sir Roland; "and I should have been very glad to have had you and Singleton by me, only I dreaded your discovering who he was. That apprehension was as trying or more so—than the sight of him; though it is frightful to witness the workings of insanity in any one—and in this case the whole circumstances were so harrowing!"

"Tell me, Ashton," saked Mr. Scott, "what did you feel when he levelled the pistol at your breast?"

"What did I feel? Why, deadly fear, to be sure! What could you have expected me to feel?"

"Why, 'deadly fear,' certainly—at least, I think I should have felt it; but not having ever been put in that situation, I could not tell from experience, so I wanted to know your sensations—for I knew you would tell me the truth."

"My deliberate opinion," said Sir Roland, "is, that death, to a Christian, is better than life in its best estate; for to him 'to be absent from the body, is indeed to be present with the Lord.' But when a violent death is suddenly presented to one, I could scarcely believe—judging from my own sensations—that any man could remain wholly unmoved and fearless. Human nature shrinks from the act of death, under all circumstances; and the sudden, forcible rending asunder of soul and body—in cold blood especially, must always be a thing harrowing to every nerve. I remember a very spirited officer saying, 'it was useless to pretend that soldiers felt no fear in danger—unless, perhaps, in the heat of battle -but that he was the bravest man who could best conceal and control his fear.'"

"Well, you certainly concealed and controlled yours yesterday,

Ashton, for not a step did you move."

"Standing still was my best chance, you will remember. But it is a painful subject to me, Scott, fresh as it now is in my mind: for the fearful end of that unhappy man—or rather the fearful beginning of his worse state—fills me with horror! How unlike the feelings that accompany the thoughts of his son's death!—they are all joy, as far as he was concerned—though it is inconceivable how much I feel his loss. But the two events are at present so mixed together in my mind, that the one poisons my enjoyment of the other! How remarkably, in this case, have the ways of the Almighty borne out His words:-the wife's unfaithful marriage so fearfully visited!—the mother's faithful prayers so fully answered!

An officer of justice called in the course of the day to take Sir Roland's deposition, and that of his friends, concerning the unhappy occurrence which had taken place the day before; but there seemed not the slightest suspicion as to who the stranger was; and the questions which were put were, happily, not such as to oblige Sir Roland or Mr. Scott to betray the knowledge they possessed, which was a great relief to the mind of the former.

A plain but handsome monument was soon after erected by Sir Roland over the spot where George Anstruther's remains rested; it bore a simple inscription, stating his name and age, and that he died "trusting in the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ;" and at the conclusion there was carved that encouraging text, so peculiarly applicable in his case—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

# CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh, shame beyond the bitterest thought
That evil spirit ever fram'd,
That sinners know what Jesus wrought,
Yet feel their haughty hearts untam'd—
That souls in refuge, holding by the cross,
Should wince and fret at this world's little loss."—KEBLE.

"Vien dietro a me, e lascia dir le genti; Sta come torre ferma, che non crolla, Giammai la cima per soffiar de' venti."

DANTE: Purgatorio, Canto V.

- "And compassed with the world's too tempting blazonry."—KEBLE.
- "It is only the heart which is fixed on God which does not get bewildered on the earth."
  - "Separate yourself from what separates you from God."-Lettres Chrétiennes.
    - "There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!

These cannot be man's best, and only pleasures !"--COLERIDGE.

A DAY or two after the events had taken place which we have recorded in our last chapter, Lord N—— returned from ——, but only to announce a still longer absence, which he was about to make. He had business which called him to England, and which might possibly detain him there for some months, and Sir Roland, during that time, was to act as "charge d'affaires."

It required all Sir Roland's patience to keep him from murmur-

It required all Sir Roland's patience to keep him from murmuring under this arrangement; and indeed more than all—for he did murmur—and bitterly too, in his own mind, for he had fully purposed, as soon as Lord N——should return from his short absence, to request to be allowed to go to England himself for a few weeks. He had stayed willingly at —— as long as Mr. Anstruther

\* This text is supposed to advert to the practice of scattering rice on the surface of the waters during the artificial irrigation of the land, by which means the grain, sinking deep into the softened earth, brought forth an abundant increase, when the temporary inundation had subsided.

required his society, but now that that friend was laid in his quiet and happy grave, he felt a double desire to depart; and the thought of staying was more irksome to him a thousand times than it had been before. He missed Mr. Anstruther so exceedingly—and the constant delightful occupation of tending and watching over him—that his heart yearned more than ever for those he loved—far away. He unbosomed his troubles to Mr. Scott; but when he

had poured them all forth, he said, laughing-

"Now, how I hate myself for what I have been saying! One has no idea how horrid one is, till one's thoughts break out into words; then one begins to understand somewhat of the blackness of one's heart. How short-lived are its memories! A little while ago, when poor Anstruther was dying, I felt as if I could forego cheerfully—so full did I seem of love and gratitude—all that God might ever call upon me to give up; or do willingly anything which he might set before me to do: but now, the moment my wishes are thwarted, up springs the old, thankless, detestable nature again! And I felt so desperately cross too, with my kind uncle, who I know would not intentionally vex me for worlds! He tries me certainly—but it is, not knowing what he does. But God tries me, knowing full well what He does; and what folly and madness it is to repine at His dispensations—merciful and kind as they invariably are. Pray take a sponge, Scott, and wash out from the 'tablets of your memory' all that has passed within the last quarter of an hour, and you will see how wonderfully well I shall behave all the rest of the time."

Lord N—had indeed, no idea of the sacrifice he was exacting of his nephew, in obliging him to remain at —, for he was totally innocent of having ever even suspected his attachment to Lady Constance Templeton. A conscious feeling had always made Sir Roland enclose his letters to her, in those he sent to his mother, or to Lord St. Ervan; and Lord N—had been so little in England of late years, that Lady Constance's existence even was scarcely remembered by him. As it was however there was no help for it—and Lord N—must needs go, and Sir Roland must needs stay; and the latter kept his word most conscientiously to Mr. Scott, and behaved "wonderfully well," during all the preparations for the journey. But when the carriage which was to convey Lord N—to England, actually came to the door,—and what was worse, actually drove off on its homeward destination with, "decidedly," as Sir Roland thought, "the wrong person in it"—violent irruption of splenetic combustion seemed about to take place. He tried to laugh himself out of it, but that utterly failed (it was no laughing matter to him, poor fellow!) and reasoning was just as bad; so he told Mr. Scott, with a smile, "that he must go and take the matter seriously up, for that it would never do to be so beaten, and by such a trifle."

He did go, and "took the matter seriously up," for he felt

He did go, and "took the matter seriously up," for he felt almost alarmed at the power which so slight a thing as the postponement of his wishes for a few months, exercised over him. He went to Mr. Anstruther's apartment, which was now his favourite sitting-room, and there looked into his own heart with shame

and fear.

"Is it possible," he thought, "that I have forgotten all the lessons I so lately learnt in this spot? Can I so soon sin against Him who then shewed me such mercy? What if God, justly displeased at my wayward folly, my deep ingratitude, should, in very faithfulness, afflict me more sorely, even as regards her, and shew my weak and wilful heart that it must learn to bear—and to resign? How could I hope then, to possess my soul in patience, if I cannot now brook this light disappointment?" And leaning his face on his hands, he prayed earnestly that faith and temper might not give way before this, so slight a trial.

"Why should we not go to religion for the loss of our temper as well as for the loss of our child!" asks that mistress of the human heart, Hannah More. Ah! if all would but do so, what a smiling face would this world wear, compared with its present fretful and frowning look! Evil passions destroyed in their birth, would then never live to "set the course of the world on fire;"—man, ceasing to "hate his brother without a cause," would never become a murderer; and godliness and peace would again reign in the earth!

"Ah bella pace!
Ah, de' mortali universal scepiro!
Se l' nom ti conoscesse, e piu geloso
Fosse di te! riprenderia suoi dritti
Allor natura: vi sarla nel mondo
Una sola famiglia; arbitro Amore
Reggerebbe le cose, nè coperta
Più di delitti si vedria la terra."\*—MONTI.

That "trifles form the sum of human things" (another of Hannah More's excellent sayings) all will acknowledge; yet how few act as if they believed it! For one hour which is agonised by fearful griefs, or torn by afflictive bereavements, how many thousands do we spend in oppressive and stinging bitterness, owing to the tempers—selfish, malignant, unfeeling—of ourselves or others!

"Ah! ma am," said an unfortunate servant to his late mistress (he having in an evil hour been induced to marry a violent and quarrelsome wife) "in former times, if there was any disturbance in the house, I could go into my own room, and shut the noise out: now, I shut it in!" A bad case, certainly; yet not so bad as when the noise is—not only in our room, but in our heart! If "a contentious woman is," as Solomon says, "like a continual dropping"—of water, a contentious heart is like a continual dropping—

<sup>\*</sup>Ah! lovely Peace!
Ah! of mankind the universal sigh!
If men but knew Thee—and more jealous were
Of Thee! Nature her rights would re-assert,
In all the world there would be found but one
Sole family. Love, the blest arbiter,
Would govern all things—nor the Earth again
See her fair surface blotted o'er with crime."

of fire, wasting, blackening, desolating all within; and consuming, in misery, all the goodly fuel which a gratious God has so richly provided, to keep alive the cheerful blaze of kindly smiles, and

of bright and warm affections!

Sir Roland was wise therefore, and faithful to himself and to his God, to check with a strong hand the first beginnings of evil; and when, having implored the washing of Christ's blood, and the strength of His Spirit, he was again enabled to commit himself and his every interest to the care of his heavenly Father, he felt once more tranquil and at peace!

"Lord! what a change within us one short hour, Spent in thy presence, will avail to make; What burdens lighten, what temptations slake, What parched ground refresh as with a shower! We kneel, and all around us seems to lower— We rise, and all the distant and the near Stand forth in sunny outline, brave and clear; We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power! Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong, Or others, that we are not always strong! That we are ever overborne with care, That we should ever weak or heartless be, Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer, And joy, and strength, and courage, are with Thee."

New trials, however, awaited Sir Roland, arising from the situation which he now occupied at ——. As a subordinate, he had been allowed to take his own way with tolerable impunity; but now that he was left 'en chef,' he was, of course, much more under observation. He had always, as in duty bound, attended at court, and when invited, at the dinners and occasional evening parties of the sovereign at whose capital he was residing; and those who were unacquainted with his character and principles, imagined that it was only shyness at first, and then his continual attendance on Mr. Anstruther, which had prevented his joining in all their gay amusements. Great, therefore, were the expectations formed off what was to take place, when one so young, and so rich, should hold the reins in his own hands! Many an anxious mother, and gay, joyous daughter, looked forward with delight to the brilliant 'fêtes' which it was thought 'le beau ministre Anglais,' ('The hand some English minister,') would of course give for their amusement; and 'bals costumes'—'courses acheval'—'thêatres de société—('Fancy balls,' 'races,' 'private theatricals,') 'fêtes champêtres,' &c. glanced in bright and rapid succession through the enchanted brain of many a fair but thoughtless being, who seemed unconscious that she was formed for nobler purposes, than just to flutter—and to fade! But Sir Roland resolutely refused, either to attend the late par-

But Sir Roland resolutely refused, either to attend the late parties given by others, or to swell the number of them himself. He gave frequent dinners, and early evening parties, which were always exceedingly agreeable; but beyond that rational mode of enjoying society he would not go. He had to encounter argument

<sup>\*</sup> Rev. R. C. Trench.

upon argument, remonstrance upon remonstrance,-but nothing shook him; and the amiability of temper with which he bore all the frequently irritating things that were said to him, generally, in the end, disarmed his assailants, and turned their wrath into

admiration.

At length, all other efforts having failed, a young, married English lady, of high rank and great beauty, volunteered, as a "forlorn hope," for one final assault. Lady Stammore reigned as a sort of queen over the society in which she moved; and, being accustomed to see all around submitting to her sway, she had acquired some faint idea that no one could resist her wishes. From natural kindness of heart—for she was most sweet and amiable in manners and disposition—she had been very attentive to Mr. Anstruther during his last illness—continually calling to inquire after him, and sending him anything which she thought likely to promote his ease or amusement. The object of these kind attentions had, indeed, many a time turned with a sickening mind from the volumes of new publications she had sent for his perusal, though he felt the kindness and amiability of her thoughtful attentions; and often did he breathe a prayer for her, asking of God to enlist her warm and sympathetic heart in His own blessed service.

This attention on her part towards Mr. Anstruther, had established a sort of amicable feeling between her and Sir Roland, even before they had become personally acquainted with each other; and she now trusted that the little claim it formed, might give her additional influence over him, and induce him the more readily to comply with her requests; and certainly her entreaties were (partly perhaps for that reason) those which he found it the most difficult to withstand. She was confident of success, and boasted in anticipation, to the band of discomfited champions who had gone before her, that she was certain of reducing this "Timon," as she called him, to perfect subjection to her will; and that they would see that in less than a week, cards would be issued for a fancy ball at the Embassy-house, she herself, after "unexampled solicitations," being induced, with Lord Stanmore as aide-de-camp (for she was wise enough to feel that a husband's side was the only safe place for a young married woman, and never went into public without him) to accept the station and duties of mistress of the ceremonies!

The evening after this bold declaration, she was to meet Sir Roland at dinner at the —— ambassador's: and then and there. 'did she determine to "carry" the hitherto impregnable fortress.

Dinner concluded, she wiled Sir Roland away to a distant part

of the room, strolling from picture to picture, making observations, and asking his opinion—so that, even had he wished it. he could not have declined accompanying her—and then when they reached a deep-niched window, through which, spite of the blaze of lamps within, the last faint streaks of sunset were still discernible—whence they could

> "Gaze on the twilight's tender gray, Escaping unobserved away:"

she seated herself; and said playfully, to Sir Roland, that she had

much to say to him—matters of gravest import to discuss.

"I am all attention," he said courteously; whilst leaning against the open window he looked out on the quiet of the evening hour. His thoughts flew for a moment to England, and a sigh arose. He waited for Lady Stanmore to proceed, but she too, was silent! The themes she was about to enter upon, seemed so uncongenial to the spirit of that gentle hour, that she felt she had been an unskilful general in arraying her forces to such disadvantage. There was also something in Sir Roland's countenance and manner, which, young as he was, bore great command; and the dignity of his mind, which, though lively and animated, yet never verged towards levity, acted as a restraint upon the follies of others. Lady Stanmore herself too, felt the influence of that silent scene; for hers was a heart formed by nature for all good and wise emotions, though circumstances and education had placed her in a situation which, with her great attractions, she found too fascinating to withstand.

Perceiving at length that she did not speak, Sir Roland turned to

her, saying-

"Is the subject you were about to introduce, of so overwhelming a nature, that it deprives you of the power of speech, Lady Stanmore? or are you maliciously collecting all your powers together, to destroy me at once by a 'coup de main?'

"No," she replied, "my arguments seem rather to have faded away with that last ray of light.—In short," she added, rallying her spirits to the onset, "I must resolutely turn away from 'twilight's sober livery,' and from that imploring moon which I see just rising through the trees, and return to the glare and blaze of these lamps, if I hope for victory in the cause I am about to plead." And she smilingly seated herself with her back to the window, having the brilliant room and its gay groups just before her, and motioned for Sir Roland also to sit down. He obeyed; and she

"I wished very much—I wanted to say—I meant to ask— She could not get on, so laughing, though with some embarrass-

ment, she exclaimed-

"I shall never succeed in pleading my cause if I begin in this set, formal manner; so let us introduce the subject with a little preliminary nonsense; though I am afraid, 'qu'il me faudrait faire tous les frais moi-même' (that I must take all the burden on myself) in that case also; for you are never guilty of talking nonsense, are

"You underrate my powers cruelly," replied Sir Roland. "It is not my hourly study certainly; but there are, I assure you, fine specimens of that kind of oratory on record, of my production. But perhaps you would better like to have some grave, deep, philosophical subject started, from which your lighter fabric might rise with all the charm of graceful airiness. Shall I begin—as a peculiar-minded friend of mine did once to a young lady, whom he met for the first time at a dinner-table—and ask you 'what your opinion is concerning the mode in which oysters derive their nourishment?"

"Yes! I think that will do beautifully," replied Lady Stanmore, smiling; "any subject will shine after that! But we will go on by gentle degrees, and I shall parry your friend's awful question, by asking in my turn, how people in this country can like to derive their nourishment from those lively animals, so very long after the creatures themselves have been 'dead to all sense of propriety;' it is horrible—dreadful! It must be at least a quarter of a century since those we had to-day, have 'mourned' (though, alas! not 'sweetly,') 'their parted sea!' Well, that may lead on to other dinner contemplations; and dinners lead to conversation, and conversation to society, and society to company, and company to amusements, and amusements to—"

"The point of attack," interrupted Sir Roland, laughingly. "I half suspected what the 'grave subject of discussion' was to be, from the very first; and I was fully convinced of it," he added, in a quieter tone, "when I saw that you were forced to turn your contemplative eyes and softened feelings, from God's beautiful works out there, to this hot room and well-dressed company;—though perhaps, I am too free in reading what passes before

me."

"Oh! one is weak and sentimental sometimes," said Lady Stanmore, fearing that her arguments would again melt away from her grasp; "the 'witching hour' of eve is all very charming, when it is arrayed in loveliness like that we looked upon just now; but those are things we cannot command; black, stormy nights will come, as well as bright and stilly ones; and when the moon, which now, 'apparent queen, asserts her matchless reign,' is 'hil in her vacant interlunar cave,' (one must be poetical of course in talking of her)—why then the 'sable-stoled' night is a dismal thing to look out upon. Now, the bright gleam of lamps and smiles we can always command within; and it is surely wise to apply ourselves to what is in our power at all times, and not to depend for pleasure on what we cannot control!"

She waited for Sir Roland's answer, and he replied-

"I think indeed, it is wise—and the only wisdom—to look for happiness to that which we have it in our power always to command. But perhaps I may be allowed to demur to part of your description as to what we can always command. Lamps, I will concede—but cannot smiles: I mean what you, of course, intend I should mean—smiles of happiness. That smiles of some kind, may always be commanded in the scenes you speak of, we will not dispute—smiles of gaiety, of vanity, of excitement—and may be sometimes of real pleasure; but are they always smiles of happiness? I need not ask you to believe me, when I venture to assert that they are not; a mind like yours, Lady Stanmore, will answer the question for itself, or I am mistaken—will tell you whether the smiles you meet are not unfrequently those of absent, heart-sickness!"

"I do not say," replied Lady Stanmore, not quite at her ease, "that one is always positively, substantially happy at those places; but still you must confess that a well-lighted, brilliant ball-room, filled with—out of compliment to you I will say only apparently—

gay and happy beings-is an animating and exhilarating sight.

You will concede me that, at least!"

"I must draw largely on my imagination if I do," said Sir Roland; "for I am afraid you will really think me the 'Timon' I know you call me, if I venture to confess that I have never yet trusted myself within that magic circle."

"Never been to a ball!—really, never been to a ball!" exclaimed Lady Stanmore, in the greatest astonishment. "You don't mean to say that! I knew that your estates lay in Cornwall; but I was not in the least aware that you had been brought up in its mines! Do you really mean that you have never, positively never, entered a ball-room?"

Sir Roland confirmed the terrible fact by a bow of profound humility, looking at the same time with a smiling eye to Lady

Stanmore

"Well! I suppose I am bound to believe that bow," she said; though I am happy to find you have grace enough not to put the shocking confession again into words. The case is really far worse than I had suspected; the evil is deep-seated—firmly rooted, I fear. I thought I might have been able to have called back some fond remembrance—to have reanimated some smothered embers in your cold heart; but alas! your mind is like Australia: 'a land of no recollections.' What shall I do? I have nothing in common with you!"

"Oh, yes! you have—much—much;

The common air, the earth, the skies, To me are opening Paradise;

and so they are to you-I know they are: let us think of them,

and then advocate your ball-room, if you can!"

"Yes! I can, and will," said Lady Stanmore, gaily; "notwithstanding that you think to flatter me into your opinion, by attributing to me all sorts of vulgar tastes. I will assert, and without fear of contradiction, that the 'common air' is often uncommonly cold and disagreeable—that the 'earth' is often dirty and dreary—and the 'skies' often cross and gloomy; and so, with many thanks for fresh argument supplied, I say again,

## • Turn from such joys away, To those which ne'er decay,\*

-but which can be renewed at pleasure."

"You are a sad perverter of reason and poetry, I see," said Sir Roland; "but may I ask Lady Stanmore, what it is this discussion is meant to lead to? Are you so very complimentary as to make it any point for me to appear at the fête which I believe you are going to give next week? or do you only wish to humble and disappoint me, by making me full of anxiety for the invitation you intend to withhold?"

"Oh, no! I assure you I fly at nobler game—at least, not nobler, for you are the quarry that I seek—but though I should be delighted to see you at our house on Wednesday, yet I want a more

enlarged field of action than one 'fête' can supply. In short I want you to do, what you ought to do-contribute to the 'general joy' of the whole society here. I want you to open your fine apartments, and fill them with all that is enchanting in life. Now do. Will you give one party? Begin with the quietest kind: a concert—and then you will see how pleasant it is; and you will go on to balls, and — Oh! you have no idea how delightful you will find it—and everybody will be so enchanted with you!—'vous vous tuerez à force de plaire!'
Now will you?" And she turned her animated eyes beseechingly on him.

Sir Roland could not but return her look with a smile; but it was a sad one, for he grieved to see that young and kindly heart given up to such follies; (though across that shade of regret there shone for a moment the image of one still younger, and still lovelier, than the beautiful creature at his side—whose soul was raised far above these things; and he blessed God that it was so.) He answered—though not till a sigh of mingled feelings had forced its

"You have heard music at my house, Lady Stanmore." "Oh, yes! instrumental—some of these bands—and magnificent they are. But I want a real concert, with all the finest operasingers, and 'five hundred invitations.'

I cannot do that," he said, gravely.

"Why not?"

"There are many reasons - some which I cannot discuss with

" he added, with a slight embarrassment.

"Well, then, let it be a ball!" exclaimed Lady Stanmore; (who seemed to think with Sir Archy Macsycophant, that "every refusal was a step;") "do the thing handsomely at once—let it be a fancy ball! You should do something to atone for your past life of neglect! Your court-dress would do perfectly for you, so you need have no care about that; and L and Lord Stanmore, would take the whole trouble off your hands, if you liked it; you should just keep out of your great apartments for a day or two, and then return—and find yourself in the palace of the fairies! You cannot, I am sure refuse, when I am kind enough to make such an offer."

"It is hard, indeed," said Sir Roland, "to refuse you anything;

but nevertheless, I am afraid it must be done.

"But why! What reason can you have? I will listen to every thing you have to say, sure of being able to answer all your 'un-answerable arguments.'"

"But what if I will not yield to reason, and determine to have my own way, simply on the old regal plea—' Le roi le vent?' (the

king so wills it,)" said Sir Roland.

"Why, then, I shall give you up for ever, and, as the German lady said, 'leave you die in your hole.' But that will not be the case I am sure. So now-do tell me what are your reasons?"

"Mentioning them would involve a graver discussion than might

probably be agreeable to you," urged Sir Roland.

Lady Stanmore certainly shrunk from the idea of any really

serious subject being started, so sought to parry it by saying—
"You do not really mean that you think, because one likes the cheerful pleasures of life, that one must, therefore, be dead to

nature and all her charms!"

"Oh! no, did I not say that I knew you were alive to them all? But the love of nature, though a more refined and ennobling taste than the delight in the—forgive me if I call them—frivolous pleasures of dissipation, yet is not a whit more spiritual, unless we look 'through nature up to nature's God.' Poor Rousseau fondly thought he 'worshipped God on the mountains,' because his sensitive, but unprincipled mind, was melted by the lovely things around him in those levely places; but what God did he worship? surely not the God of the Christian; surely not the God who said, 'blessed are the pure in heart!' And I have a friend who says he can 'worship God in the fields,' but 'cannot worship Him by Act of Parliament —as he calls going to Church. I confess I have never been able to discover his God in the fields! I am more in-clined to agree with Lord Bacon, when he says, 'I have sought Thee in courts, fields, and gardens, but I have found Thee in Thy temple; though still more perhaps with Augustine, who says, 'I sought Thee long in surrounding things, but when I looked within myself, then I found Thee.' Yes, Lady Stanmore, I know that you are alive to all these things, and also—to all generous and kind affections. I knew you by the latter character, you will remember, before I had the pleasure of being personally acquainted with

"It was very little I did for him, poor fellow!" said Lady Stanmore, answering Sir Roland's meaning, for she knew that he adverted to her attention to Mr. Anstruther; "but I always felt more interested in him than others did—there always seemed heart in him, if one could but get at it. And then, when one is very prosperous and happy oneself, one feels so much for those who are not so; and there was something so sad in his early death-pining away-whilst we were dancing and singing around him-all but

you ;-you never left him!"

The colour of emotion rose in Sir Roland's cheek.

"He would not have exchanged his painful death-bed," he said, "for all the pleasures this world could have given him.

"Why?" asked Lady Stanmore in astonishment.

"Because he felt it was the pathway to his Father's kingdom.— He had learnt to estimate life—and eternity.'

Lady Stanmore looked down in silence.

"He offered up many a prayer for you, Lady Stanmore," continued Sir Roland, withdrawing his eye from her softened countenance, "that your steps might early be led into the only path of peace and true happiness."

Lady Stanmore turned to the open casement and leant out; but not before a starting tear had marked her emotion. She was silent for a few minutes; but soon recovering—though still looking from

the window, she said—

"But you know, Sir Roland, Solomon says, 'there is a time for all things;' and amongst those 'all things,' he names dancing."

"But does he name the time for it?" asked Sir Roland.

"No," replied Lady Stanmore, returning again to her seat, and continuing with renewed gaiety, "therefore we are at liberty to fix that for ourselves; and I say, that the time to dance 'par excellence' is—at my house next Wednesday—and at yours the Wednesday after! So will you engage me for the first set of quadrilles on both of those occasions?"

"I will—if you will in conscience and honesty tell me that I am wrong in settling the 'time for dancing' to be, when we have

nothing better to do.

"When I offer my hand, I expect it to be accepted unconditionally and thankfully," said Lady Stanmore, good-humouredly,

though with somewhat of pique in her tone.

"My dear Lady Stanmore," said Sir Roland, "could I have accepted it, your offer would have been felt—nay, it is felt, as most flattering, and would have been most gratefully received; but you must remember that to avail myself of it, I must outrage all the main principles of my life."

"Oh! Sir Roland, what must your principles be worth, if they can be overthrown by such a trifle? They must be more out of the perpendicular already than the leaning towers of Saragossa or

Pisa—literally tottering to their fall!"

"What would our great Duke have said," rejoined Sir Roland, "if in the heat of the battle of Waterloo, he had perceived Lord Hill dressed in the French uniform? What would he—and all

the two armies have thought?"

"Ah! j'aperçois le piège qu'on me tend," (I perceive the snare that is laid for me,) said Lady Stanmore, laughing, and shaking her head; "so spread my wings and fly off, but only to settle down in some other place; though I must say you are very modest," she added, looking archly at Sir Roland, "to compare yourself to one of the most distinguished officers in the army."

"I did not think of that," said Sir Roland, smiling, "it was merely that his was the first name that occurred to me; and if I had gone into the ranks, I might have stumbled on the name of Shaw, so that might not have saved me from your sarcastic reproof

either."

"Ah! but you good people always do think so very much of yourselves; you think 'surely we are the men, and wisdom shall die with us."

"Are you acquainted with many of our 'profession,' Lady

Stanmore?"

"No, you are the only one I know to speak to; I bow to a few

others here, but do not know them."

"Then even if you think me so vain and self-conceited, you should not include all in your censure. One whom you condemn to 'the ranks,' ought not to be taken as a fair specimen of his army."

"Oh! but I know you are all alike in that; all of you fancy yourselves like Atlas, bearing the whole world on your shoulders."

"One often feels the weight of it certainly," said Sir Roland.

"It is oppressive to the spirit, when one thinks, 'how,' in the words of Scripture, 'the whole world lieth in wickedness;' and when one sees how the love of it beguiles the best and loveliest; and one feels its weight too in oneself, when it so often clogs the soul in its endeavours to rise above its ensnaring pursuits.'

The solemnity of his tone checked Lady Stanmore for a moment.

but then she said---

"But you all think everything depends on yourselves."
"No, Lady Stanmore, forgive me, we do not think that; for every hour teaches us we can do nothing of ourselves; but we ought to act as if we thought it; as I read somewhere the other day, 'Every man should feel as if the battle depended entirely on himself!—not that it depended, but as if it depended—there is a wide difference between the two." is a wide difference between the two.

"You are a subtle reasoner, Sir Roland. But why talk of battles at all, -above all, of Waterloo, that prince of battles? We are now in the 'silvery times of peace;' and instead of trumpets and bayonets, I only offer you sweet sounds and pleasant sights."

"The warfare of the Christian, you must remember, is chiefly within," said Sir Roland; "and are you not, Lady Stanmore, at this moment, a very Napoleon ranging all your forces against me?"

"To give me so high a rank is rather a questionable compliment—coming from you," she answered, smiling; "it avows me certainly great in power, but that is but to prove me pre-eminent in evil, according to your view; for you rank me as belonging to the terrible armies of the world."

"I have not ranked you among them," said Sir Roland, "you have yourself claimed your station there. Would," he added earnestly, "that I could 'transplant you out of the kingdom of this world into the kingdom of God; but it requires a stronger

arm than mine to effect that."

There was a pause. Lady Stanmore would gladly have given up the object she had originally in view, for she felt now but faint hopes of success; and her better feelings were awakened by what Sir Roland said, in a way that was painful to her, because she could not make up her mind to follow where they led; but the thought of the mortification she would feel if she had to own to her friends that she had been defeated, made her determined to leave no effort untried which might at last give her the victory. She therefore soon began again in a gay tone-

"But now, Sir Roland, do tell me when it is you think it possible

that there may be 'nothing better to do than dance.'

"I thought so yesterday evening; and so I danced."
"You danced yesterday evening! You actually danced?
Where? Oh! I know! It must have been at the Opera—in disguise—as one of the 'corps de ballet!' Your feet, 'asserting their indisputable right to dance, you could refrain no longer! I see it all now-your 'besoin de sauter' (necessity of jumping) not being allowed to evaporate by the well-regulated safety-valves of private balls, becomes condensed, till, when at high pressure, it explodes on the stage, in spangled muslin and chaplets of roses!"

"Ah! you have at length discovered my incognite!" said Sir

"What now remains for me?"

"But now, do really tell me," said Lady Stanmore, "where did you dance? or are you only imposing on my weak mind?"

"No, I assure you I did dance. I danced two quadrilles."
"And where?"

"At Lady Wentworth's."

"Oh! now I know you are leading me over 'bog and fell,' and

I will follow you no farther.

"No, really I did dance there. There was a set of children there; but not enough to make up a quadrille by one, so I filled up the vacant space, and we danced most perseveringly to an old country dance which was all that Lady Wentworth, who was orchestra, could bring out of the stores of her memory. There is nothing very dreadful now the marvel is out, is there?"

" No, but you are very provoking."

"Why?

"Because you are reasonable, and there is nothing so tormenting in existence as having to do with a reasonable person; one must either submit to be considered un-reasonable oneself, and that is bad enough, or one must, perforce, become reasonable oneself, and that is worse. Nothing is so intolerable as reason; it is like the railroad, running all on one level—no awful heights, no frightful precipices, to vary and enliven the scene—one flat dreary plain. with your object always in view, never lost in the dim, exquisite haze of uncertainty, so exciting and delightful, but always 'perché là, vulgarly visible to all the world, as well as to yourself. So now, that I have, I hope, reasoned you out of being reasonable. I will make one more effort to render you agreeable.

Sir Roland smiled and bowed.

"Are you content to leave the fashioning of your ball entirely in my hands, or do you wish to have 'voix au chapitre?' "-(A voice in council.)

"Dear Lady Stanmore, let us drop this subject, and turn to

some other on which we might agree.

"No, no—not yet! that beating of a retreat of yours sounds most inviting for a pursuit; I am sure you feel your courage fast

melting away."

"On the contrary, it is to save the misery of a triumph that I wish to pursue the subject no further," said Sir Roland, smiling; "unless," he added more gravely, "you will really talk of it in sober seriousness;—then I have no objection to saying what I feel; otherwise, we waste words to no purpose."

"Are you going to claim the right of eldership, and lecture me?"

said Lady Stanmore, with a hesitating smile.

"I may do so, you know," replied Sir Roland; "for I have, I know not how many years over my head more than you. I am, indeed, quite old enough to take orders," he added, smiling.

"And I am old enough only to give them, I suppose."

"Well, then, give them now; and say whether we shall drop

this subject, or treat it as reasonable creatures."

"As we have gone so far, I may as well hear all you have to say, and then you shall listen to me; and if I fail to convince you, we will then let the subject rest for ever.'

"Will you open the case, then?"

"Why no—I think not—no, you shall begin, and tell me all your weighty objections to these things."

"In the first place, then, there is great expense attending them; an expense of means that might be much more profitably

employed."

"I grant you that, perhaps, as regards a humble private individual like myself," said Lady Stanmore; "but you are the representative, for the time being, of the greatest nation in the world, and in your case, therefore, such considerations sayour of illiberality |

"If the money saved were expended on selfish pleasures, I might perhaps deserve to incur that suspicion; but scarcely, I think, when — But however, if you think me illiberal, Lady Stan-more, I must perforce submit."

Sir Roland spoke with rather a pained feeling, and a glow of pride stained his cheek, for his munificence was known to be unbounded. Besides the large sums he spent in private ways, there were many public works of charity and utility to which he had subscribed largely, and to which subscriptions he had thought it right to affix his name, in order that it might not be said, that he lived in a quiet way for the purpose of avoiding expense; for he felt that his country, as well as his religion, was in some degree implicated in his conduct.

Lady Stanmore was shocked at the expression she had used; for she knew how little Sir Roland deserved the imputation she had

apparently cast upon him. She hastened to say-

Oh, no! you know I cannot think you illiberal—no one can do that; your name is known too well, and seen too often, for any one to do that. Pray forgive my seeming, but most uninten-

tional rudeness.

"It is easy to forgive you anything, Lady Stanmore," replied Sir Roland, touched by her manner; "particularly when I feel the pride of my own heart require so much forgiveness. It is painful to feel how soon a word spoken against self, causes that smouldering fire to blaze."

"I was very unjust," she replied, sweetly; "but what I said was

meant for foreign ministers in general, not for you."
"Well, taking it for them then," replied Sir Roland, good-humouredly; "I think they might do more good to the places in which they reside than by giving fites and balls; for even if there were no objection whatever to such parties of dissipation, surely it would redound more to the high estimation in which we all desire our country to be held by other nations, if each successive minister were to leave behind him some lasting memorial, according to his means, of good done to the country in which he had resided. Do you think I am wrong in so viewing the subject as far as expense is concerned?"

"No, certainly not," said Lady Stanmore. "And yet, alas!" she exclaimed, lifting up her hands in pretended dismay, "what does that most indiscreet admission involve? My poor fabric is dispersed by it to the four winds."

dispersed by it to the four winds."
"Touched by Ithuriel's spear, so may everything that hides the light of truth from your heart, dissolve and vanish away," said Sir

Roland, with a bright smile.

"Thank you," said Lady Stanmore, gratefully; "I know you wish all for my good. But now," she added, with a pretended sigh, "as I am reduced to the awful quiet of despair, I may as well listen to all you have to say, and get my lecture over at one sitting. I only wish I had given my fête, for I do not want my pleasure in it to be disturbed."

"You will think me very hard-hearted then, I am afraid," said Sir Roland, smiling demurely, "if I say that I hope it may be

disturbed."

"Yes, I do think you very hard-hearted; for, as you know you think we ball-goers will have no happiness hereafter, you should in common charity wish us to have as much as we can here."

"Oh, do not speak lightly on those subjects, dear Lady Stanmore," said Sir Roland, earnestly; "think what is involved in an

hereafter without happiness '"

"You are so very solemn, Sir Roland," said Lady Stanmore, rather startled; "you talk as if you thought I were on the brink of the grave."

"And who shall say that you are not on the brink of the grave? I would truly have you ever remember that you may be so."

"Then I should be for ever gloomy and miserable."

"No, you would not-when you knew and felt that your trea-

sure lay on the other side of that grave.'

"But I cannot help having many treasures here, too. I have my mother—my husband—my child"—and the tears started into

her eves.

"Enjoy them to the utmost," said Sir Roland, most feelingly; "they are Heaven's gifts, meant to be loved and cherished; and God grant that they may form part of your treasure hereafter! But will your enjoyment here be lessened by the certainty of possessing those pure and sweet affections in heaven? Here, you may be called upon to part; there—partings are unknown." After a moment's silence he resumed, "Another strong objection to dissipated parties is the great temptations into which they throw our servants. When we consider how much we are answerable for them whilst in our service, it is a fearful thing to expose them night after night to the force of almost every evil. I need not dwell on this objection; I am sure it must commend itself to every conscience not wholly dead to its great responsibilities. Then for ourselves—these things come as mists and clouds between our souls and God. It is difficult enough to be sober-minded at any time—how much more so when we are surrounded by all most calculated to intoxicate the brain! We naturally acquire the tone of feeling of those with whom we associate, and you, perhaps, know better than I do, Lady Stanmore, whether the conversation at those places is calcu-

lated to lead the heart to God, or whether it is not rather likely to

deaden all spiritual feeling.'

"But," said Lady Stanmore, "the society at dinner-parties just the same. I am sure I never heard a word at any one of them which could do me any good—except, perhaps, to-night," she added, looking kindly at Sir Roland.

"You could not even have heard that little in a ball-room," he

"Why not?"

"Because those who love to speak of the things of God do not frequent ball-rooms.'

"But why should they not just as well as dinners?"

"The nature of the two meetings is very different," answered Sir Roland. "I cannot but think that dissipation is injurious, vet I feel that society is highly advantageous to all men; it rubs off the angles of their tempers, and teaches them to look kindly on their fellows, and prevents their hugging themselves up, and 'nursing their own dignity' too much. A dinner is a rational mode of meeting, and sanctioned too, we must remember, by the highest authority. It takes place at a reasonable hour, and affords reasonable people an opportunity for reasonable conversation—as we can fully testify at this moment—can we not? But even to dinner-parties amongst worldly people, I should scarcely feel myself justified in going, excepting as obliged by my situation here, if I did not go with the earnest desire, and indeed continual prayer, that I might be enabled to speak to my great Master's glory."
"You have indeed done so to-night," said Lady Stanmore, with

some emotion; "but you have never done so before to me."
"No, Lady Stanmore, I have generally seen you surrounded by those who would not have welcomed such intrusion, and I am not fond of public disputations. I wish indeed, that all men could enjoy the things of God as I do, but I think I should do harm by forcing the subject in general society. The Almighty almost always gives me the great happiness of being able to say something for Him; and to-night He has seemed to make my way with you so easy, by your kind patience, that I could not but enter on the path opened before me. It has been with true pleasure that I have done so, and may the blessing of God rest on what has passed, as far as it has been according to His will and word. But at a ball how should I have dared to have talked as I have done? how could I have said, 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world?"

"But why should we not love the world—to a certain extent, at

least?"

"I cannot better answer you, than by finishing the passage which I began from the word of God," replied Sir Roland: "'If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.""

"But what would you have me do?—If I did not go out at all, I

should only sit at home wishing to go."

"What I would have you do, Lady Stanmore—as you ask me," said Sir Roland, "would be to pray earnestly—continually, that new heart, new affections, new desires, might be given you; the

you would seek and enjoy new pleasures, and new occupations; and, above all, you would learn to know and love that Being, of whom truly it has been said, 'None who find Him seek further.'-

Have I been too severe a lecturer?"

"No! a most kind and faithful one; but I know not what sort of a disciple I shall make. I feel there is a great deal of truth in what you have said, but what can I do? I cannot all of a sudden leave off these things; and it might not be liked, even if I were willing.'

"I was not urging you, Lady Stammore, to give these things up suddenly," said Sir Roland; "I was only stating why I could not take them up suddenly. No, it is far better to 'count the cost before you begin the warfare,' and not to enter in haste on a course which you might not have strength to pursue. Besides, though religion will certainly, I think, lead to our giving up these worldly dissipations, yet it is a terrible mistake to fancy that merely giving them up makes one religious, or even proves one to be so. hermit may carry the world in his breast though he dwell in 'untrodden solitudes;' and so may we in the morose seclusion of our own chambers. But if really and truly you are inclined to believe that the service of God is better, and more satisfying than that of the world, let me entreat of you to begin at the right end—by prayer: that golden key which will open to you all the treasury of heaven, all the riches of Christ; and then, as truth enters and fills your heart, error must give way."
"But if," said Lady Staumore, hesitating and colouring deeply

-" if I thought it wrong to go to these things, and it was wished

that I should-what ought I to do?"

"You have always with you the two best guides a woman can have, dear Lady Stanmore—your God and your husband! Keep them ever near you in their legitimate places—God ever first, your husband ever next, and you cannot go wrong. Prayerful study of the Bible will help you through every difficulty; for all Scripture, we are told, is given by inspiration of God, 'that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

"Well, Mary," said Lord Stanmore, when Lady Stanmore and Sir Roland rejoined him, "have you been successful? You look very little elated for a conqueror."

"No, my forces are all routed and dispersed, and I do not know

whether I shall ever be able to muster them again.

"Lady Stanmore has imposed a severe task on me," said Sir Roland; "or rather, has forced me on a dreadful service, the difficulty of which you, Lord Stanmore, can best appreciate—that of refusing a request of hers."

"No, he is not capable of appreciating that difficulty," said Lady Stanmore, taking her husband's arm, and looking at him with the utmost affection, "for he has never refused me anything in his

"Has Ashton refused you anything?" said Lord Stanmore, shaking his head at Sir Roland;—"then let him look to himself." "I must leave my cause in Lady Stanmore's hands," said Sir Roland, "and I have no doubt she will do me justice; and may I beg, if you can forgive me, and if you are not better engaged, that you will both honour me with your company at dinner to-morrow?"

This was agreed to; and with the kindest feelings, the parties then separated.

Lady Stanmore gave her fite the following week; but Sir Roland's arguments and words often recurred to her mind, and her pleasure was not undisturbed.

## CHAPTER XVIL

"A web of a different colour, but wrought by the same subtle hand."

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

"And what is home, and where? but with the loving."

MRS. HEMANS.

No sooner is our great enemy baffled on one side, than he commences the attack on another. Having failed in forcing Sir Roland to act contrary to his principles, as respected those dissipations which he thought uncongenial to the spirit of Christianity, his wily adversary changed his mode of warfare, and raised up temptations in the course of duty. Sir Roland's large fortune and many worldly advantages, made him a person of importance and consideration every where; but the high station he temporarily filled at —, of course added very much to his consequence there; and his peculiar character, aided by the charm of his countenance and manner, caused him to be an object of great attraction, especially, as was natural, to the younger portion of his female acquaintance, with many of whom it became, for his sake, quite a fashion to profess seriousness and religion.

Some there were in ---- who sincerely agreeing with him in principle, were thankful to find that one so young and admired, could also be so strong and steady in his uprightness; and some who had before been utterly careless on the subject, really were aroused, and led by the force of his example, to search and see whether his way was not the way of godliness and peace. But many others, either from excited feelings, or from pure affectation, in order to please him, adopted for the moment a tone of conversation and a line of conduct, wholly at variance with their usual habits and dispositions. But whatever was the cause, to be so courted and admired as he was, was a great trial to one over whose head scarce five-andtwenty summers had shed their brightness; and Sir Roland felt the evil; the more so, because it was one which was calculated to draw his heart from God, rather than make him fly to Him for strength and refuge. That he was not one who could close his eyes to his own defects, or be content to slumber in the midst of danger, was an inestimable blessing; but his watchfulness of conscience, invaluable as it was, made his mind, under his present circumstances, a scene of perpetual warfare; for he could not endure quietly to give way to the feelings of vanity which, spite of himself, were roused perpetually within him, when he saw the evident and flattering admiration which he excited, and the marked attentions which

were shown him on every side. None however, of the fair, and in many instances, amiable beings who surrounded him, had power to withdraw his thoughts for one moment from Lady Constance. Her image dwelt unceasingly with him, dressed in all the bright hues with which the heart so fondly delights to deck the distant objects of its love; and the remembrance of her sweetness, and cheerful piety, warm and quick affections, and exceeding beauty, came across his soul continually, with ever-soothing, yet ever-animating influence. The appointment he had made to meet her every night in prayer, had never been forgotten or neglected. It had been a source of the greatest pleasure and comfort to him; riveting her image ever closer and closer to his heart. In society the most uncongenial to him, or when watching in stillness by Mr. Anstruther's death-bed, he had ever found rest and peace in joining his spirit with hers before the throne of God. The silent midnight-hour was rich to him in feelings of heart-felt love and pure devotion; for happily those two delightful sentiments were ever united in his breast.

Home thus ever shone before him in all its brightest colours: and ardently did he desire to be again within its happy precincts. and with her who formed the dearest portion of its charm-free from the glare of public life, and from all the thronging temptations

of the world.

Inexpressible therefore, was his delight, when he received a letter from his uncle, saying, that he expected to be able to return to his post in the course of the following month; and that the new secretary whom the government had appointed would accompany him. The joy of his heart was unbounded; yet never did time seem to move with such leaden feet, as during the interval that elapsed between the receipt of his uncle's letter, and the time when he could set out on his much-longed-for journey. At last his uncle arrived, and with him the new secretary; and gladly did Sir Roland relinquish into the hands of the latter, all the papers and letters, &c. which had tormented him so long, and given him so many weary hours. His extreme rapture was, however, rather damped by a claim which his uncle made upon him for future ser-There was some important business which he had commenced, for the completion of which, the concurrence of several of the different courts was indispensable; but some hindrances having occurred in the course of the affair, it could not be carried forward at that time; and Sir Roland having commenced it, and fully understanding all its bearings, Lord N—had, whilst in England, obtained a promise that he should be appointed on a special mission for the purpose of carrying it through, when the proper time Sir Roland could not well refuse to undertake this busiarrived. ness, as his uncle made so great a point of his doing so; but the very idea of it was most irksome to him, desirous as he was of remaining at home. He determined, however, not to think of the evil day till it arrived, so set himself with all diligence to speed his joyful preparations for returning to England.

At last all was concluded; and having taken leave of his uncle, and the many friends he had made in-, he stood in the court of the Embassy house, waiting for his servant to put the finishing stroke to the packing of his carriage, and conversing with Mr. Scott. who was going to stay some time longer on the continent with Mr. Singleton.
"You will come soon to Llanaven, Scott," he said.

"Not I!" answered the other—"not for these six years at least.

I will never sing second to any one."

"Then, stay away for ever!" said Sir Roland laughingly, shaking his friend's hand. And springing into the carriage, he threw himself back in the corner, exclaiming, "Home!"

# CHAPTER XVIII.

"Oh! dear, dear England! how my longing eye Turns westward, shaping in the steady clouds Thy sands and high white cliffs !"

COLERIDGE.

The form that stands before me falsifies No feature of the image that hath lived So long within me."

COLERIDGE.

SIR ROLAND passed through much beautiful country on his way from-; but the picture of home in his mind was so far more enchanting to him, that he scarcely saw what passed before his outward eye. He had received letters from Lady Constance, and from his mother, just before he started, full of delight at his anticipated return. All was well with them; "but all would be better when he was there again, to share their happiness." How often, and in how many ways did he fancy to himself his return home—his meeting with Lady Constance—his quiet evening with his mother—his early morning walk over his own delightful grounds, with his own sea sparkling and dancing in the light. Love was with him, certainly the first and most arresting object in the blissful scenes which imagination spread out before him; but it could not exclude other objects of interest and affection from his breast. It did not stand forth in the landscape like some splendid but overpowering mountain, shining in the sun's rich rays itself, but casting all into shadow around; but it stood rather as in itself a source of light ("whose fountain who shall tell?") gilding every other object, and bringing to view all the beauty and loveliness of surrounding things. His affection for his mother, ever deep and lively, gaining fresh strength from his heightened feelings, and his full heart seemed so fraught with love and happiness, that it expanded to embrace the whole world!

Those who would underrate true love, would underrate the Almighty's first gift to the affections! With some, indeed, this feeling is ephemeral as the morning dew, and the character raised by it perhaps, a moment above its ordinary level, sinks again when the cause which elevated it is past; but with others, true love endures through long, long years of married life!—peace, and joy, and affection, gilding the decline of life with rays as bright as were its morning beams! Happy are they!

The evening was perfectly calm on which Sir Roland crossed the sea on his return to England; and the ripple of the waters as he looked into their clear depths from the vessel's side, soothed his thoughts into the most delightful state of enjoyable happiness. The moon was not visible; but still, as night came on, the ruffled waters in the wake of the vessel reflected light from the innumerable stars that lit the sky, and from the never wholly-dying summer twilight. It was just such a time as quiets down the thrilling agitation, and flutter of both mind and body, which so often destroys the enjoyment of expected, and longed-for meetings; and the absence of the moon, which Sir Roland had at first regretted, was in fact, a blessing to him; for there is certainly a most exciting power in her peculiar light. Even if the heart is at rest, and there is nothing to disturb its tranquillity, yet the moon herself, with all her soft and pure accompaniments, produces strong though undefined sensations, akin to melancholy, which depress the spirit, while they elevate the soul; but when real cause exists for anxiety, and sorrow mixes with this feeling—then the blue and silvery gleaming of the star of night, draws forth all the deep sad-heartedness, which perhaps, had slumbered in the glare of sunshine. "Daylight is the flesh and blood—moonlight is the spirit." Perhaps it was this feeling, which in former days, induced the idea of melancholy persons being moon-struck—of "moon-struck madness," which we find in our older poets; but be that as it may, poets, old and young, have ever paid tribute to the charm and power of the queen of night; and not all the nonsense-verses which have been perpetrated to her dishonour, can dim one ray of her real beauty, or take one charm from her softening influence. Indeed, Sir Walter Scott's declaration, "that never was there lover who had not got, at least, as far as 'Oh! Thou, "in a sonnet to her praise—far from detracting from her glory, proves only, how loveliest things will flow together.

Sir Roland continued on deck enjoying the stillness of the dark-ening hours, till midnight brought again the welcome time for meeting her he loved, in the presence of God. All was quiet in the vessel, excepting the occasional voice of the sailers; and unobserved, and uninterrupted, he poured forth his soul to the Lord of earth, and air, and seas. Long did he pray—for his heart was filled with deep, though tranquil feelings; and it was ever a delight to his pure spirit, to pour forth its hopes, its wants, its thankfulness, to Him who hears and answers the prayers of those who love him. He thought with delight, that but one more night would elapse before he should again, in very life and form, meet her whose image had been to him through long absence, the last waking thought at night, as well as the "morning-star of memory;" and wrapping his clock around him, he laid himself down on the deck, ard slept in the soft, still, summer air.

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The sun's bright beams early awoke him the next morning; making him exchange his undefined but pleasant dreams, for the reality of enjoyment, which the beautiful scene before him afforded; where the lightest of all possible breezes springing up with the dawn of day, just agitated the waters sufficiently to make them, towards the east, one sheet of trembling, sparkling "shimmering" light.

The vessel impelling itself onwards through the smooth waters, at length entered the forest of masts, which lines the Thames as it flows through the suburbs of London. The wheels stopped!—and

once again Sir Roland trod his native land.

Certainly the disembarking from a steamer at London-bridge, is not the most sentimental or romantic of landings! The pebbly shore of the ocean might inspire enthusiasm—but not that?—and never surely, could the most devoted lover of his country, returning from the longest exile, on stepping forth at that spot, be inclined to exclaim, "Oh! cara terra degli avi miei—ti bacio," (Oh! beloved land of my forefathers!—I embrace thee!) still less to "suit the

action to the word."

Overlooking, however, all these minor considerations, Sir Roland was enchanted to find himself again in England, and only wished that the next instant could have transported him to Claverton; but having, unfortunately, business to transact at the Foreign Office, he was obliged to remain some hours in London; though as soon as that was despatched, he joyfully—how joyfully! turned his face towards the west. The railroad, that friend of the impatient, did not at that time run its level course in that direction, but four horses and a light calèche, bore him on with tolerable speed, and brought him rapidly on his way; till at length, he began to recognise old accustomed scenes, and points of view familiar to him; and thicker, and thicker still, grew the de-lightful evidences that he was near his home, till at last, the woods of Claverton appeared in sight. As that had been the last place he had visited before his departure from England, so, naturally, was it the first to which he directed his steps on his return; and his happiness was unbounded when the carriage passed through the park-gate, and he found himself once again in a spot so inexpressibly dear to him.

It was a levely evening towards the end of July; without a breath to ruffle the lake which calmly spread "its lucid mirror to the light," skirted in some parts by hanging woods, and in others, by ministure cliffs, whose bright and clear reflections were pictured to he life on the silvery waters. The deer and sheep had sought the woods and far-stretching trees for shelter from the still fervid heat; and all nature seemed to repose in luxury and enjoyment.

When he was within a short distance of the house, he fancied he descried some one walking in the garden; he thought it must be Lady Constance, and stopping the carriage (which he ordered round to the stable) he jumped out; and flying down the green slope which divided the road from the shrubbery, he bounded over the iron railings, and found himself once more—there. He paused a

moment to recover breath, and to still the throbbing of his heart; which, what with excitement, happiness, and exertion, beat almost to suffocation. While standing concealed among the trees, he again caught the flutter of the white dress which had before attracted him, and he now saw that it was Lady Constance, who just then entered the very summerhouse where he had last parted from her. If he could have chosen the time and place of their meeting, thus it would have been; there—in the same spot where he had last seen her; and where he had so often pictured her to his imagination, in her great beauty, and in her—to him still more precious—tearful regret. She was standing within the walls of the summerhouse when he advanced, so that she was not aware of his approach till he was almost close to her, when hearing a step, she came forward.

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"Roland! dear Roland!" she exclaimed, in the joyful surprise of the first moment; then turning deadly pale, she would have fallen, had not Sir Roland sprung forward and caught her.

fallen, had not Sir Roland sprung forward and caught her.
"My dearest Constance," he said, in alarm, "what is this?"
"Oh!" she exclaimed, in a voice of the deepest anguish; and

leaning her head on his shoulder, she burst into an agony of tears.
"Constance! Constance!" cried Sir Roland, terrified at her emotion, "what has happened? Tell me I beseech you—my mother—Henry!"

Lady Constance shook her head, but could not speak.

"Your father?" at length he asked, in a voice almost inaudible

from agitation.

A renewed burst of sorrow in Lady Constance proved but too truly, that he had now touched on the cause of her overwhelming affliction.

"He is not-" he could not finish.

"No," answered Lady Constance, understanding him, and strug-

gling for words, "but he cannot live."

"My God!" exclaimed Sir Roland, looking up, in the anguish of his mind. "Oh, Constance!" he said, after a pause, "is this the meeting I have so longed for—in tears of such affliction?" And his

own burst forth as he spoke.

Yet still she was there—he was with her; and there was a strange mingling of extremest joy, and bitterest sorrow in his heart, as he seated himself in silence by her side. He longed to know what had caused this sudden danger to one for whom he felt so much regard, yet he could not bear to ask Lady Constance, knowing that the subject must be so painful to her; but she, becoming more composed, was about to speak to him, when a step on the terrace made her rise hastily.

"It is your mother," she said to Sir Roland.

"My mother here!" he exclaimed. And flying along the gravel walk, the next moment he found himself folded in her fond em-

brace.

The servants had informed her of his arrival, and she had come out immediately to meet a son who was the delight of her heart. The joy of meeting for an instant banished all trouble from their minds—but only for an instant; and Lady Constance joining them,

her pale face and tearful eyes brought back sadder, and more

painful feelings.

"I will go in," she said, to Lady Ashton. "I have taken my walk as you wished, and now you must stay out and enjoy the air, and dear Roland's welcome company." And smiling through her tears, she held out her hand to him, and kissing Lady Ashton, passed on to the house.

Sir Roland looked after her in silence till she had disappeared. "How ill she looks!" he said, with a heavy sigh.

dear mother, how little can we reckon on this world's happiness! If you could but know how I have looked forward to this hour! with what sinful impatience I have longed for it; and now—to meet—with such bitter feelings!"

He begged his mother to tell him how the event had occurred, which had thrown this sudden blight on prospects which had seemed so full of happiness when last he had heard from home; and Lady Ashton informed him, that a few days previously, Lord St. Ervan had been examining, with his steward, some buildings which were out of repair, and on which his carpenters were at work, when a beam, which had been loosened from its place, unexpectedly fell, and struck him with such violence that he was taken up senseless. For many hours he had lain without speech or motion; but, after a while, he had gradually regained the powers of his mind; but the injuries he had received were of so fatal a nature, that not the least hope could be entertained of his recovery; and indeed, it became but too evident that his last hour was rapidly approaching. Lady Ashton said that she had come over on the first intelligence of the dreadful event, and had remained at Claverton ever since; and she expressed her wish that Sir Roland should continue there with them; to which, of course, he readily acceded.

"And Constance," he said, "how has she borne this? Tell me,

my dear mother, how has she been?"
"Poor child!" answered Lady Ashton; "she and Florence have both suffered terribly, the blow was so sudden. I was not here at the first dreadful moment, but I believe Constance was nearly frantic when her father was brought home; and one cannot wonder, for you know how devotedly fond they were of each other, and how constantly he made her his companion. But since I have been here she has been quite calm—too much so indeed—I had rather see more frequent tears; they might relieve her."

"She shed many when with me," said Sir Roland; his own

starting at the remembrance.

"I am glad of it," replied Lady Ashton. "She has scarcely left her father's side since the fatal accident took place; nor has she once closed her eyes. It was with difficulty I had persuaded her to come into the air for a short time just now, when he was asleep."

"But she will kill herself," exclaimed Sir Roland; "she must

have rest."

"I cannot persuade her to lie down; she says she cannot bear to lose one of the few moments that remain of his loved presence, and I cannot wonder; indeed, it is the same with myself; and I fear the time fast approaches when she will have leisure enough for sleep—and tears, too, poor girl!" And Lady Ashton covered her face and sobbed aloud.

Sir Roland pressed his mother to his heart, and would have spoken of comfort, but could not. At length Lady Ashton became

more calm.

"He has begged me to be guardian to his children," she said; "and I have of course consented."

A joy indescribable rushed through Sir Roland's whole being as he received this communication from his mother—so trembling a

joy, that he could not trust his voice to speak in reply.
"He has, you know," continued Lady Ashton, "no near relations but his two cousins, Captain Templeton (on whom this property is entailed) and his sister, Mrs. Mordaunt. The latter, the moment she had heard of the fatal accident which had taken place, wrote by express, in the kindest manner, to entreat that the two girls might be consigned to her care; and she urged her considerate offer so strongly, that it was most painful to Lord St. Ervan to refuse. But she is one of the last persons with whom he would wish to leave them; for she is a most thoroughly worldly character, and has besides, several sons, not considered very steady, who have their home with her in London. I have heard Lord St. Ervan say that he has frequently asked her to visit him here, but that she always refused, saying, though with the atmost good-humour, that she could not endure his 'puritanical ways.' He had left his children wards in chancery, by a deed he executed the moment his senses recovered from the effects of the stunning blow he had received, but he directed that they should live with their excellent governess, Miss Gower, for he never dreamed that Mrs. Mordaunt would wish to have them with her; but when he received her letter, which was couched in the strongest, as well as the kindest terms, he felt a terror lest, when he was gone, she might, through good intention, petition the chancellor to let her have the charge of them; and the plea that she was the only near female relation, and that otherwise they would be left alone with a governess, was one, which he feared, might very naturally meet with success. This idea filled him with such apprehension that he asked me if, under these circumstances, I would consent to being named their guardian, to which of course I agreed: as I should be most happy to render them any service in my power, and be to them of what little comfort I could."

"And they will live with us, then?" said Sir Roland; at the moment forgetting, in that joyful thought, the dreadful circumstance

which would be the occasion of their change of abode.
"No; I begged him earnestly to let them do so," said Lady Ashton, "telling him what a happiness it would be to me; but he declined it positively, and with so much warmth and agitationentreating me to name it no more—that I dared not repeat my They are to live with Miss Gower, at Westley, which is only ten miles distant, and is the only house he possesses in the county that is unentailed."

"Westley! Westley is no place for them to live in," exclaimed

Sir Roland—"not for a day! and close too, to that odious town of X-, with its barracks and idle lounging officers-they will be harassed to death: I cannot consent to their living there. - I cannot endure the thoughts of it."
"My dear Roland," said Lady Ashton, smiling at his vehemence,

"you forgot that your consent has not been asked."

Sir Roland coloured deeply, for he felt that he had spoken more in accordance with his wishes, than with the realities of the case. He laughed faintly and said, "Oh! yes, I spoke foolishly—I did not mean that, of course; I only meant that my will would not consent to their living at that place. But my dear mother," he continued, laying his cheek to hers and kissing her fondly, "will you not try, once more, to move him? Try-implore of him to let them live with you."

"I would gladly do it, if I thought it would be of any avail, dear Roland," replied Lady Ashton, returning his warm caresses;
"you cannot be more anxious about it than I am;" (Sir Roland, however, felt that he was far more anxious even than his kind mother) "but he so resolutely forbade the subject being mentioned again, that I really dare not renew it. He is in so weak a state

that any agitation might destroy him at once.

"Did he give no reason?"

"None—but he entreated me to urge it no further."

Sir Roland was lost in thought, and they walked on for some time in silence.

"I trust I may see him," at length he said, with much emotion, "if only once more to clasp his hand; it would be painful indeed, never again-

"Oh! yes," replied Lady Ashton; "he knew of your arrival. and was delighted, though the news threw him for a time into great agitation; but he said he must see you, and would send

when he felt equal to the exertion."

"Dear, kind friend," exclaimed Sir Roland. "Oh! my dear mother, how much shall we miss him! And those poor girls!" He dashed the starting tear from his eye. "What a blow! How soon is happiness destroyed! This hour is the one I have had ever before me—ever!—from the first moment when I left this country! but I had arrayed it in all the glowing colours of happiness. How mournful is the difference! But now, dear mother, tell me of Henry; it is longer than usual since I have heard of him. Happy fellow! he knows nothing of our present griefs. When did you hear from him last, and where was he?"

"He was still on the South American station; but he said they were soon to leave it, so that he feared he might lose many of our letters. He begged, however, that we would continue to write, and that we would direct to different places, as his ship was moving about, and he did not know its exact destination; by which means, he hoped that at least some of our letters might reach him. I wrote about this sad event, and of your expected return, and

directed my letters both to Rio and to Valparaiso."

"Did he talk of coming home?" "No."

"Shall we go towards the house now? I feel so very anxious to see Lord St. Ervan. There is no fear of anything sudden, is

there?"

"The doctor says he cannot tell; a state like his is beyond the usual calculations of art. He thinks it possible a sudden stroke might come, and deprive him of sense, if not of life; but he rather expects that nature will gradually give way under his excessive weakness and exhaustion. We have but to wait—and thankful may we be, that his trust has long rested on Him who never fails His people. His mind is in perfect peace; and it is wonderful how he is sustained in cheerful hope, even when looking on his—so soon to be orphaned children. Poor Florence, child-like, grieves him most, with her loving expressions and unrestrained tears; but Constance's mind seems to strengthen his, she is so very bright in faith for one so young. God's everlasting arms are indeed 'underneath her and around.' But I almost fear for her when all is over. These afflictions must be felt, though we may submit with fulness of heart to God. Trials would not be trials were they not sufferings."

As they approached the house they saw Lady Constance coming towards them. Sir Roland hastened to meet her, and she informed him that her father wished to see him. He gave her his arm, and they returned together to the house. Before he parted from her to go to Lord St. Ervan, he took her hand, and looking at her with

the deepest affection, he said—

"Constance, you know not how full my heart is of you."

"Dear Roland," she replied, "you were always so kind!—and your travels have not spoilt you, or made you forgetful of those whom you loved at home."

"I must have forgotten myself ere I could have forgotten them," he replied. "Constance, our appointed meetings before God have

been most precious to me; have they been so to you?"

"They have indeed," said she, looking up affectionately at Sir Roland's anxious countenance; "I have never once failed in praying for, and with you."

ing for, and with you."
"You are looking so ill, dear Constance," said Sir Roland; "will

you not take care of yourself for our sakes?"

Lady Constance's countenance became agitated, as she answered, "I am well—quite well; but do not think of me now, dear Roland, go to him, he wants you."

"Will you not come with me?"

"No, he wishes to see you alone."
"Yes," answered Sir Roland, "and I wish to speak to him alone." And the hand that held Lady Constance's trembled, as the thought of what he wished to say to Lord St. Ervan, darted through his mind.

"Go, then, now," said Lady Constance, "he is quite composed,

and his mind is peaceful and happy."

# CHAPTER XIX.

SIR ROLAND left Lady Constance and mounted the stairs to Lord St. Ervan's room. He paused an instant before he entered it. for a faint sickness came over him at the thought of the scene he was about to witness. The stillness of the chamber of death struck a chill to his heart; but soon summoning his courage he entered.

"My dear Roland," said Lord St. Ervan, in a low voice, as he approached, his accents seeming to come painfully forth, "I rejoice

so much to see you once again.

Sir Roland kissed the hand held out to him in silence.

"You find pain and sorrow where you left all smiling," resumed Lord St. Ervan; "but you know who guides and directs. At first it seemed dreadful to leave them," he stopped, and closed his eyes a moment, "but God has taken away that sting too. And you, Roland, you are well, God be praised !—It is a joy to see you once more; you were ever the best"—He stopped, and grasped Sir Roland's hand with convulsive emotion.

"My dear Lord," said Sir Roland, deeply touched, "words canexpress the sorrow of this hour. Oh! is there anything I can do; any charge you can leave with me?—it will be my joy to

fulfil it.

"Serve your God, my dear boy, ever more and more faithfully, that is my best wish for you; and put all your trust in Him who alone can support in an hour like this. Yes, he can support!—my Saviour's feet have trod the rugged path of death for me, and made it all smooth and easy to my feeble steps. Trust Him. Rolandtrust Him!"

"God grant me grace to live wholly for Him," replied Sir Roland; adding, after a pause, in a hesitating voice, but is there nothing, as regards this world, that I can do? have you nothing to

commit to my care—my attention?"
"Nothing," sighed Lord St. Ervan. "No; all my earthly concerns are settled."

Sir Roland knelt on one knee by the side of Lord St. Ervan's bed, still holding his cold and feeble hand. They were both silent -the same subject at that moment filled the heart of each, yet neither could speak of it to the other. Lord St. Ervan well remembered Sir Roland's former proposal concerning Lady Constance, and earnestly desired that he should renew it now; but he could not be the first to mention the subject, ignorant as he was of the present state of his affections; for absence he thought, and the charms of other, newer friends, might have displaced the first love of his "boyhood's waxen heart;" and he could not endure the idea that his beautiful and precious child should be trusted to the compassion. or cast on the faded affection, of any man. Sir Roland was equally embarrassed, and could not summon courage to pronounce the name which seemed the sum of existence to him. At length Lord St. Ervan, opening his eyes, on which the heaviness of death began already almost to settle, turned to Sir Roland, and said—

"Your mother will have told you our arrangements for my children. She is indeed most kind."

Sir Roland's heart fluttered when he found this opening made:

and he answered, hurriedly-

"She has informed me that she is to have the charge of your children. But will you not, my dear Lord St. Ervan, let them also reside with her? it would make her so happy. And surely forgive me-but surely it would be far better-far pleasanter for them, too."

"It cannot be," said Lord St. Ervan, hastily.

Sir Roland felt convinced that Lord St. Ervan would gladly have acceded to the proposal, had Lady Ashton had a home of her own; but Llanaven was, in fact, his home, though his mother resided there; and he could fully appreciate the delicacy which made it impossible for a father to throw his daughters on the society of men like himself and his brother. He now, more than ever, desired that he should consent to his union with Lady Constance, in the event of his being able to obtain her affection; as in that case he thought he could not object to her living with Lady Ashton. His anxious feelings were ever on his lips, but for a time he could find no words to express them. Fearing, however, from Lord St. Ervan's extreme weakness, that life might ebb away before he had spoken the wish of his heart, with a strong effort he began at length—

"You will remember, my dear Lord, a conversation I had with

you before I left England?

Lord St. Ervan, roused to animation, fixed his eyes eagerly on

Sir Roland, who continued—

"You cannot suppose that my heart is changed; that one, who had from childhood loved Constance, could ever cease to do so. No, her happiness is more than ever my care, and her love—that which alone can make me happy. Will you not now—now after above a year of exile—will you not let me seek a place in her

heart?"

"Oh! if you had one," replied Lord St. Ervan, "I should indeed be happy; the only sadness of my heart would be removed. But, Roland, my poor boy! have you indeed thought of her-her onlythrough all your wanderings? I grieve for the pain I must have given you; but you were both so young, and I thought it best you both should know your own hearts. But now you have given me great happiness, for being convinced of your constancy, there is no one on earth to whom I could give her with such perfect peace and confidence. Truly grateful, indeed, to God should I be, could I see your faith plighted before I died."

"Thank you a thousand, thousand times," said Sir Roland, repeatedly pressing the hand he held to his lips; "you cannot know the joy your words give me! But now, dear Lord St. Ervan, as you are willing to give Constance to my care—to trust her to my love—you will surely not object to letting her and Florence reside with us at Llanaven?"

He looked earnestly at Lord St. Ervan, who replied-"I can say nothing till I have spoken to my child, and I feel that life fast fails;—send her to me, will you?"

Sir Roland left the room with a spirit much lightened; yet he was very unwilling that his wishes should be so abruptly mentioned to Lady Constance. He had earnestly desired Lord St. Ervan's consent to his final union with her, but he would fain have had time allowed him, in which he might have sought to awaken in her heart a feeling, corresponding to that which had so long dwelt in his own: for to offer her his hand without having first endeavoured to win her heart, was, he thought, a step that well might startle her, even though she had ever, he knew, regarded him with the kindest feelings. He had so honourably fulfilled Lord St. Ervan's wishes, that he had never sought to excite in her mind—however much he desired to do so—an exclusive feeling towards himself; and he could form no idea how this sudden proposal would be received. The glow of dawning hope and confidence which had arisen within him, almost faded away as he descended the stairs, and walked along the terrace to the summer-house, where he expected to find Lady Constance; and a timidity he had never experienced before, made him pause ere he approached her. He even thought of returning to Lord St. Ervan, and entreating him not to speak for the present to his daughter; but recollecting the desire he had expressed of seeing the engagement formed before his death; and fearing to agitate and distress his mind—he gave up that idea; and "casting all his care upon God," he advanced towards the summer-house, where he found Lady Constance, and informed her of her father's wish to see her. He walked by her in silence to the house; but when they had reached it, he felt it was impossible to part from her, without speaking some, of the many words which crowded to his lips. His heart seemed bursting to open itself to her, but broken, incoherent sentences were all that could find utterance. He dared not in that hurried moment enter on the subject that caused him so much anxiety; but Lady Constance could not have failed to have observed the earnest tender ness of his manner, had not her heart been filled, to the exclusion of every other feeling, with the thought of her father. Her love for him was so intense, that though she knew that she and her sister must soon be orphans; that they would have nothing they could call a home-no relation with whom to live-yet she never thought of that; her whole sum of feeling seemed centred in the one overwhelming thought of her father's death, the moment of which, she could not conceal from herself, was fast and fearfully approaching. Without him the world seemed one universal blank: and no thought of her future comfortless life intruded to mix with the pure current of her filial regret. The tension of her mind on that subject made all things else pass as dreams before her; and not all Sir Roland's warm expressions of love and devotion could rouse her mind to a consciousness of what he was saying. The sound of his words reached indeed her ear, but their meaning was lost to her mind, further than that she felt they were words of kindness and affection—sounds familiar from him.

"Dear Roland," she said in reply, "I know that you feel for

us-that you love us."

"As my own life! Constance," he replied.

She smiled kindly; but her mind was evidently wandering far away, and Sir Roland fearful of detaining her any longer, reluc-

tantly suffered her to leave him.

When she entered her father's room, she was surprised, and for an instant delighted, at seeing him apparently so much better; for the excitement and joy he felt at the hope of her happiness had lent an unwonted glow to his cheek, and lighted his eye with an anusual lustre. But she knew by sad and bitter experience how delusive were such appearances; and the hope which for a moment glanced through her mind, gave way to a darker sense of desolation than before.

"My dear child," said Lord St. Ervan, as she approached him, and knelt down by his side, "I wish much to speak to you, and have many things to say. Your kind friend Lady Ashton, has urged me to let you reside with her, instead of living at Westley; but considering that her sons were often with her, that arrangement did not at first seem desirable. A conversation I have since had with Roland has, however, opened new prospects for you, Constance, and you must decide whether or not they shall be accepted."

"My dear father," said Lady Constance, "you have always arranged every thing for me, and I feel incapable, especially now. of forming any judgment for myself. Tell me what you think best, and it must be right."

"In a case like that which I am going to mention—you, my dear Constance, and you alone, must decide. Have you ever suspected

that Roland was attached to you?"

Lady Constance started, and instantly replied, "Never."—The next moment, however, his manner and last words at the ante-room door, and several other little circumstances, flashed across her mind, though at the time they had not apparently made the slightest impression; but before she could speak again, her father

"He has however confided to me his ardent desire to obtain your love; and if you were favourable towards him, and felt you could

form an engagement-

Lord St. Ervan stopped, for he saw that his daughter looked in

his face with an almost bewildered expression.

"My dear Constance," he added after a moment, "do not agitate yourself. If this subject is painful to you, let it be dropped for

ever."

"Oh no!—not painful," she answered hurriedly, leaning her head down upon the bed—"but so unexpected!" Her mind was now thoroughly roused, and she saw in an instant that Sir Roland's proposal had given her father satisfaction; and so earnest was she to please him, that had the prospect been one in which her happiness was to have been wrecked for ever, she would have consented to it without a shadow of hesitation But such was not the case: Sir Roland, with his mother and brother, had been the only objects of real affection she had ever known beyond those of her own family; she had other acquaintances and friends-but none like these. Still she had never thought of Sir Roland in the light of a

husband; and it is difficult to say, what would have been her decision at that moment, had she had nothing but her own feelings to consult; but she saw at a glance, that by engaging herself to him, she would not only insure a kind and happy home for her sister, but would also cheer the dying hours of her father. These thoughts, which passed like lightning through her mind, reconciled her instantly to the idea of forming an engagement, which otherwise she might have hesitated to undertake.

Her father laid his hand fondly on her head, and soothingly

said-

"You shall defer your answer, dear Constance, till your mind is accustomed to the thought which is now so suddenly brought before it, and till your heart is sure of the decision it would wish to make. I knew not what your feelings might be, and I would not have tried to penetrate them; only time with me is almost at an end-and on your determination, my darling, must depend-

"My dearest father," interrupted Lady Constance hurriedly, "your wishes must be mine. Tell me only what you think, what you feel, and I——" she paused.

"Think not of me, my dearest child," replied Lord St. Ervan. "but ask your own heart its wishes, and be ruled by them. I do not say that it would be otherwise than joy to me, to confide you to one, who of all the human beings I ever met with, appears to me the brightest image of his Maker: but still the heart will not at all times follow the lead of reason, and if you could not be

"Oh! yes," exclaimed Lady Constance, "I will—I will be his." She rose from her knees, and threw her arms round her father's neck, who pressed her with all a dying parent's love, to his

"My God, I thank thee," he murmured, and closing his eyes, sunk into an almost deathlike state of exhaustion. Lady Constance, in terror, called the nurse, and they administered a reviving

draught, which after a time partially restored him.

He opened his eyes, and seeing the nurse near him, he whispered something to her, and she instantly withdrew; and in a few moments after, Lady Constance was startled by finding Sir Roland by her side. His countenance betrayed the greatest anxiety; but that expression was in an instant changed to a deep flush of joy, as Lord St. Ervan, placing Lady Constance's hand in his, said faintly. "She will be vours.

Sir Roland put his arm round the being he so long had loved, and she, with perfect confidence laying her head upon his breast, gave

way to a burst of tears.

Lord St. Ervan's strength sunk under the great excitement of his feelings, and now that all motive for exertion was over, his powers seemed almost suddenly to fail. Feeling himself dying, he whispered to Sir Roland, "I would see Florence—your mother.

Sir Roland, roused from the fulness of his mingled feelings, observed with terror the great alteration which had taken place, and in much alarm was about to speak, when Lord St. Eovan,

bending his fading eye upon the still weeping girl by his side, seemed to warn him not to alarm her; he therefore gently disengaged himself, and placing Lady Constance on a chair by her father's bed, hastened to summon his mother and Lady Florence to the chamber, intimating in a low tone to the former that the last sad scene drew near. When Lord St. Ervan saw them enter the room, he extended his arms to take a last embrace of Lady Florence, who, with the unrestrained grief of childhood, wept aloud upon his breast. Tears streamed from his eyes, as he tenderly soothed her, and whispered to her of that happy land, whither he was hastening, and where she would soon follow him, through that Redeemer, whom her young heart had already learned to love. He then turned to Sir Roland and begged him to pray with him, adding, "My soul is in perfect peace." His request was instantly complied with, and all knelt round the bed of suffering, so soon to be exchanged for the glories of a heavenly home.

When sir Roland had ended a prayer, in which his full heart poured forth all its holy feelings, he raised his head, and became instantly and painfully aware, that a fresh change had taken place in Lord St. Ervan's appearance. He still breathed, but that was all the sign of life he gave. They watched by him for some hours, but he gave no proof of consciousness; nor did a single sigh mark the moment when his soul departed. He, "passed away in sleep, in the deep quiet of the night!"

### CHAPTER XX.

"And yet we mourn thee! Yes! thy place is void Within our hearts,
And o'er that tie destroyed,
Though faith rejoice, fond nature still must melt."

MRS. HEMANS.

THE funeral was over, and the first shock which death leaves on the mind, was beginning to subside; but Lady Constance's spirits seemed not to revive, so incalculable to her was the loss of one, whose eye had never looked upon her but in love and kindness Ever since her mother's death, which took place when she was of too early an age to retain anything but a faint remembrance of it, she had been her father's almost constant companion; and he had delighted to train her young mind, not only in the purest spirit of religion, but also in the paths of learning and science. All her occupations, therefore, reminded her of his care and affection; and the notes with which he had enriched her books of study, were continually before her eyes, reminding her of the time when she had read them with him. How much did she miss the wisdom of that mind, which she formerly could consult on every subject! earth, the sky, the ocean,—all brought him to her remembrance, who had taught her the knowledge of their treasures, and the love of their Creator; and the cheerfulness of whose mind had added a charm to all his instruction. Yet the thought of his happiness was joy to her heart, and she loved to be away from others, that she might, uninterruptedly, indulge her thoughts of him. "She awoke each day to the stupendous thought, that her father was in heaven, but she felt the more, that she was not there; that a veil of separation hung between them, which nothing but death could raise."

But after a time she saw that she was acting selfishly and unkindly, in absenting herself so much from those, who strove with every attention which love could suggest, to soothe her sorrow, and win her back to cheerfulness; and as soon as she felt her fault, she

resolutely denied its indulgence.

The engagement between her and Sir Roland was known only to themselves, Lady Ashton, and Miss Gower; for Lady Ashton thought that it would be painful to Lady Constance to have it made subject of comment and conversation, so immediately after her father's death. To Henry Ashton they would of course have immediately communicated it, had they been certain where he was; but they did not like the idea of a letter containing intelligence of such a nature, to be passing from hand to hand, and finally perhaps, to be opened by a stranger. It was Lady Constance's wish that the marriage should not take place for some time; and finally it was decided, that it should be deferred till Sir Roland returned from the continent, after fulfilling his engagement with Lord N——.

It had been a great trial to Lady Constance having to leave Clawarton and all its haunts—endeared by so many ties—so many recollections! And soon a new source of grief arose, in the bad state of health into which Miss Gower had fallen, and which, very soon after Lord St. Ervan's death, obliged her to quit the pupils to whom she was so much attached. This separation was a most painful one on both sides, and to Constance the loss was irreparable; for Miss Gower had lived with her from the time of her mother's death, and was in every way qualified to lead her young mind in the healthful path of solid piety, and self-denying exertion. Kind as were her other friends, none could so well enter into her feelings as regarded her father, for none had known him so well as Miss Gower; and the loss, therefore, of this valued companion, renewed in some degree the acute regret she felt for him.

Sir Roland was unremitting in his devotion to Lady Constance; and the strength of his attachment, which daily increased, showed itself in nothing more than in the self-denial which he exercised, in never intrading on her solitude, or pressing her in any way to be with him more than she herself desired. She was deeply touched by his tender and coasiderate affection; but the very circumstance of their engagement, which should have brought her heart into closest union with his, seemed to have a totally contrary effect. In her childish years, when she had been so much with him and his brother, though Henry, who was nearer her own age, was more frequently her companien, yet Sir Roland was ever the one she had looked up to for help in her griefs and troubles; and to him she would now—had their relative circumstances remained unwhanged—have freely poured forth all her sorrows—looking to him

for comfort, counsel, and love. But her hurried engagement had arrested and altered the whole current of her feelings. The new tie that was formed between them, had arisen before her heart was prepared to receive and sanction it; and though she revered and admired him beyond any living creature, yet she now felt a 'gêne' and discomfort in his presence, which was most painful to her. She was in fact doubly bereaved. In her father she had lost the being whom most she loved on earth; and Sir Roland—to whom she would once have gone in all the fulness of her grieving heart—she now felt an insurmountable difficulty in approaching. She felt as if more would be required of her than she could give; and that feeling restrained the expression of the sentiments which really did

exist in her heart.

How often do the sweetest and tenderest ties of life—if unaccompanied by corresponding feelings—instead of drawing hearts into closer union, erect a barrier between them, causing the sense of distance to increase, as the nearness of the bond presses upon the reluctant spirit! It was this feeling which stole over Lady Constance, as she became calm enough, after her father's death, to join again in the usual routine of life at Llanaven, and which shut up her whole heart—even to her sister—for she found it impossible to talk of Sir Roland as she used to do; and where there is one point, which we feel we must avoid in conversing with those most intimate with us, it throws a restraint on all communication. A coldness and abstraction of feeling seemed to usurp dominion over one, who was by nature so open and so free; whose mind had seemed to dwell upon her lips, and whose every word had expressed the feelings of her guileless, loving, and expansive heart.

This change was unperceived by Lady Ashton, who thought Lady Constance's depression was only the natural state of a mind. unrecovered as yet from its terrible bereavement. For a time Sir Roland strove to believe so too; for he knew that the effect of grief ever lies most heavily on the young and untried spirit; but he could not long blind himself to the truth; the quickened eye of love saw deeper into the secret of her heart. He knew it could not be grief for her father, which made her so cold to him—for, previous to her engagement, she had freely told her sorrows, and sought his sympathy. But now, if her eye caught his—instead of lighting up in smiling brightness as in former times, or returning his looks of tender concern with her usual sweet and grateful expression—she hurriedly withdrew her glance, and with busy idleness, would appear to occupy herself in some way apart from him. If at any time she was alone with him in the room or garden, she would suddenly seem to recollect something which she had to fetch something to do elsewhere—as an excuse for leaving him. In fact he felt her alienation in a thousand ways; and things to which he could scarcely have given a name—wounded him to his inmost soul!

Yet she was never unkind, nor had she any feeling but that of love for him, who loved her with so full a heart; but she dreaded that he might speak—and she not be able to answer as he might wish; or that he might think her ungrateful for not fully responding to his feelings of devoted attachment. At length the suffering

of Sir Roland's mind became so intolerable, that he resolved to speak to her; and either restore the former freedom of their intercourse, or break for ever the tie that bound them together. He had tried every means which affection and devoted love could devise, to win her back to confidence and peace, but all seemed in vain; and had he not known that—if their engagement were once at an end—Llanaven could not continue a home to the orphan sisters, he would at once—whatever it might have cost him—have restored her her plighted troth, and have entreated her to break a bond which seemed so great a burden on her spirit. But situated as she was, he could not do this—and indeed the bare idea of it was agony to him;—but he determined at least to speak openly to her upon the subject, and then leave her free to act as her heart dictated.

He had much occupation, connected with the care of his own property, and with the public business of the county; but when he could find time, he often accompanied Lady Constance in her rides and walks about the beautiful country in which they resided. On the smooth sands, or amongst the picturesque cliffs of that lovely region, they had delighted in former happy days to roam for hours together, searching for the many objects which the facile mind of childhood considers as treasures; or climbing up the rocks by unaccustomed ways, whose danger made them all the more enjoyable. Amongst these well-known places, again would she and Sir Roland often ramble together; but the unchanged scenes without, made the change within but the more strongly and painfully felt. Lady Constance continually struggled against her feelings, and strove to be all that Sir Roland could wish; but the very effort produced the constraint which she was so anxious to throw off.

They were strolling along beneath the cliffs, on one of those still, soft, genial days we sometimes have in the month of February, "when Spring's first gale comes forth to whisper where the violets lie;" and overcome by the lassitude occasioned by the unusual warmth of the air, they seated themselves on a grass-covered ledge of the rock, whilst Lady Florence, at some distance, regardless of the heat, was climbing about in search of the little flowers, which bloom the first, or playing with a Newfoundland dog, which belonged to Henry, and which was a universal favourite, for the absent sailor's sake.

Sir Roland generally had with him a volume of poetry, or of some pleasant interest, such as suited the light studies of the open air, and now he read for some time to Lady Constance, as they sat together; but even while thus employed, he could not but feel the coldness and abstraction of the manner in which she listened. He ceased after a while, but the pause in his voice seemed unobserved by her.

He spoke to her at length, and she started as one awakened from sleep; but turning to him with a kind smile, though with a heightened colour, she said—

"I beg your pardon, I have been very rude and inattentive; the heavy air and the rolling of the waves sent my mind, I think, to

sleep; but I liked what you were reading, though my thoughts

had wandered from it for a moment."

"Constance," said Sir Roland, "I cannot bear that sad and patient look. I had rather a thousand times see you occasionally overwhelmed with grief, than for you to appear as if all feeling—all power of enjoyment was gone."

He paused; then with earnest energy he continued—for he had, after silently committing his way to God, nerved himself to speak

upon the subject that was to decide all his earthly fate-

"I have long observed the sorrow and oppression of your mind, and I was but toe willing for a while to believe that it was the natural effect of the griefs you had had to endure; but time as it passes brings no change to you; and the reserve and embarrassment you always show when in my society, presses the painful conviction upon me, that i—who would do all to make you happy—am the miserable cause of your unhappiness."

"Oh! no, no," said Lady Constance, interrupting him, "dear Roland, do not say that; indeed it is not so. I am not—you do not make me unhappy, but I cannot so soon forget'—and she

burst into tears.

Sir Roland with difficulty repressed his own emotion, but waiting

till he could command his voice, he said-

"Dear Constance, would that you could always let those tears of natural feeling flow freely before me. Oh! that it were as in old times, when every trouble of your heart was brought to me; when I was your comforter, and your support! I know indeed, that you have now a better and holier refuge to fly to; One who 'in all our affliction is afflicted '-but still, if your heart were with me as it used to be, you would love to claim the sympathy, which is yours now, a thousand times more than ever. Yes, I cannot disguise it from myself-it were worse than madness to endeavour to do so-you do not love me!-the fatal tie, which should have bound us together, heart and soul, is felt as a galling chain by you. I will not ask you to break it—I cannot ask you to do that—not yet—my selfish heart refuses to do that yet—but I would entreat—beseech you to believe, that worlds could not induce me to urge the fulfilment of your engagement, unless I saw and felt it was your heart's desire it should continue. You have been —perhaps unwisely, precipitately—offered an affection—wholly yours—but which, I now feel, does not meet with an answering feeling in your breast. It were vain to offer me liberty! it would be like opening the cage to the pinioned bird-I have no power to fly; but I set you free perfectly free though my own faith I shall ever keep plighted to you, till—your will shall perforce break the bond."

He spoke hurriedly, as fearing his resolution should fail, and Lady Constance was too much agitated to interrupt him. When he paused, however, she instantly besought him to believe she had no wish to end their engagement—no desire but to make herself

worthy of his affection.

"Do not speak so," replied Sir Roland; "if I am in any way worthy of you, it is only in the devoted love I bear you. But,

Constance, are you speaking your whole mind, in saying you wish our engagement to continue? Remember, dearest, it were better -oh! many, many times-to break it off now, than to find, too late, that you had mistaken the feelings within you. I have no wish," he added with a sad smile, "to persuade you that you do not love me; but I do most earnestly desire that you should hold yourself as free from any restraint.-I have sometimes dreaded,you will let me say all I feel, Constance?" he continued, looking at her for a moment, then withdrawing his eyes from her countenance, while his own was crossed by strong and contending emotions, "I have semetimes dreaded that-amongst the many persons with whom you are acquainted, there might perhaps have been some one whom—whose good qualities—who might——" He stopped—then continued with a desperate effort—"who might have left a favourable impression on your mind. Forgive me for venturing on such a subject—but I would not for worlds—weresuch the case stand in the way of your happiness. Could you confide in me sufficiently—to tell me—for I do not love you selfishly—whether—" He raised his eyes for a moment, and Lady Constance met their gaze unshrinkingly, though her colour had mounted to her temples.

"No, Roland," she answered, "I have never given a thought to any being; and I feel sure that I could not intrust my happiness with greater security to any one than to you, whom I have known from childhood—who have ever been the kindest and best of friends. But I have feared you would not be satisfied with me. I mean,' she added, as she raised her troubled eyes to his, "I thought my

oold heart might not content you—I feared——"
"Dearest Constance," said Sir Roland, "do not distress yourself; do not say another word; tell me only that you wish no change and let me new as for the first time begin to try to make you like me."

Lady Constance was much moved by his generosity, and with a

glowing smile she held out her hand to him, saying

"That would be impossible, for you have ever been one of the

dearest of my friends.

"Thank you, dear Constance, for your kindness," he replied—though a sigh rose as he felt how inadequately her feelings answered to his:-"let us then be at least true friends. Should I succeed in obtaining your full affection, then we shall indeed be happy!—If not—better, far better, that I alone should suffer."

After this conversation, Lady Constance felt much of her reserve wear off; and her intercourse with Sir Roland became more like what it had been before their engagement. Sir Roland was careful not to disturb this tranquil state of things, by showing any anxiety to engage a more exclusive feeling—though he would fain have done so—and their days flowed on in works of piety and usefulness, and in pleasant study and recreation.

Sir Roland had not expected to be called away from home till late in the spring. Great, therefore, was his discomposure, at hearing from his uncle, that circumstances having brought their

foreign plans more forward than was expected, his presence was desired immediately, and that he trusted he would be able to join him without delay. This was a severe trial to him, coming, too, just at the time whon a feeling of returning confidence had begun to dawn in Lady Constance's heart towards him, and her mind had seemed to shake off somewhat of its oppression and unhappiness. His habitual submission to the will of God restrained him, however, from murmuring; though a sigh of deep regret would often escape from his bosom. Lady Constance endeavoured by every thoughtful attention to speak her regard for him, and to render him perfectly happy in his feelings respecting her. He felt all her kindness; and her sweetness of manner towards him would have made him indeed but too happy, had there not been in all her looks and actions, a something—undefined, but not the less felt—which continually brought to his heart the chilling conviction that all she did for him, proceeded more from a desire to give him pleasure than from the spring of love within. Still he hoped that the time would come, when her heart would be wholly his; when he could feel that she sought his side—not because she knew that then only was he happy—but because that then only could she be happy herself. The oppression on his spirits increased hourly, however, during the few days that intervened between the receipt of his uncle's letter and the time fixed for him to go, and he felt utterly miserable.

"Come with me, Constance," he said on the morning of his departure; "come with me once more upon the shore. My kind mother's preparations will not be finished yet, and we shall have

time for a walk."

Lady Constance hastened to prepare herself, and was with him again in a few moments. She took his arm, and they walked on slowly, sadly, and in silence, till they reached the little turfy bank where they had sat a few weeks before, during that conversation which had served at the time to restore somewhat of peace and hope to Sir Roland's bosom. But how was that peace now again

troubled! that hope, where was it flown!
"Let us rest here," said Sir Roland.—"Oh! Constance, how
miserable I feel! my heart seems to droop within me! It is weak thus to give way; but there are times in which one's soul seems

crushed by a weight it cannot resist."
"Dear Roland," replied Lady Constance, "you will soon return

to us; will you not?'

"I know not, Constance; it seems to me as if I were going for ever! But I must not-must not give way to this despondency. I am a great professor, but I fear a poor doer of my heavenly Father's will, for my heart is terribly rebellious. But now, dear, I will try and shake off this unmanly folly, and enjoy the few moments that yet remain to me, of being with you. But yet there is one thing I must say.—On this very spot, Constance, some weeks ago, you assured me you did not wish to break our engagement.—I would not renew this subject," he added, seeing Lady Constance looked distressed—"only that I do so earnestly desire your happiness! and I wish that if ever we are united, it should be with the full consent of your whole heart,—unbiassed by anything but its own inclinations. When I am away, my mother's home might still be yours and Florence's, even if—" he stopped abruptly, for a throb of such agony passed through his heart, as for the moment completely overcame him; recovering, however, he continued—"even if our engagement were at an end.—I have spoken of Florence, because I fear that that child's happiness may be dearer to you than your own-I have at least sometimes fancied that-you sacrificed yourself for her."

He fixed his dark eyes with intense anxiety upon Lady Constance, whose countenance could at that moment ill bear the scrutiny, for she felt conscious that a desire that Lady Florence should. continue under Lady Ashton's protection had mingled with her other feelings, in determining her to continue her engagement with Sir Roland. Still she knew that her high regard for him, and her desire for his happiness, had had by far the greater share in her decision, and this reflection enabled her—when the first moment of discomfort which his words had produced, had passed—to meet his.

searching glance with openness. She replied—

"Roland, I will not deny that one of the charms of my engagement to you has been the thought of my sister's happiness; but I can truly say, that never would I, even for her sake, have re-newed my engagement, had not you yourself been one whom I loved, and who I knew would make me happy. Have I not known you," she said—kindly desirous of setting his heart at rest— "since my earliest days? and when have I ever heard an unkind. word from your lips? And do you think I cannot trust you now when, as you tell me, all your heart is mine?"

"As I tell you, Constance," repeated Sir Roland, reproachfully; "you know that all my heart is yours—at least all I dare give to

mortal being."

"I do know it, in truth," replied Lady Constance, "but I did not like," she added, playfully, "to presume upon my knowledge."

"Dear Constance," replied Sir Roland, enchanted at this return of ease and confidence, "you have taken a load from my heart; so that, strange to say, the last—the parting hour, seems the project and the best to me. God is warm mornifold which is the

happiest and the best to me. God is very merciful—who in the bitter cup of separation infuses so sweet a draught! and, in His deep compassion, sends earthly comfort to temper earthly sorrow. Constance, you will write to me, in my sad exile? You do not know the weary life I am about to lead. You will write to me?"

"Surely I will," replied Lady Constance; "and tell you all I do; so you will not escape the task of Mentor, but will have to

fulfil that, in addition to all your other burdens.

"That will be rather the charm, that will compensate for all the rest," said Sir Roland. "What a joy and delight will it be, to leave all the wearisome work, and bustling scenes I shall be engaged in, to meet you in quiet and solitude—you and God, dear Constance. Yes! thanks be to Him! the thought of you is ever accompanied with His gracious presence, for I know that you love Him as I do. But oh! now, when all smiles upon me, must I depart? and leave what alone makes life pleasant, to mix in scenes.

which I detest. I would give worlds to stay with you! it seems impossible—impossible for me to go. Dear Constance, if you knew what an agony it is for me to part from you—you whom I have loved beyond the time to which memory goes back!—And yet, perhaps," he added, sadly, "it is best for me to go. When I am away, you may perhaps think of me with greater tenderness than you do now." And he covered his face with his hands to hide his struggling emotion. After a few moments he started up, exclaiming, "But this is useless folly, and we must part; yet I am cruel, and selfish enough to feel, that were this parting the same anguish to you, that it is to me—I should be happy! Do not hate me, Constance, for I am very miserable."

Lady Constance, whose tears flowed fast, replied-

"You are unjust, Roland—indeed you are—to doubt that I love you. Oh! do believe me, when I say I do—and when I tell you how sad this parting is to me. If only I could feel that you were satisfied with me—that you did not doubt me—then I too should be happy. Surely my tears must show that this is no joyful moment?"

Bir Roland pressed her hand to his heart, and felt somewhat of consolation at the sight of her distress; but his were mingled—confused emotions, and he could not speak. He knew she loved him; but he felt that her love was not like his, and his mind was troubled. He struggled long for composure—and prayed earnestly for strength and comfort—and they were sent; his heart was lifted up to Him whose unfailing love is ever satisfying! and he rejoiced, with calmed feeling, that this world was not "his all."

"Constance," he said at length, "I do not doubt your love; and you will forgive the waywardness of my unreasonable heart. Oh! you are dear to me—dearer than anything on earth should be—for you make me forget everything almost, but yourself. I suffer sorrely for my idolatry! When my heart gives God again His proper place within me—then I shall again be happy—not till then. But all must be well; and we shall perhaps soon wander on this shore again with more joyful spirits. But new," he added in a constrained manner, "I must be going. You will come back with me?"

Lady Constance had still continued sitting on the bank, but now she sprung up, and with a faltering voice exclaimed, "Oh! Roland, do not speak so coldly to me!" and she burst into tears.

"Coldly! Constance," said Sir Roland, as every nerve trembled,

-" coldly! I cold to you!"

He felt the injustice of the accusation, yet it brought with it a joy inexpressible. That reproof was dearer to him than all the protestations of love which language could have supplied, for it showed him that she valued his affection—that she felt pained at any apparent diminution in it! He was at that moment happier than he had ever been through all his life—a new existence seemed given him; and as he looked on her he was about to leave, he felt how far better it was to be absent—and beloved, than present—and an object of indifference! He could not express what passed within him, but he spoke hurried werds of deep affection, and when Laly

Constance again looked at him, she saw in his countenance a joy it

had never beamed with before.

Arm in arm they returned to the house; Sir Roland's heart too full of happiness almost for speech, and Lady Constance happy too in the consciousness of the peace and joy she had given him. They joined Lady Askton, and after a few minutes Lady Constance left the room, that Sir Roland might be with his mother alone; but when the grating sound of the carriage-wheels was heard on the gravel before the house, she again joined them. Sir Roland's spirit sunk anew under the prospect of separation, and it was not without a painful effort that he spoke composedly.

At last the servant announced that the carriage was ready, and feeling that delay only prolonged the suffering, and increased the difficulty of parting, he rose, and embraced his mother, kissed the blooming child who hung in tears about his neck, and pressing Lady Constance for a moment to his heart, threw himself into the carriage, which soon bore him far away from the dearest objects of

his earthly affections.

### CHAPTER XXI.

"I do not think his bright blue eyes are, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his bath ever been;
But his youthful heart's a fountain clear, of mind and tender feeling,
And his very look's a dream of light, rich depths of love revealing."

MOUNTAIN.

"His very heart athirst
To gaze at nature in her green array,
Upon the ship's tall side he stands possessed
With visions prompted by intense derire."
COWPER.

SIR ROLAND was one whose society was most delightful, for to the most pleasing manners, he added all the charm of a cultivated mind, and of a lively, bright, poetical imagination. Lady Constance felt his loss execedingly; yet, when her first feelings of regret were past, she experienced a repose of nerves and of mind to which she had long been a stranger. It was, however, deeply painful to her to feel that Sir Roland's absence was a relief-painful, as regarded her own future prospects—painful, doubly, as it made her seem in her own eyes, so ungrateful to one whose heart was so wholly given up to her. When she thought of his almost faultless character, of his ardent piety, and above all, of the deep, devoted love he bore to her, she wondered that she could feel anything but the liveliest attachment to him; and often, bitterly, did she weep over the coldness, and waywardness of her heart; and tremble with self-reproach, as she could not but be conscious that now, in his absence, she felt a peace his presence had never imparted. And yet her feelings were not unnatural; for when with Sir Roland, she was perpetually watching over herself in order to be kind and attentive to him; she was fearful of paining him, anxious to be pleased with all he did, and to show.

him that he made her happy; and thus, unconsciously, she was ever acting a part, though influenced by the purest feelings, and the kindest motives; and it was an inexpressible rest to her mind and spirits, when she could again speak and act, without having to think how she spoke and acted. Now that he was absent she breathed more freely, and her step regained its elastic spring; the liveliness of her girlish spirits again began to animate her countenance, and her voice was once more heard in the tones of joyous

cheerfulness which had long been silenced.

It was a happy thing for her in some respects, that Lady Ashton was of a most confiding, unsuspicious disposition. Singularly amiable herself, she was willing to think all the world the same; and glaring indeed must have been the defect she could ever have perceived in those she loved. The beautiful simplicity of her character, and the singleness of her mind, though they assisted greatly in making her an upright, uncompromising follower of her Saviour's, yet unfitted her exceedingly for any deep insight into the characters of her fellow-creatures, and made her but little versed in reading their feelings and sentiments. What they ought to feel—that, she supposed they did feel; and no questioning doubt on such subjects ever entered her mind. Her own uneventful life had served much to increase this peculiarity of disposition. ried early, to the only man she had ever loved, she lived with him in continually-increasing confidence and affection, till death's heavy hand severed the perfect tie which existed between them; and then, the dutiful love, and amiable consideration of her sons, conspired to keep distrust and anxiety far from her breast.

From the moment that she found Lady Constance had promised her hand to Sir Roland, no doubt had ever crossed her mind, as to the whole of her young friend's heart having been given with her faith; and all the many things which had brought such bitter conviction of the contrary to Sir Roland's love-quickened eye, had passed beneath hers, without awakening one mistrustful feeling. It would in truth have been difficult for any one—especially a mother—to have looked on Sir Roland, and to have imagined it possible that the unshackled heart of any girl could have refused

itself to his love!

Lady Ashton's unquestioning confidence was a great relief therefore to Lady Constance, freeing her as it did from scrutinizing observation, and making her feel perfectly at her ease. often also made her feel uncomfortable; for in speaking of Sir Roland, Lady Ashton always seemed to infer her devoted attachment to him; and would express, with every kindness her heart could dictate, her sympathy for the sorrow which she thought his absence must occasion her; and Lady Constance, whose whole soul was truth itself, was forced to keep silence, when she would otherwise gladly have opened her heart, and all its feelings to one whom she loved as a mother. She hoped indeed that the time would come, in which her feelings for her future husband would be all he could desire, and all that his mother now fondly imagined them to be; yet it was painful to her to see Lady Ashton give her credit for sentiments, which she was conscious she did not **POSSESS** 

Sir Roland had left England but a few days, when Lady Ashton received a letter from Henry, dated from Rio, saying that he was coming home directly, and that he hoped to obtain leave of absence for a few weeks, or perhaps even months, before he was obliged to join the new ship to which he had been appointed. This unexpected news spread universal joy among the inmates of Llanaven; for they had not seen the young seaman for above three years, and he was always the life and delight of the house when at home.

There is something singularly captivating in the profession of a sailor—something so chivalrous, so full of daring, and of danger! In early youth, the being, who under all circumstances would be beloved, becomes, when absent on his storm-rocked home, the object of intensest interest and affection; and a halo of bright, but tenderest feeling, ever shines around him, and the sublime element

on which he moves!

Henry Ashton was indeed, in every respect worthy of the great affection that was bestowed upon him. He was wholly unlike Sir Roland in countenance; though in their tall slight figures, and in the fine outline of their heads, there was much resemblance. Sir Roland's was a high, intellectual style of beauty, very rarely to be met with; and on his pale brow there was a pensive dignity unusual at his age—heightening the expression of extreme sensibility which filled his dark steadfast eye.

Heary's countenance, on the contrary, was a continual alternation of light and shade. His full blue eyes had a languor and gentleness in their expression when at rest, which was most touching while, when animated, they lit up with a lustre which seemed almost to emit living sparks. His naturally fair complexion was bronzed by the sea-air, and by the burning suns of southern climes; yet his forehead, shaded by his gold-brown hair, was pure and white as in childhood. He had not the fine features which Sir Roland possessed, but his countenance—varying with every thought and feeling—was irresistible in its changeful beauty.

thought and feeling—was irresistible in its changeful beauty.

The character of the two brothers had many things in common, for they were both generous, both affectionate, both warm-hearted, and both warm-tempered; but the development of these qualities in the one differed so much from what it was in the other, that at first sight they might have been pronounced totally dissimilar. There was a difference of four years in their ages, yet their attachment was unbounded; and it would have been difficult to say, which—of the fair-haired sunny child, whose countenance "like spring time smiled," or the dark-eyed boy, whose very soul beamed from his face—had the more devoted love for the other. Yet it was curious to trace the different ways in which the same feeling would show itself! When quite a little child, if anything were given to Henry, he would invariably ask the same for his brother; and if denied it, he would often dash his own gift down on the ground, and with bitter words, and streaming tears refuse to take it; while Sir Roland—equally thoughtful for the little one—if refused the boon he asked for him, would carry off his own possession, and give that to the child—nor feel he made a sacrifice.

Henry's temper though quick, was thoroughly amiable; and his naturally careless, joyous disposition, would carry away in its bounding flood, many a grievance, and sense of wrong, which would have wounded another to the very soul; and though his mood would chafe and fret at any opposition that he met with, yet so much of playfulness and of sweet temper mingled itself with his flashing fits of anger, that it were hard to say whether they did not bring out more of beauty than they hid; as water, when thrown high in the air by opposing rocks, shines in the sunbeam with a sparkling light the tranquil stream can never show. His faults casting scarcely more of shade over his character than the summer cloud leaves on the ocean—were forgiven almost before felt; and he had therefore never fully set himself to correct them, for never had he fully learnt to know them. His religious feelings were strong and enlightened, and vice he could not tolerate; but his mind was not in perfect training and subjection, and the power of self-government

was almost, to him, unknown.

With Sir Roland it was different; his temper was naturally far more quick and fiery than that of his brother; but the violence of his feelings could not be misunderstood by a heart early awakened to a sense of its responsibilities before God; and happy was it for him, that the undannted energy of his mind, equalled its force and vehemence. He early learnt to know the depth and power of the passions against which he had to contend; and strennously did he determine to have the mastery over them. When at school Henry would fight a hundred battles, and laugh as he fought; but fir Roland's sense of right, and nobility of character made him abhor such debasing, unchristian, and ungentlemanlike scenes. Never but once and that when quite a boy-did he allow his passion to triumph over his better principle, and then he suffered bitterly for so doing; for in the battle which ensued—and which did not take place till after he had endured unnumbered provocations—he struck his adversary with such violence, that the blow, falling on the temple, dashed him to the ground. The boy was taken up senseless, and it was at first thought-dead; but though he afterwards recovered, yet the shock to Sir Roland was so dreadful, that it acted as a most salutary check against any further outbreaks of passionate feeling. It could not, however, still the power of the tempest within; a mightier force than unassisted human energy was required to effect that; and happily, such force was in time given,
the force of a living, loving faith, which slaked the inward fire, and imparted so continual a sense of God's presence to his soul, as hushed the tumult of passion, and gave him a self-subdued—or rather, heaven-subdued spirit, such as few are blessed with.

The exact time of Henry Ashton's arrival could not be calculated; and as he would land at Falmouth—which was not very far from Llanaven—there would be no time for the post to reach the latter place before he could do so himself. This kept his friends in a state of continual excitement and expectation; and every sound—especially the noise of the receding waves, drawing the pebbly shingle with them in their retreat, which from time to time reached them from the shore—seemed the welcome approach of his carriage—wheels.

Lady Florence, incapable of settling to anything, passed most of the day on the heights, watching for his ship, which would probably pass in sight; and then she would return home when the light failed, and tell of all the successive objects she had seen, which she had felt sure were his ship, but which, as they neared her expectant eyes, transformed themselves into fishing-boats, sea-gulls, or some such light gear.

At length one morning, the vehement barking of his old Newfoundland, aroused their attention; and Lady Florence, half doubting—having so often been deceived—began repeating those pleasant

lines :--

"The gladsome bounding of his ancient hound, Says he in truth is here—our long, long lost, is found,"

when the sound of the trampling of horses and the whirring of wheels were really heard before the house, too distinctly to be mis-

taken.

All flew out of the room—and Lady Florence reached the housedoor long before the bell could be rung, or any servant could appear. Henry, for it was indeed he, sprung from the carriage, and catching the child in his arms, nearly squeezed her to death; then rushing to his mother and Lady Constance—in an ecstasy of happiness, pressed them both together to his joyful heart.

"And am I really here again?" he said; "really here?—It is too

delightful! But where is Roland?"

"He is gone," answered his mother, when she could find words to speak; "his business with his uncle took him away just before

we knew you were coming."

"How intolerable!" said Henry, impatiently, as his brow contracted to a sudden frown; "I had so reckoned on finding him here—and did so long to see him!—However it is something, is it not (and the cloud cleared from his joyous countenance), to find oneself once more amongst so many that one loves? You cannot think," he added, as he seated himself on the drawing-room sofa, holding his mother's and Lady Constance's hand in his, whilst Lady Florence knelt before him,—"what a relief it is to look at your lovely, blooming faces, after having for weeks had nothing but the rough, weather-beeten visages of our old tars to refresh one's eyes with. And Constance—dear lovely Constance! how you are grown—and more beautiful than ever! And my dearest mother looking so well, and ten years younger! And you—you little torment, (to Lady Florence) twice as black and frightful as you ever were before, and, I have no doubt, seven times as mischievous! I have kept a monkey on board ever since I went to America, on purpose to remind me of you; and now I have brought him home in order that an improving system of "enseignement mutuel" (mutual instruction) may go on between you."

"Have you?" said Lady Florence,-"where is it?" And away

she flew.

"How beautiful she is!" said Henry, when she was out of hearing. "I don't mind telling you that, to your face, Constance, for

nothing can make you vain—but I am not so sure about that little

fairy.

"Do not be too sure about me," replied Lady Constance; "how can you tell what evils may have grown up since I have been deprived of—what you used to call—your 'paternal admonitions?" "Did I call them so?" asked Henry. "Well! I don't feel very

"Did I call them so?" asked Henry. "Well! I don't feel very paternal just now, so I may perhaps let your vices escape for a time. I feel very filial, I know," he added; and putting his arm suddenly round his mother's neck, much to the discomfiture of cap and cape, he pressed his rough lip vehemently to her cheek.

"My dear Henry," she exclaimed, shrinking from him, but laughing, "when did you shave last? not since you took your monkey on board, I should think? You have carried off at least a

square inch of my cheek."

"Not quite so bad as that, I hope, my beautiful mother," he replied, kissing her again with the utmost gentleness and affection; "but I confess I have not shaved to-day; for I left the ship before I had light to discern my chin from the captain's, and cleared out, and got off as fast as possible, to come here. And I have had no breakfast either, for tea-cups as well as razors have shared the plenitude of my neglect to-day, and I am regularly starving; shall I ring?" And he jumped up—stormed at the bell—and then threw himself down in his place again, with such force as made his two companions start.

"I had ordered breakfast for you," said Lady Ashton, quietly, "and here it comes." And the door opened, and a man appeared,

bearing all the requisites for his repast.

What is so pleasant-looking as an English breakfast? Its white damask, white bread, white cream, white sugar, clear china, and bright silver—all so delicate, so refined, so pure, so clean! So thought Henry as he seated himself at the table, and ate many satisfactory, wedge-shaped pieces of the loaf, and drank sundry oups of tea.

His mother and Lady Constance sat silently by; with that unconscious smile of pleasure on the lip, with which we often watch the enjoyment of those we love. Henry frequently looked at them as he satisfied his really craving hunger—with a laughing eye, and a nod or shake of his head, as much as to say, he was far too busy to

talk; till at length, pausing in his operations,-

"This is what I call enjoyment?" he said, throwing himself back in his chair, and contemplating the "wreck of matter" before him, and the bright happy faces on each side—"this is what I call real enjoyment! it only wants Roland's dear old face there opposite me, to make it perfect. I wish my uncle and all his politics were in the depths of the Black Sea rather than have taken him away at this moment!—but still this is very delightful!—When did I last see butter?" he continued, in a soliloquizing tone, "or cream—or a white cloth—or white bread—or white hands? You land ladies have no idea of the effect of these things on us 'rude and boisterous captains of the sea,' (including lieutenants). Yet it is not all the mere love of the good things of this world, but it is a little—just a little—because they are part and parcel of a system of humanized

life, which is most enchanting-perfectly ecstatic! after knocking about for years at sea, as I have done, seeing scarcely even a mermaid combing her hair, and being fed on nothing but 'toasts of ammunition bread.' Oh! it is glorious! But now my dear mother, 'mamma mia, tutta graziosa è buona,' (mother mine, all lovely and good), let me go to my room, (the old room I suppose,) and make myself respectable, and fit to appear again in your delicate presence and to kiss your delicate cheek."

"Wait till I ring, and know that everything is ready, and a good fire burning," said Lady Ashton.

The bell was promptly answered by an old servant who had not appeared before, and who now came in with coals, for which he

supposed he had been summoned.

Heave on the coals, old fellow," exclaimed Henry, "and then give me your hand;" and he shook it, and not only it, but with it the whole person of the unfortunate man with such vehemence as nearly deprived him of breath and senses.

"How are you, James? and the old lady at the lodge, and all of you? Your face is the pleasantest I have seen for many a year. I think I must take you to sea with me, next time I go; you'll

come of course?"

"Thank you, sir—quite well—glad to see you home again—grown so tall—not a bit like Sir Roland—quite well," said the poor man by snatches, as he regained breath and power of speech.
"And now, James," said Henry, releasing him, "come with me

to my berth, and see that all is made snug there.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

A wondrous and mysterious thing Is hidden in the breast: A sea of tears, a ceaseless spring Of waters ill at rest.

Oh! many are the founts through which This mystic water flows, And many are the things whose touch Disturbs its dim repose.

For joy hath its own flood-gate meet, A tear-spring all its own; And pleasant are its waters sweet,-But they rarely flow alone.

For near, too near, the fount of woe Opens its portal wide; And seldom do those waters flow But these flow at their side."-C. C. G. H.

"I REALLY think Henry is mad," said Lady Constance, laughing, when he had left the room.

"He does seem so, certainly," said Lady Ashton; "but he will get reasonable enough in time, I dare say. A sailor returning

home is like a prisoner set free; and Henry's spirits, at the best, are almost overpoweringly joyous."

"Oh! I delighted in him as he was," said Lady Constance: "he used to be like moving sunshine, making all bright around him. But now he is like thunder and lightning!"

"He is always so, at first, when he returns from sea," said Lady Ashton; "but you have never before seen him at the first moment. He used to have time to part with a little of his nonsense to the winds before he reached Claverton; and there, of course, he was under a little more restraint.

Henry's spirits were certainly always high, especially when returning home after any absence; but his violent outbreaks on the present occasion, did not all proceed from pure joy. The mind, when excited, chooses any excess that may seem easiest-laughter. or tears rather than tranquillity; that state, difficult at all times to be attained by a warm, animated temper, is impossible then. Henry's rapture, indeed, at returning home was unbounded; but the sight of the mourning dresses of the two sisters, gave his heart such a revulsion, that the moment his first joyful greeting was over, he was on the point of bursting into violent tears. Desirous of restraining this natural impulse, he made a desperate effort over his sorrowful emotion, and the exertion sent him to the opposite extreme of obstreperous gaiety. When, however, old James had finished all his operations, and had left his room, he locked the door, and throwing himself into a chair—tears, though of a calmer nature than those he would have shed at first, streamed from his eyes. The sight of the two young things whom he loved so much, in the black weeds so unsuited to their years, had brought more vividly to his mind than ever before, what they must have suffered and gone through; and it was some time before he could regain his composure. This burst, however, relieved him; and taking up a pen, he poured forth in a letter to his brother, all his griefs, and his joys; his regrets for his absence, his delight at being again at home, and his unbounded admiration of Lady Con-stance! and having finished, he applied himself to repairing the neglects of his early toilet, and then descending, went to rejoin the party in the drawing-room.

"And do I really see that 'blessed uniform' again?" exclaimed Lady Florence, who had re-entered whilst Henry was away, having first seen the monkey installed in comfort by a warm fire;—"it certainly is the most delightful dress that ever was invented."

"I am glad I am so charming an object in your eyes, Flory; we will certainly have a middy's uniform made for the monkey, and then you shall carry him about on your shoulder.-When did you

get my letter, dear mother, saying I was coming home?"
"About a week ago.—What letters of mine have you received?

and when did they reach you?"

"I have only had one for these six months—dated July, which followed me about from place to place for an age—for our ship was always in motion.

He sighed as he looked at Lady Constance, for it was that letter which had announced to him the tidings of her father's death. He saw that she remembered it too, for the tears started into her eyes, and she turned away. He strove to divert the current of her

thoughts, and began speaking of Sir Roland.
"When did he go?" he asked, "and how long will he be gone?
Are you quite sure that it was solely to please mon respectable oncle, that he has returned to the continent? Gossip has wide wings, you know, and from what I heard, even out in the 'far west,' I suspect there may have been 'metal more attractive,' than mere old men's politics, to draw him back again."

Lady Constance felt most thankful that she had turned away, before Henry began talking of his brother, for the subject was to her always embarrassing; and Lady Ashton's open nature would have prompted her instantly to undeceive Henry, by telling him of Sir Roland's engagement; but being rather of a timid disposition, and not liking to act without being quite sure that what she did would be agreeable to Sir Roland, she determined to keep silence, till she had written, and ascertained his wishes on the subject.

Sir Koland had, indeed, just before his departure from England, particularly requested that his brother -- who, it was expected, would have continued abroad for some time longer-might not be informed of the position in which he stood as regarded Lady Constance; for determining that his union with her should depend entirely on her own free choice—and not feeling certain at that time, of what that choice might ultimately be he thought, with considerate kindness, that if she should at last wish to break off their marriage, it would be less unpleasant to her to do so, if the knowledge of their engagement were confined to the few who were already acquainted with it, than if it were more widely known. Most certainly, had he anticipated his brother's return, he would have desired him instantly to have been informed of it: for he loved him too well to wish to show him any want of confidence. But at the time of his own departure, there appeared no chance of Henry's coming home; for the ship he was in had still a considerable time to remain abroad; and it was only in consequence of obtaining his promotion as lieutenant much earlier than was expected, that he returned so soon, having been appointed to another ship.

Lady Ashton, after a moment, replied to Henry's observations

about his brother, by asking,-

"Why, what have you heard of him?"
"Oh! I heard that all the Continent was at his disposal—every man wanting him for his sister or daughter, and every sister and daughter wanting him for herself; and I thought it just possible that he might have found, amongst the many offered, some one

worth accepting.

A smile played over Lady Constance's countenance, and a feeling of gratification stole across her mind, at hearing Henry's account of Sir Roland; for it is pleasant to find that others value that which we possess, even though we may be conscious that we do not sufficiently appreciate it ourselves. Our vanity, as well as our affection, is often gratified at feeling that what others covet, is devoted solely to ourselves.

Yet a sigh involuntarily arose in her breast, as she said, "He is indeed worthy of all the love that can be bestowed upon him."

"Yes," said Henry, "I know of no one who deserves to be loved, if he does not. There is nothing like him! He is the perfect Bayard of our day—the 'chevalier,' par excellence, 'sans peur et sans reproche,' (the cavalier, beyond all others, 'without fear, and without reproach.') Nevertheless, if I had been him, I would have tried my fortune in this cloudy little island of our own, before I sailed across the sea to seek it. I had rather marry you, Constance, a thousand times—though that," he said, with a smile, "would be no great exertion; or I would rather even have the reversion of that sun-burnt gipsy there, when she has got tired of her monkey, than espouse all the 'Pogalubofs,' 'Tibofs,' 'Bulcacofs,' 'Timidofs,' in existence—with their impossible names. But now, Flory, go, and put on your bonnet, and come out with me and my 'blessed uniform,' and you, Constance—come along—and mother dear—come too; I long to see each 'dingle and bosky dell,' and every nook 'by flood and fell,' and all the dear old child-remembered haunts. Come with me, all three—witches—graces—whatever you are! Fly, you two young ones,—mother, can I fetch your things? or shall they?"

"Florence will, she knows where to find them."

Shawls, bonnets, all were soon on, and the happiest quartet in the world sallied forth on a fine bright March day, with a wind just fresh enough to make exercise delightful. Henry walked between his mother and Lady Constance; and Lady Florence spun about, first on one side, then on the other, but more frequently in front, walking backwards before them, in the way in which children are wont to do, to the infinite torment of their seniors; till Henry threatening to "capsize her if she came across his bows again," made her sober her glee for awhile, and she walked quietly by Lady Ashton's side; but finding such inaction irksome, she devoted herself exclusively to the society of the old Newfoundland, who seemed never tired of fetching the sticks and stones she seemed never tired of throwing.

"Let us go and see the old lady at the lodge," said Henry, "she

was not visible this morning as I passed."

They called accordingly, and the sailor's frank cordial greeting, accompanied by a shake of the hand, rather less distressing than the one he had afflicted her old partner with in the morning, enchanted the poor old dame, who declared, "he was Mr. Henry all over; though," she added in true west country dialect, "he was

grown up so long."

When they had taken leave of her—Henry having first insisted that she should come up that evening, and drink his health in a bowl of punch—he said, "Constance, do you remember, years ago, our all climbing up to the top of that old woman's house, you, and Roland, and I? and I wanted to help you; but you said you could manage quite as cleverly as we did; so you tumbled down, and beat your bonnet into the shape of a cocked-hat, and hurt your arm, and were so cross!"

"You might be a little more civil in your recollections," said Lady Constance, laughing; "however, I utterly refuse to recollect anything about it, and I believe the whole to be a figment of your own invention."

"True, I assure you;—you were dreadfully cross sometimes, and used to scratch awfully."

"You had better not bring such things too vividly to my recollection, lest I should be tempted to renew that pleasing exercise,"

said Lady Constance.

"I have a good thick coat-sleeve now, happily, and not the poor little bare arms you used to tear so unmercifully. I have the marks now-the surgeon, when bleeding me, thought I must have fallen into the hands of the Chippewa Indians in tender youth, and have been tattooed."

"What could you be blooded for?" asked Lady Florence.

"To cool my temper, my dearly beloved; I grew so fierce in those hot climates, that I became a terror to all beholders, especially to small girls, with blue eyes and rosy cheeks. It was dreadful the deaths I put them to! I hove some into the sea—impaled others on cactuses-bobbed for sharks with others!-but I have kept one particularly dreadful mode of extinction, solely for the benefit of small English girls, which tortures them horribly—especially if their hair curls, and their names begin with an F." And he east a terrific glance at the curly-haired "F." by his side. "But now let us go down to the shore."

Lady Ashton said she was tired, and Lady Florence went home with her, while the others descended the cliffs, by a corniche path,

which led down from the shrubbery.

"How exactly everything is as it was," said Henry. "The trees. to be sure, and you—are grown; but the sea does not seem to me an hour older! Do you really mean to say that it has been splashing away on this shore ever since I went? Do you remember. Constance ?-

"No-I do not mean to remember anything," she replied; "your memory is such an ill-taught thing, I desire to have nothing

in common with it."

"Oh! do not be so cross with me," he said, beseechingly; "I was going to remember something very pretty of you: how you cried and bemoaned yourself one day when I fell down this cliff, and did not hurt myself at all. You were so sweet, so very sweet as a child, spite of your scratchings—which to do you justice, was only your baby-work. Oh! the many hours we have been here together!—the many holes we have dug in the sand, and watched to see filled with water—the many times we have stood with our backs to the sea, purposely, when the tide was coming in, and then been so wonderfully surprised, when the waves came over our feet?

Those were delightful days!" And he walked on with a smile on his cheek, as if he were going over in his mind, the charms of those happy hours.

But," he continued, after half a minute's silence, "if there is one pleasure in existence more delightful than all others, it is—to be, as I am now, with those one loves, and to whom one can say 'Do you remember?'—The friends of after days may be, and often are, dear, but not like these—the first."

"Well, dear Henry," said Lady Constance, "I will not check another of your recollections. I shall like to hear them, though

they will often perhaps sadden me."
"Dear Constance," he said, with much feeling, "do not fancy me a heartless wretch, because I seem in spirits, and talk nonsense. I cannot help being happy, for I am at home again with those I do so dearly love! but still I grieve so very much for your affliction!"
—He kissed her hand affectionately, and added, "but you know how much we all love you, and that we would do anything to make

you happy."

"I am much happier than I was," replied Lady Constance; "but still I cannot help feeling his loss, and shedding many, many tears; even your return has saddened me, thinking how fond he used to be of you, and how much he would have rejoiced to see you again." And with renewed tears, she entered on some of the par-And with renewed tears, she entered on some of the particulars of her father's death, and of her own sad feelings, to which Henry Ashton listened with the deepest interest; answering with kind, heart-soothing words; and leading her thoughts back to cheerfulness, by his animated affection, and bright views of life and of eternity.

"And my dear brother," he said, "how did he like going back again? He used to tell me, when he was abroad that he longed so

much to return home."

"It was no wish of his to go back," answered Lady Constance; thankful that the trembling of her voice was concealed by the

lingering sobs, which she could not yet quite overcome.

"If he were here, my happiness would be complete," said Henry; "only that there is ever the undying sensation which accompanies extreme happiness—the something which whispers amidst it all— 'How fleeting!' 'Why are the joys that will not last, so perishingly sweet?' It is a very good thing, though, Constance, that it is so! Joy on the one side—sorrow on the other—lift the soul towards God. And after all it is 'unwise to cast away sweet flowers. because they are not amaranth.'"

"I am glad you have those contented, yet serious feelings, Henry," said Lady Constance; "that is the only frame of mind which turns

all to good.

"I cannot imagine how people get through life without them," he answered. "The commonest little squalls of trouble one would think were enough to set people on the look-out for a sure anchorage and quiet haven; and yet one sees thousands—women too, who seem as if a breath would blow them into nothing—bearing on through weights of woe, heavy enough to crush the earth—without one bright or hopeful look to the 'land of pure delight'-without one moment's sense of the love of God, or one craving for His sympathy! I have known little of trouble or sorrow, myself, certainly. but I know this—that with God I could be happy, were I alone in the world; but that without Him-not all the heights of my glorious profession—not all the riches of the world—its best riches, home-love-not you, nor my dear mother, nor-almost dearer than all-Roland himself, could make me happy without Him. I am as sure of that as if I had lived all the years, and gone through all

the troubles of the Wandering Jew."
"Yes; it is true," answered Lady Constance; "without Him there can be no abiding peace on earth; but my weak heart has often been very sorrowful even with Him. And yet, perhaps I should say, it was when forgetting Him, and thinking too much of my earthly father, that I missed the comfort which my Heavenly One alone could bestow. I should think the sea, Henry, must be a place peculiarly fitted to awaken thoughts of God in the heart."

"It is in the power of no place to do that," replied Henry; "it is the Spirit of God alone, as you well know, Constance, that can

ever awaken our dead souls, or put one ray of light into their darkness. The sea may perhaps, as well as the starry heavens, and other works of God, furnish an argument for the Deist against the Atheist;—as Napoleon, when going to Egypt, hearing some of his generals talking infidel trash, pointed up to the star-lit heavens, and said 'Messieurs, qui est-ce qui a fait tout celà?' ('Gentlemen, who made all that?') but never, dear Constance, will such things make a man a Christian. I remember indeed on one of those—oh! heavenly nights, which we have in the south, where the sky is literally paved with stars—that we were talking on the subject of Christianity on board of ship, and one man said in a tone of the greatest contempt—pointing upwards: 'Yes, you turn from such a glorious sight as this, and set up a rush-light in its stead '-meaning revelation. Enormous noodle! as if revelation did away with the God of nature, and did not rather exalt Him a thousand-fold. But these irreligionists are so intensely silly! I do not wonder at Scripture always calling them 'fools!' Their arguments are such as Their arguments are such as Balaam's ass might blow away."

"Yet they are not so easily got rid of, either," said Lady Con-

"No, because they have struck deep in the unfathomable mire of the unregenerate human heart; and their roots are nurtured from beneath by the fosterer of all ill things. I can make allowances for all mistakes in religion, but I cannot tolerate those who scoff at it."

"But there are some who, though unbelievers themselves, yet do

not scoff at Christianity," said Lady Constance.

"Yes, and I have a true, though painful friendship for several persons of that kind; painful, because the more I like them, the more, of course, do I feel, for what I know from Scripture, must be

their hopeless case, as long as they reject the only hope of sinners."
"Yet how strange it is," said Lady Constance, "that many who
deny Christianity are remarkably amiable, upright, benevolent, and moral people-often more so apparently than really pious

Christians.

"More shame, then, for the pious Christians," said Henry, smiling. "Yet it is to be accounted for this way: Satan cares not one jot, whether we sleep away, or violently sin away our souls; therefore, those whom he secures by opiates, he is judicious enough not to arouse by making them commit alarming crimes; while the very faulty dispositions of others may be the means, in God's hands, of making them feel they are not fit for heaven on their own account, and so of leading them to Him, who alone can take them there. Whitfield said, he never had so much success in preaching as among the colliers, who having evidently no righteousness of their own, were most thankful to hear of, and most ready to accept, the imputed righteousness of another. Those amiable, good sort of honourable unbelievers, and worldlings, remind me of a story I have heard my mother tell of an old man, whom she knew when a girl, and who was suffering dreadfully from gout, or something—and was complaining accordingly, when a friend said, 'You do not look ill in the face.' 'I'm not ill in the face,' he answered in a rage. Now, these people are 'not ill in the face;' the outward man is well enough to look upon; whilst within exists the deadly disease of unpardoned sins, and an undevoted heart."

"I think," said Lady Constance, "that Erskine says so admirably, 'God is not obeyed by our doing what He desires, but by

our doing it out of love to Him."

"Yes, that is the only acceptable motive—the only one of God's own planting," replied Henry. "Love is the fulfilment of the law," both to God and man;

'Love is life's only sign!
The spring of the regenerate heart,
The pulse, the glow of every part,
Is the true love of Christ the Lord,
As man embrac'd, as God ador'd.'

But how delightful it is to hear you talk in this way, Constance; and yet so strange! You were quite a little girl when last we parted, not much older than Florence—skipping and flying about as she does new, and talking anything but sense—though very dear nonsense. Now, you are grown sober, and tall, and ——"he stopped, and looked at her with an expression which showed he did not disapprove the change which time had made. She laughed, and coloured as she said.—

"You must not forget that time is as awake and busy on the deck of a man-of-war, as he is on 'terra firma' (firm ground). You, too, are very different in some ways, to what you were; though

not in all."

"What am I changed in?"
"You are much taller, and—"

"Much handsomer," interrupted Henry, "am I not? Say so, dear Constance; do flatter me a little; it is so pleasant to hear oneself praised."

"I do not know that you are handsomer," said Lady Constance.
"Ah! your eve has been spoilt by having my Adonis brother so
long before it," he said, smiling. "Well, if I must yield, let it be
to him, and welcome.

"You are too different to admit of a comparison."

"That does not satisfy me at all," said Henry; "I want something positive said in my favour. If you go on provoking me, I

will not yield even to my peerless brother; and I will make you this evening sing, 'Les yeux noirs, et les yeux bleux' (Black eyes and blue eyes;) and take all said in praise of the latter to myself. How often, by the bye, have I thought of that silly song, when I saw the dark-eyed, but really beautiful women of the south. The remembrance of my anticipations of what you would be, 'Signorina mia,' made their magnificent gazelle-like orbs shrink into shrivelled sloes in my estimation. But I am grievously disappointed after

"I think you are talking great nonsense, my dear Henry," said Lady Constance, quietly. "If you wish me to understand that you think me celestially beautiful, say so at once, and waste no more time; and I in return will say that I think you quite goodlooking enough for any man; so let that matter be considered as 'signed, sealed, and delivered,' and settled for life."

Not for life, alas! Constance; unless we mean for the future to subsist solely on Hebe's fare—determined to 'flourish in immortal youth; but-

"Well then, for the present at least; so now be rational again." "But why should you return my civilities with such asperity?

Art thou incensed at being reckoned beautiful?"

"Not in the least-but I hate," added Lady Constance, with a provoked smile, "having inuendoes made on the subject. It seems so much as if one was considered 'la bête' as well as 'la belle.'"

"You know, Constance, I could not—

"Oh! don't make me compliments on my understanding now," she cried. "Do let it be inserted at once in the agreement, that I am, besides all other good things, 'wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best---'"

"Yes, if you add also, 'provokingest, hard-heartedest,'" said

Henry, laughing, though half angry.

"Agreed," she replied.

"But tell me, Constance, do you really suppose every woman likes to be thought beautiful?"

"If she is so, of course; why not?"

"Ay, if she is so; but who is to decide that question?"

"A sensible woman will decide it for herself.

"But I thought it was reckoned the proper thing for a young lady to be wholly unconscious of her beauty; and to start like a timid fawn, if zephyrs whispered it in flitting by, or flowers bowed 

Any one might well start under those circumstances," said Lady Constance, laughing with her gleeful voice; "but I imagine that that race of young ladies is past—evanished with the whispering zephyrs and bowing flowers. These railroad days cherish not such unconscious levelinesses. No, my dear Henry, it is the part of all sensible bodies, men or women, to find out what they are, and to appreciate themselves accordingly."

"Well, that will do, as far as people's sense concerning them-selves goes," answered Henry; "but how are they to show their

sense in their estimate of others?"

"Oh! that is equally simple," answered Lady Constance, gaily; "we should reckon all as sensible people who are sensible of our

merits, of course."
"Then," said Henry, pausing in his walk, and turning to her with a bright smile, "you must write me down in our agreement -'most sensiblest'-for no words can express what I think of vou.

There was something in Henry Ashton's manner as he said this, which startled Lady Constance; and an undefined sensation of dread took possession of her. She considered herself already as Sir Roland's wife; and words like these, even if spoken in jest, she could not like. She coloured deeply; but a slight feeling of displeasure enabled her to meet her companion's eye calmly, though gravely, as she said after a moment's pause,—

"Now a truce, dear Henry, to all this nonsense; I hate this foolish style of conversation, though I have given way to it myself. It is so different to what we had been having before so different to our former habits! Do let us be as in the dear old times, or I shall have no comfort in you, and shall feel for you

quite as a stranger.'

"Do not do that, Constance," said Henry, completely checked, and his bright look giving way to one of pained embarrassment; "I would not offend you for the world."

"I know you would not," she replied, "and you have not offended me; but I want to consider you as my old companion the brother of my childish days; and if you are to be making absurd speeches every moment, you will tire me to death; and then I must take refuge with my mother, (for so she always called Lady Ashton) and give you quite up—and you might as well be at sea again.

Henry Ashton took her hand, and kissing it with deep, affec-

tionate respect, said,—

"Forgive me, Constance, I will not be so foolish again."

"I have nothing to forgive, Henry," said Lady Constance, much touched; "I was talking nonsense as well as you; and after all I am making a great deal, perhaps, of nothing; only—I do not

"I perfectly understand you, my darling sister," said Henry, comprehending her meaning, and with intuitive delicacy, resuming his old, natural, unconstrained manner again; "you like that I should be the 'Henry' of your scratching days, and not the conceited, presumptuous coxcomb I was just now.

"Yes," said Lady Constance; "we cannot be better than we were when digging holes in the sand, and letting the sea wash

over our feet.

Lady Constance was truly wise in thus early putting an end to Henry Ashton's demonstrations of regard. She was young both in years and in experience, yet she could not misunderstand his manner to her; and though she did not suppose that what he felt for her on this, the first day of his return—was love—yet she felt that it was what would—if allowed to continue and increase—

render her intercourse with him extremely unpleasant, and completely destroy all the happiness and freedom of their former days. She wished earnestly to tell him of her engagement to Sir Roland; as that, she thought, would immediately settle their relative positions, and prevent his ever having a feeling for her, beyond what he might freely have for his childhood's companion, and the betrothed of his brother. But as Lady Ashton had told her of Sir Roland's wish that it should not be known, she did not like to do what she thought he might disapprove. What she had said, however, seemed to have entirely the desired effect; for Henry Ashton immediately treated her with the same free cordiality he used towards her sister-making no difference in his manner between the two; and this set her quite at rest, and enabled her to enjoy his society again without fear or scruple. And true enjoyment it was; for he was full of information, and anecdote; having seen much, observed much, and read much; and having withal, an internal laboratory which converted all into profit.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"Our best affections here,
They are not like the toys of infancy,
The soul outgrows them not,
We do not cast them off."—*Unknown*.

"There are noble things which pass over thy powerful mind."--Ivanhoe.

The time passed happily at Llanaven, while Sir Roland was in all the turmoil of business, and of almost incessant travelling abroad. The transaction he was carrying on, was happily, one in which he felt great interest; for, unlike many diplomatic matters, it was of such a nature as, if well conducted, would conduce to the happiness of thousands. But his own happiness was sorely disturbed by receiving no letters from home. He knew, of course, that many were written; but he was so constantly in motion, that he did not know where to tell his uncle to forward them to him; so that after the first few days, he was above two months without beholding the handwriting of either Lady Constance or his mother; and consequently, all that time had elapsed, before he knew of his brother's arrival at home.

On his return to his uncle's, he found a pile of letters awaiting his perusal. They had been arranged for him by Lord N—'s thoughtful order, according to the date of their arrivals, and with eager haste he began to examine their contents. The first which met his hand was from Lady Constance, written with a kindness and affectionate cheerfulness, that gladdened his very heart; and long did he gaze on the characters which so beloved a hand had traced, ere he felt inclined to open any other. The kindly style in which she had written was not in the least assumed, for the relief which, as has been observed, her spirits experienced from Sir Roland's absence, had communicated itself to her whole being; and her

regard for him again flowed forth, almost as freely as in the former

pleasant days of their unclouded affection.

The next letter he opened was from Lady Ashton, containing the unlooked-for news of Henry's expected arrival, but saying that the time of his coming was uncertain.

Another kind letter then presented itself from Lady Constance, full of pleased anticipations of Henry's return, and more than ever satisfactory in its tone of feeling towards himself. He pressed it to his lips, and felt a glow of joy and of confidence in the love of her who wrote it, which had never before warmed his heart.

Alas! how slight a veil may hang between the extremes of pleasure and of pain! A seal broken—a little sheet of paper unfolded—a word—written or spoken!—and the whole hue and

tenor of our lives may be for ever changed!

With an almost listless hand, (so full was he of happiness), did Sir Roland open the next letter. It was from Lady Ashton, telling him of Henry's actual arrival, and giving an account of his looks, &c. He read the beginning with excessive pleasure; and paused a moment, as a flow of deep affection came over him, at the thought of his brother, and of the joy and happiness which all at home must have experienced at this delightful meeting. How ardently did he desire to be at Llanaven at that moment! The yearning of his heart, to his brother especially, was inexpressible; and the thought of his being at home made him, with impatience, sigh for the weary time of his own exile to expire. How did he long again to be amongst those so dear to him! to enjoy with them their rambles through the woods, their rides over the breezy downs, their moonlight walks by the side of the restless sea. But he strove to subdue the murmurs that involuntarily arose, and one upward glance brought down peace and strength. Again he took up the letter. What was there in the few short words that followed, that could so completely unhinge his soul? They were: "Shall I not tell Henry, now he is come home, of your engagement to Constance?" Simple words!—yet they brought with them a hurricane of feeling to Sir Roland. He glanced impatiently at the date, and saw that the letter had been written full two months before! An idea new and horrible seized his imagination -tremors shook him from head to foot-the paper rustled in his shaking hand, and the characters flitted and faded from before his eyes! Unable to still his painful trembling, he leaned his his head upon his hand.

"With what an agony," he thought, at length, when the confusion had cleared a little from his mind, "have I thirsted for these letters! and now with what agony do I receive them! Two months! And Henry has been two long months with Constance, in all the freedom of early friendship—unknowing of her engagement! He must love her!—he must love her!—it is impossible but he must love her! And she—?" He shrunk as if a gulf had opened before his feet. His mind rapidly reviewed the scenes of their early youth, recalling how Henry had ever been Lady Constance's chosen companion—the partner of all her occupations—the participator in all her pleasures! The thoughts which these

recollections awakened within him now for the first time, seemed to search his very brain as they crossed it. He started up with the insupportable suffering, and walked to and fro with hurried steps. "Oh! God!" he exclaimed aloud, "save me from this—save me from this. Why did I not tell him at once of our engagement, and put him on his guard? And yet," he continued, as he paused in his agitated walk, "I did it for her sake! But to lose her!-now, when my happiness was at its height; her-whose image never leaves me—to see her love another!—Oh! my Father, avert this intolerable anguish from me!" And again he agitatedly paced the apartment. "But," he said, with sudden hope, "I may be tormenting myself with that which has existence only in my own wild brain:" and he again took up his mother's letter. It contained nothing to alarm him, save that the reality—so terrible to his imagination—remained unchanged: "Henry was there with Constance, believing her unshackled!" His impulse, when he had finished reading the letter, was instantly to write, and desire that his brother should be told of his engagement; and he seized a pen and wrote to that effect. He then with a trembling hand took up another of the letters; it was from Henry himself—the one he had written in the height of his feelings, on the first morning of his arrival. He spoke with eostasy of being again at home, again with those he loved;—but though at another time Sir Roland would have delighted in dwelling on all the particulars of that which interested his brother, yet now he had but one thought in life, and his eye ran feverishly over the lines, till it rested on the name of "Constance." His head swam, and his heart beat audibly, as he read the expressions of extreme admira-tion with which his brother spoke of her—and crushing the paper in his hand, he burst into tears.

"If such," he thought, when he grew more composed—"if such were his teelings on the first day of their meeting, what must they be now? And will she not—does she not return them?"

He dared not answer that question to himself—he knew she had never loved him, as his love to her deserged, "and now," he thought, "will all her heart be filled with him—her childhood's favourite—whose blighting love has come between me and happiness." His mind was too confused for prayer, and he sat as if paralyzed. A flush of indignation for a moment darkened his brow—but then a milder feeling softened the expression of his eye as he reflected, "And if he does love her, is he to be blamed? is he not rather 'sinned against than sinning?' Oh! that I had known he was coming home! or that my dear mother had not attended to what she thought were my wishes. He ought to have known all instantly, and not have risked his happiness—or mine."

He dwelt on the thought of his brother, of that young, gay, joyous being—and a tide of noble tenderness rushed over him.

"He shall not be told it now," he exclaimed aloud, in the fervour of his generous feeling. And he took the note he had written, and tore it into fragments. "I may be—Oh! God grant that I am, premature in my fears! And yet, can he be so long with her—so intimately,—and remain indifferent?" He thought

of her loveliness, her gentleness and piety, and all the attractions which bound his heart so completely to her: and a smile, though a sad one, rested on his lips as the vision passed before him. Slowly he took up the pen and began to write. The effort was great;—he paused. "I will at least," he thought, "read all these killing

letters before I decide.'

He read them in the order in which they had come. Those from Lady Ashton contained not a word to influence him either way, though she frequently renewed the question contained in her first. Those which Lady Constance had written immediately after Henry's arrival, were short, but joyous and affectionate; often saying that his own presence was all that was wanting to make their happiness complete; and in reading these, Sir Roland's fears vanished, and he upbraided himself for his faithless folly, and for his doubts of her Then again, her letters became more sober, and more full; and yet they seemed, he thought—but it might be only fancy less free than before; she seemed more studious of pleasing him, more full of inquiries as to what he was engaged in; -but she dwelt more, he thought, on what she read, and what she did-less on what she felt. At the moment of reading them, he was satisfied with their contents, but when he had closed them, it seemed as if something were wanting. Again he read them, and again he was satisfied;—he closed them—and again the nameless want pressed on his heart. Henry's letters were frank, affectionate, and full of happiness; and though he often mentioned Lady Constance, yet it was never again with the vehement, enthusiastic admiration which had, at first, so startled and alarmed Sir Roland—and again the latter smiled at the folly of his fears.

But these letters must be answered, and what should he say? After a second perusal of them, he felt so tranquil, that he thought his first design, of informing his brother of his engagement, could involve no risk of that brother's happiness, and would be but a just mark of confidence and affection on his part; and he determined to write both to Lady Ashton and to Henry himself to that effect. Yet still he felt dissatisfied—he paused, and passed his hand often across his troubled brow. He could not determine what it was best to do. A decision would have been difficult had he been a dispassionate judge in the case of another; but here where all his hopes of earthly happiness were involved—where an affection that seemed his very self, was henceforth to form his sum of human joy or misery—can it be wondered at that he found it almost impossible to decide? If Henry and Constance remained in their feelings towards each other, as they had been in former days, all would be well either way; but if not-would it not be crushing the hearts of the two beings he loved best on earth, if he suffered his claim to interfere between them ?- Hard thoughts were these! A bitter sentence to pronounce against himself!—Should he write to Lady Ashton, and ask in confidence, whether she had perceived any particular attachment between Lady Constance and his brother? No,-this course displeased his open nature; it seemed as if he were placing a spy upon their actions; and it might also be need-lessly disturbing his mother's peace. Should he endeavour to obtain his brother's confidence? But then it seemed as if the bare suggestion of the thing might awaken in Henry's breast feelings which else might never have existed. Again he thought (and this course seemed to offer most of peace) that he would write at once to Lady Constance herself, and ask—without naming his brother,—if, in his absence, she still wished—as she had said she did, when they were last together—that their engagement should continue. He would entreat her to remember what he had before told her—"that worlds should not induce him to urge the fulfilment of her vow, unless her whole heart could ratify it." He would beg of her to consider herself entirely, and to let him feel at least, that she thought him worthy of her fullest confidence.

Yes! this he would do!—But ere he had got through many lines, "No"—he thought "this might seem like distrust of her, and might be felt as throwing myself on her generosity. What shall

I do? Oh! my God, undertake for me."

He pushed the writing materials from him, and started up. "I cannot write to-day," he said: "I cannot sufficiently command my thoughts. To-morrow may bring calmer feelings. I must," he added, with a faint smile, "like Hezekiah, 'spread my letter before the Lord,' and doubtless I shall be directed aright."

He locked up the papers that had such power to trouble him, and went to gaze once again from the old accustomed window. He was in the room where he had so long watched over Mr. Anstruther, in days when his own prospects had been brighter than now they seemed. He recalled to mind the elevated state of feeling he had often enjoyed in that spot, where he had felt at times as if nothing could shake the happiness which rested on God alone—which had Him for its source, and satisfying portion;—and again somewhat of peace stole into his heart.

"A few short years," he thought, "and I shall be even as that being, who here once suffered so much, but who is now beyond the

reach of evil!

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'How shall I then look back and smile, On thoughts that bitterest seemed erewhile; And bless the pangs that made me see, This was no world of rest for me.'"

It was just a year since Mr. Anstruther's death; and the world without was so unchanged! There were the same bright lights, the same length and breadth of shadows—the same vivid colourings; and Sir Roland, after looking forth for a time, could have almost fancied that, if he turned, he should again behold before him Mr. Anstruther's pale, and suffering, yet spiritual countenance. He remembered his words—that "if ever he was in trouble he should think of him, and be comforted"—and he was comforted. A blessed conviction filled his mind that the same God who had sustained the dying spirit of his friend, would be with him also, and would strengthen him under every trial.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

"How often is our path
Crossed by some being, whose bright spirit sheds
A passing gladness o'er it; but whose course
Leads down another current, never more
To blend with ours! yet far within our souls,
Amidst the rushing of the busy world,
Dwells many a secret thought, which lingers still
Around that image."—MRS. HEMANS.

WHEN ready for dinner, Sir Roland descended the stairs, and found Lord N—— in the drawing-room, who informed him that they were to dine at the —— ambassador's, to whose house they

accordingly proceeded.

When first Sir Roland had returned to —— from England, he had stayed but a short time at Lord N—'s, and had had so much business that he had scarcely had time to see any one. His appearance, therefore, on the present occasion was hailed with the greatest delight; for though some were strangers, yet many in that large party had been in —— when he was formerly there; and by them he was warmly greeted. One indeed, there was, to whom his presence brought a mixture of pain and pleasure difficult to be concealed;—from whose eye, no power could keep the springing tear, when she again so unexpectedly beheld before her one, whose image she could not banish—though she knew he thought not of her.

Isabella Harcourt was a pale but lovely-looking creature, who had become acquainted with Sir Roland when he was at —— the year before. She belonged to a gay, worldly family; but, of delicate health and shrinking mind, she even then wearied of the fashion and dissipation which could not give her peace; and craved for something to rest upon—something to satisfy the void within. Her only brother—younger than herself—was then fast sinking before the fell power of consumption, to which fatal disease he had since fallen a victim. To him she was devotedly attached; and gladly would she have exchanged each gay scene, and cheerful meeting, to have stayed by his sick couch, and soothed his suffering

moments.

At a little evening party, at that time, while sitting alone in silent abstraction, she suddenly caught words of heavenly wisdom, which were accidentally uttered in her hearing; and turning, met a countenance that had never since left her memory! Her young and romantic heart became irresistibly attracted by Sir Roland's character; and, too timid to speak much herself, she would often sit by and listen, when he spoke of religion to others, till her whole soul seemed filled with the subject. Never, till then, had the words of truth reached her ears; and they fell like dew upon a heart, which, though so young, was tired of all the glare of life. She gradually obtained clearer and clearer views of religion; but she also began fearfully to understand the nature of her feelings towards Sir Roland; and bitterly did she mourn over the incaution with which she had

suffered her heart's best earthly love, to fix itself where she felt it was not returned.

Sir Roland was indeed to her both "bane and antidote;" for while he was the cause of much earthly sorrow, his words and bright example, were the means of leading her to Him, who never fails or disappoints His people, and who alone could heal the wounds so unwittingly inflicted. There was also a feeling within her, which told her that, whether for happiness or sorrow, this world could not be long for her; and her affectionate heart would at times rejoice, even through tears, that one she loved so much, had not placed his hopes of happiness on a being, so soon to have been lost to him.

It had been impossible for Sir Roland, during his former stay at Lord N---'s, not to perceive the effect which his presence always had upon Isabella Harcourt. Her mind, though diffident and retiring to the utmost degree, was like a shrine of crystal, too transparent to conceal what it contained; and her ever-varying countenance revealed but too faithfully every emotion which agitated her. Often when Sir Roland was conversing with others, (for she seldom spoke to him herself,) would her attention be rivetted on him and his words, to the total forgetfulness of all around her, till suddenly perhaps, catching his eye, she would shrink back into concealment. She repeated to her brother (often without knowing its meaning) all that she could recall of Sir Roland's conversations on religious subjects; and the boy eagerly listened to things so new and so delightful to him. His parents and eldest sisters were always kind: and would try to cheer his drooping, and often fretful mind, with accounts of their pursuits and pleasures; but in these he could feel no interest; and though Isabella, in her fond love, had been ever striving to soothe and please him, yet her naturally pensive mind had dejected, rather than enlivened him. She had loved the poetical, and sentimental, and fanciful style of German literature; and had been but little acquainted with Scripture truth. Her thoughts of death had been rather as of a release of the spirit from the burthen of the flesh, that it might with freer love hover around the objects of its earthly affections, than as that which must fix man's doom for ever. She had endeavoured to feed her dying brother's mind with the fancies which had filled her own; and often told him "that the sighing of the summer winds in the high branches of the trees—'The Psithurisma of the dark-blue pine'—was the voice of those of other days, calling them to join their happy throng!"

Such fanciful imaginations were ill calculated to supply the invalid with strength to bear up under the depressing influence of sickness and confinement, or to support and guide a spirit already on the confines of eternity. But when Isabella Harcourt had heard the words of sober, though exalted piety which Sir Roland spoke—these unsubstantial fictions rolled away before their influence, like the vapours of night before the morning sun; and as she repeated to her brother the words which had had such power to arrest her own attention, then indeed he too began to feel that there was something which at last could suit and satisfy the wants of his soul. He urged his sister to go as much as possible where she could meet Sir Roland, and to listen, for his sake, to all he said;

and Isabella, thus stimulated, watched with almost breathless eagerness, to catch the faintest sounds of a voice already too dear to her;—drinking in at the same moment, poison to her heart and health to her soul. The latter, however, was all she communicated to her brother, keeping her unhappiness concealed; and some months after, when Sir Roland had departed for England, and her brother died, it was with a mixture of joy and sorrow not to be described, that she felt that the latter had owed his salvation almost entirely, as far as human means were concerned, to one thus doubly endeared to her grateful heart.

Her close attendance upon her brother had greatly injured her health, which had never been strong; and, in fact, the same disease which had laid him in his early grave, was evidently stealing with insidious power, into the very springs of her life. The loss of the brother so deeply loved, and her other griefs, preyed continually on her spirits; and though in gentle acquiescence with her parents' wishes she still went out into society, it was evident to all (but those most immediately about her), that the grave just closed on the only son, must soon be opened again to receive her—his nurse—his comforter—the guide of his young steps to the throne of grace and mercy.

Sir Roland could not be insensible to the devotion of this sweet and beautiful creature; yet he was far above the sinful weakness of doing aught to increase a sentiment, of which he knew too well the force.

It has been said that the feeling entertained for those who love us, but whose love we cannot return, is "ni amour—ni amitié; mais une classe apart." (Neither love, nor friendship, but a class of its own.) No truer saying! It may be vanity—it may be kindliness—(probably a mixture of the two)—but give it what name we will, we may observe, that a sentiment of interest ever dwells in the breast of those who have been beloved, for those who have wasted on them the treasures of a vain affection, even though the measure of that interest amount not to reciprocity.

Painfully did Sir Roland feel this towards Isabella Harcourt; and when he met her so unexpectedly at the ---- ambassador's, on the occasion we are speaking of, nothing could still the pang that darted through him at witnessing her uncontrollable emotion. She looked so ill, too! and when the sudden suffusion of colour which had arisen for a moment, faded away from her cheek, it "left its domain as wan as clay." The sight of her-clad too in her mourning garments—for an instant completely unmanned him, for he was in no mood to deem lightly of the pain of unrequited love; it seemed to him at that moment, the one only grief of life—the single, all-poisoning drop of gall, which could embitter the whole cup of existence. He did not approach Isabella Harcourt directly, but lingered long in his greetings with other friends, in order to give her, as well as himself, time to recover their composure. In the meanwhile, dinner was announced, and it was only in the little confusion incident on taking their places at table, that they caught each other's eye and exchanged salutations; and being finally seated on the same side of the table, but not next to each other, they had no further intercourse at that time; though the sound of Sir Roland's voice would at intervals reach the poor girl's ear, and

send a very sickness to her heart.

After dinner, when all were again assembled in the drawingroom, Sir Roland felt that he ought, in common civility, to go and speak to her; but he could not bear to approach her, and remained for some time near the door, in conversation with others; till perseiving that Lord N-was talking to her, in his kindly, cheerful manner-bringing every now and then a smile on her countenance —he thought it a favourable opportunity, so crossed the room, and joined their party. Her manner was agitated for a moment as he addressed her; but as he immediately afterwards joined in his uncle's jesting conversation, her embarrassment soon passed: though a deeper shade of depression seemed to succeed to every smile which Lord N—'s observations produced. She had never in her life sought to speak to Sir Roland, though she had frequently been a party in conversations he had had with others; but now she earnestly desired to address him, and to tell him of the blessing he had been to her and to her brother. Since Frederic Harcourt's death, she had had no one to whom she could speak on the subject of religion—no human being even to whom she could talk with pleasure of him; for no one about her could have understood her feelings of tearful happiness as regarded his immortal state. Her family, though kind, were thoroughly given up to the world, and the language of spirituality would have been as Arabic to them. Having (with some reason, certainly) laughed at her former fanciful ideas, they treated her new feelings with no more respect: but jokingly calling them "les dernières fantaisies d'Isabelle," (Isabella's last fancies,) expected soon to see them depart as the others had done, and be replaced by something perhaps more visionary still. Isabella's candid mind made her sensible that she had laid herself open to these suspicions, and she bore them, therefore, with the greatest sweetness and patience; but she deplored that those she loved, could not discern between the rovings of a childish, untaught imagination, and the breathings of that religion which is, beyond all other things, a "reasonable service."

With these feelings, it would have been the greatest delight to have been able to speak to Sir Roland—to have talked to him of her brother—and to have heard again from his lips, words of truth,

and strength, and comfort.

But how could she speak to him? With his uncle by, it was impossible; and even had they been alone, how would she have summoned courage to have addressed him? While these thoughts were passing through her mind (rendering her so abstracted, that though she mechanically smiled when they smiled, yet in fact she heard scarcely anything of the lively raillery Lord N—— was bestowing upon his nephew) another gentleman joined their circle, and Sir Roland availing himself of the interruption, moved away, glad of ending a scene so painful to him. Isabella Harcourt's eyes followed him as he departed; and there are few perhaps of the energetic actions of life, which equal in difficulty and exertion, the powerful effort she made at that moment to preserve her composure.

She had heard Sir Roland say, that in a few days he should again quit —; it was not probable they would meet again before that time; and she was confident that if many months elapsed before his return, the grave would first have closed above her head. She so longed to hear from him one word at least of heavenly truth, on which her memory might dwell! and to tell him of the change his former words had been the means of effecting. But no! he had left her—and her heart seemed turned to stone; its fluttering action ceased, and a slow, heavy, throbbing pulsation succeeded, which seemed to paralyze her very life, and to deprive her of all

power and feeling.

There was music, and she was asked to sing, for her voice was beautiful. She rose immediately, and without embarrassment sat down to the piano. Generally on such occasions, her voice and hands would shake with nervous timidity; but what was all the world to her at that moment! They placed before her Beethoven's harrowing song, "In quest's tomba oscura." (In this dark tomb), and she went through it without pause or fault. How many times had she sung that music to herself, while her voice had failed, and her heart sunk at its sad despairing words!—But now!—not the vocal miracle of Egypt itself could have been more insensible to its own thrilling strains, than was this sad musician to the power of the harmony she was producing in such perfection. Had she caught Sir Roland's eye at that moment, probably the whole barrier of cold insensibility would have given way, and some terrible outbursting of feeling have ensued; but the tones which failed to arouse her, were too trying for him to endure in the presence of others; and at the very commencement of her singing, he had retreated into a deep window apart. It was the same in which he had the year before held his long conversation with Lady Stan-more, and he could not but painfully feel the contrast between the bright and tranquil hope which had animated his bosom at that time, and the agitating suspense and heavy despondency which new oppressed him. Often had he heard the music which Isabella Harcourt was now singing, from Lady Constance, and that remembrance alone was sufficient at the moment to trouble him; but mingled with it was the agonizing pity he felt for her who was then before him, whose feelings he could too well interpret, and whose present unnatural calm could not deceive him. He remained in his concealment after her voice had ceased, intending, if possible, to escape from the room unperceived, and walk home by himself. leaving word for Lord N— that he was gone; but before he had effected his purpose, he was painfully embarrassed by seeing Isabela Harcourt, with some other young lady whom he did not know, enter the recess; he himself being hid, by the voluminous curtain, which, though looped back, yet hung so as to throw a deep shadow where he stood.

"You look ill to-night, Isabella?" said her friend.
"Do I?" she replied. "I am not very well."

"Did the singing tire you?"

"No—not much."

They were silent, and stood looking out at the summer night.

"Miss Aubrey," said a young man, joining them, "there is a general petition for your 'Ombra Adorata' (adored shade)."

"Suppose I were perverse," replied the young lady who was thus solicited, "and refused to sing more than the third word—

\*aspetta' (wait)."

"If you were," he replied, gaily, "I should go on and say, 'Teco sarò indiviso' (with thee I will be undividedly), for I will positively not return without you, I shall be torn in pieces of the multitude, the same of the individual which the same of the same of the multitude, the same of the same instead of enjoying the 'fortunato Eliso' (fortunate Elysium), which I was anticipating in hearing you."

"I must say, I think the presiding genius of the revels to-night seems in a most lugubrious mood. He first makes one mournful ghost speak for itself," and she laid her hand lightly on her companion's shoulder, "and then he invokes another. You do really look sadly like a ghost to-night, Isabella," she said, kindly.

"I am tired; and the room is so hot."

"But is not heat now the best thing in the world for the voice, Miss Harcourt? will it not make Miss Aubrey sing so that we shall be constrained to exclaim,

#### 'It were the Bulbul-but her throat Though tuneful, pours not such a note."

"Ah! 'Una voce poco fa' (a voice is but of little consequence)," replied the obdurate songstress.

"I tremble for your next quotation!" said the delegate, with

affected terror.

"What! do you really suspect me of intending to follow in the wake of the three hundred and sixty-five young ladies who yearly perpetrate wretched puns on that unfortunate song? No-from this

moment it shall be nameless for me."

"Well, then, if you are too fastidious, and too veracious to say, 'Mi manca la voce' (my voice fails me), will you not come and exert it in our behalf? You really must. Hark! the populace exert it in our behalf? You really must. Hark! the populace are raging horribly; I shall be rent piecemeal. Come, 'Ombra, Adorata,' 'he said, entreatingly offering his arm. "Miss Harcourt,' he added, in a more subdued manner, and turning back for her, "will you not come with us?"

"Thank you, no," replied Isabella; "I will wait here, if Miss Aubrey will return. To follow your song-quoting example," and she smiled faintly, "I will repeat from my own of to-night, 'In superfactors he course leaving my invested to the head of the same leaving the superfactors."

questa tomba oscura lascia mi riposar' (In this dark tomb let me

rest)."

"I will return to you, dear Isabella," said Miss Aubrey, looking kindly back.

"'Lascia mi riposar' (Let me rest)," repeated Isabella, murmuringly to herself, when the others were gone. "Oh! yes, 'imploro pace' (I implore for peace)."

She was silent, and leaned her head against the side of the open window, while every breath she drew was an oppressive sigh. Sir. Roland knew not what to do; his distress was extreme. In her

present position, if Isabella Harcourt turned, she could not but perceive him; and to leave the recess without being observed was now impossible. And yet he could not bear to speak to her—the very sight of her was grief to him. For several minutes she remained without moving; but at length she rose, and leaned out of the window, and Sir Roland, taking advantage of the slight noise she made in moving, left his shadowed spot, so quickly that she could not perceive whence he came, and approaching her, said, in as steady and cheerful a voice as he could command.

"Miss Harcourt, are you prudent in going to the open window

after being in that hot room?"

She started at the sound—so unexpected—of his voice, but she could not answer him; the blood so long apparently stagnated at her heart, rushed in torrents to her head, and she could hardly prevent herself from falling. Sir Roland spoke again,-

"Are you not cold, Miss Harcourt?"

"What is it?" she said, confusedly. "Who spoke?"

"It was dizzy for a moment," she answered, sinking into a chair, but perfectly composed again; "but it is past."

"Are you often so?" he asked."

"Sometimes. No-net often.

He stood in painful silence. She made an effort to speak—her lips moved, but no sound issued from them. Again she tried, but the effort was vain.

"You are not well," said Sir Roland; "shall I call Mrs. Har-

court?"

"No-no," she replied; but added, after a pause, "I have suffered much, since last we met, and—" a convulsive sob arose, and for a moment she was nearly overcome.

"I know you have," replied Sir Roland, much moved; "but there is One, Miss Harcourt, of whom we used to speak, who is

ever with His people in their trials.'

"Yes," she said, raising her calm, tearless eye to his; "God is

with us in our sorrows."

Sir Roland remembering the touching petition he had overheard from her, "imploro pace," said, "Our gracious Lord's words are ever verified to those whose faith is strong: 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto vou.

"Not as the world giveth—no—not as the world giveth," said

Isabella, with almost a wild expression.

"No, Miss Harcourt," said Sir Roland; "His is that peace of God which the world cannot give—and neither can it take away.'

Gay voices were heard again approaching, and Miss Aubrey, and her former companion, with several others, entered the little retreat. A light, animated conversation ensued, during which Sir Roland once more addressing Isabella, said,—

"I must wish you good night now: this has been a busy and a wearying day to me, so I shall escape amidst this gay tintamar.

They shook hands—and they parted.

Sir Roland stole out of the room unobserved, and returning home, retired to his own apartment. His mind felt shattered and disturbed; his own anxieties pressed heavily on him, and heightened a thousand-fold the sentiment of painful, heart-felt regret with which he thought of Isabella Harcourt. There was something so touching in everything connected with her (for he had heard much of her from some who knew her well), and he saw so clearly that the feeling of preference she had for him, had originated at first from a higher source—that it was heavenly truth which had first attracted her—that the deepest respect, mingled with all his other feelings respecting her.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, vehemently, clasping his hands; "what would I give—what would I give to see Constance strive to hide her feelings towards me, as this poor, poor girl does? But she has no love to hide," and a bitter smile passed his lips. "It is the full heart that is the 'sealed fountain.' Yet why should I reproach her, ungrateful that I am! is she not all kindness and affection? And if she does not—cannot love me, why should I blame her? And am I sure indeed that she does not?"

A hope full of happiness rose within him, as he thought of her letters, and the many expressions in them that breathed affection. But, then, might she not have said the same things to a brother? He felt uneasy and dissatisfied with himself and with all things. "Oh vain, unquiet heart," he said, "be still-be still."

It was absolutely necessary that he should answer his letters from home, the next day, and having finished all his business with Lord N——, he applied himself to the heavy task. He earnestly implored direction that he might be led to the conclusion that would be best; and also that he might be kept upright in his desire of seeking above all things, that 'favour of God which is better

than life itself. He determined to reply to his brother's and Lady Constance's letters first, and then bring the full scope of his feelings to bear upon the answer he should make to Lady Ashton. When he had finished writing to them he felt such a flood of affection in his heart, and such an elevation of mind, as raised him above all selfish feeling; he determined that, let it cost even his life's happiness, he would do nothing that should in any way disturb the peace of those so inexpressibly dear to him; and resolutely taking his pen he told his mother that it was his wish that his brother should not be informed of his engagement to Lady Constance. When done-he sealed the letter, and put it with the others, and his heart felt lightened of its load. He looked at the little scroll-and though he felt, that possibly it bore in its thin folds, the joy or sorrow of his life, yet he could not wish one word unsaid—one line untraced. He felt the joy of a hard-bought victory—the glow of "pure selfsacrificing love.

"Now," he said, "conscience is clear! If I suffer, the stings of selfish guilt will not mix their poison in the cup; if I am happy then indeed I shall feel it to be a God-given, God-preserved happi-

ness!"

## CHAPTER XXV.

"Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quenched!—for him the past
Is sealed. He may not fall, he may not cast
His birthright's hope away!
All is not here of our belov'd and bless'd—
Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest!"
MRS. HEMANS.

"But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air, Soon close; where past the shaft, no trace is found. As from the wing, no scar the sky retains; The parted wave no furrow from the keel; So dies in human hearts the thought of death. E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave." Young.

"What griefs that make no sign,
That ask no aid but thine,
Father of mercies! here before thee swell!
As to the open sky,
All the dark waters lie
To Thee reveal'd, in each close bosom-cell."
MRS. HEMANS.

WHEN Sir Roland had sent his letters to the post, he went out to enjoy the beauty of the weather and of the country. He felt the want exceedingly, of his former companions, for Mr. Scott and Mr. Singleton were still travelling together in other countries; and his mind dwelt with deep regret on the thought of Mr. Anstruther. He wandered towards the burying-ground, desirous of once more visiting the spot where his remains reposed. What a crowd of emotions did the sight of it produce! how many recollections did it recal! The frightful catastrophe which had occurred there again brought a shudder over his mind; while the remembrance of his friend—of his glorious hope of salvation, and of his strong affection for himself, served to soften and elevate his feelings. He rejoiced in the conviction that one more redeemed soul was added to the innumerable multitude that surrounds the throne of God; and he read the passage—which, as has been mentioned, he had had inscribed on Mr. Anstruther's monument: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days'-with an earnest determination, more than ever to 'spend and be spent,' in the service of that God, who can reward his people with such deep and soul-felt happiness.

There was another grave in that silent place, over which he heaved many a sigh. Young Harcourt was buried there! Attracted by a new and splendid monument erected since he last visited the place, Sir Roland turned to examine it; and found inscribed the name of Frederick Harcourt. Much there was besides, of "blighted hopes," and "crushed affections," and of "afflicted parents, heart-broken for an only son." In reading it, Sir Roland recalled to mind the ultra-fashionable mourning, and

vain, gay, trifling conversation of her he had met the night before: and he sighed to think how soon the "world" can dry up that deepest well of human affections—a mother's love. But where was the sister's grief recorded? the grief of her who was her brother's comforter in life, and who would soon, alas! be his companion in the grave! where was her grief recorded? Not on the monumental stone!-nowhere on earth!-but in the presence of Him who alone knew the strength of the tie which He had formed and severed.

> "The sorrow for the dead Mantling its lonely head From the world's glare, is, in thy sight, set free; And the fond aching love, Thy minister to move All the wrung spirit, softening it for Thee."

On leaving the burial-ground Sir Roland met Mr. Roberts, and they strolled together conversing on various subjects for some time.

"I must go and inquire after this poor girl again, before I go

home." at length said Mr. Roberts.

"What poor girl?"

"Miss Harcourt—Isabella Harcourt."
"Inquire after her," said Sir Roland, astonished. "Why she dined at the —— ambassador's last night."

"I know she did. But dining one day, does not prevent people's dying the next you know, if they like it."

"Roberts, how can you bear to speak in such a way! Tell me what has happened?"

"She was taken ill last night; and is, I understand, in a very

precarious state to-day."

"How was she taken ill?" said Sir Roland, greatly shocked.

"Something of a fit I heard. Poor girl! I thought she looked. desperately ill last night. That odious mother of hers, for whom I cherish a pet aversion, will drag her about, I believe, till she is actually a corpse, because she is the beauty of the family; protesting too all the time that she 'outrages her own feelings for the sake of her remaining children, by going out at all. I really believe there is many a quiet, gentle girl, who is made a stalkinghorse to a fantastical mother's vagrant absurdities, till she drops in the field—the hard-run field of nightly dissipation."
"I believe you," replied Sir Roland; "and am afraid it is the

rother's death, and will, I fear, soon follow him."

"I am really afraid she will," answered Mr. Roberts. "As I looked at her beautiful face last night, and her shadowy figure, she seemed scarcely a creature of this earth. I should have taken to crying if I had looked at her long, though it would have been almost like 'iron tears, down Pluto's rugged cheek.' I have called there twice already to-day; so you see I am not quite a brute

<sup>#</sup> Mrs. Hemans.

though I confess I spoke like one just now. Had you not heard of her illness before?"

" No."

"Will you go with me then now, and inquire?"

"No-do you go now, and just write down the answer, and send it up to me, when you get home, and I will call there after dinner."

Sir Roland declined accompanying Mr. Roberts, because he could not bear to be under observation when he went to make an inquiry, the answer to which might be so distressing. He was not much surprised, though shocked and deeply pained, by what he had heard; he had seen that Isabella Harcourt's general health was very weak; and the unnatural calmness of her manner the preceding evening after dinner, contrasted with the strong agitation she had betrayed on their first meeting, convinced him that she had made an effort over herself most difficult—and as he feared most fatal. He felt miserable at the thoughts of her death, and accused himself, as if he were in part guilty of it; though in fact he was wholly free from blame.

Mr. Roberts, on his return home, sent up a written message, saying that Miss Harcourt was rather better; and after dinner Sir Roland called at the house himself, and was happy to hear that she continued to amend. He felt indescribably relieved. "And yet," he thought, "why should I rejoice that her trials are to be prolonged? 'The sconer death, the earlier immortality;'" and to her he well knew the future state must be an immortality of glory. He left — the next day, but before he set out, he again called at Mr. Harcourt's, and hearing that Isabella was considered out of danger, he departed with a lightened heart, in prosecution of tha

business in which he was engaged.

Mr. Roberts's report that Isabella Harcourt had "had something of a fit," was not so great an exaggeration as such reports often prove to be. On returning home from the dinner-party the night before, after having parted from Sir Roland in the manner described, she continued to maintain the appearance of perfect composure. On wishing her good-night, her father pressed her fondly to his breast for a moment, and said,—

"You look sadly ill, my darling child, you really must give up going out for a little while; these hot rooms and late hours do not

suit you."

She answered her father only by a prolonged kiss of affection; she could not trust herself to speak, for the voice of kindness had begun to stir the tide of feeling within. She retired to her own room, and began to prepare herself for rest; she took off her rings and bracelets, and laid them on the table, and then proceeded to take a gold chain off her neck, to which hung a small miniature which she always wore, though conecaled from sight. She held it a moment in her hand; and as she gazed on the features of her brother, and thought of his loving affection—now lost to her for ever on earth! and remembered too, all her happiness! her forced composure gave way, a flood of self-pity rushed over her, and uttering a cry of irrepressible anguish, she fell on the floor. The

sound of her fall, and of her grief-full cry, aroused her youngest sister who slept in the same apartment, and who springing towards her, found her senseless, and in strong convulsions. She spread the alarm, and assistance being procured, Isabella was . laid on her bed; and when the physician arrived, he bled her, and used every means his art could devise; yet it was long before she became tranquil, or recovered the slightest degree of consciousness. After a time, however, she slept; the nervous action of the muscles ceased; and when after many hours she awoke again, her mind was perfectly clear, though her weakness was so great she could scarcely utter a sound. Immediate danger seemed then passed, and it was at that stage of her illness that Sir Roland received the account which so much relieved him on the morning of his departure from ----; but her enfeebled constitution had received a shock she was never destined to recover.

When all anxiety as to her life was, for the moment, at an end, Mrs. Harcourt and her elder daughters resumed their usual habits of gaiety; and Isabella was left almost entirely to the companionship of her youngest sister Sophia, an amiable and sensible girl, between whom and her sister there existed a strong affection. Having no pretensions to beauty, Sophia was treated rather alightingly by the rest of the family: and Isabella, who was kind to every one, was on that account, perhaps, more particularly

so to her.

A few days after her seizure Isabella was lying on the sofa in her room, and Sophia was sitting with her, when the latter said,— "You must be very much the fashion here, Isabella, for so many people have called to inquire after you."

"It is very kind of them," she replied.

"There are cards of all sorts and sizes, with every type under the sun I believe," continued Sophia; "would you like to see the

names of your 'anxious inquirers?'"
"Yes," said Isabella—for she thought Sir Roland might have called, and that his card might be amongst the number. Sophia. went to fetch them, and soon returned with a packet of cards in her hand. Isabella looked over them, and after a time she found the one she sought. It was that which Sir Roland had sent up on the morning of his departure, and over the name there was written in pencil, "I leave — to-day." A deadly pang crossed Isabella's heart, as she thus learnt that he was actually gone; but a moment's consideration served to convince her that it was best that it should be so, as it would tend to the recovery of her composure sooner than if she fancied he might still be calling, or that she might be likely to meet him, should she ever again be able to leave the house.

"Here are cards enough to make trays for all your minerals, 'she observed; as she kindly began fashioning some of Sophia," she observed; as she kindly began them. "It will be pleasant idle work for me."

She shaped them with neat-handed care;—but she could not se use Sir Roland's! She looked at it for a time, till fast-coming recollections grew too strong for her.

"Give me my Bible, will you, dear Sophia," she said; "there

is a passage I wish to write out; one that suits such a poor weak thing as I am—weak both in body and in soul."
"What passage is it?"

"It is where our Lord Christ leaves 'His peace for His people."

I know the sense but do not exactly remember the words.

She took a pen and wrote on the back of Sir Roland's card the passage he had repeated to her on the last evening of their passage he had repeated to her on the last evening of their meeting: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you;" and she added under-neath, his own words: "His is a peace which the world cannot give, neither can it take away." She placed the card in the Bible, and it was used by her as her mark when reading that sacred book, to the hour of her death.

Mrs. Harcourt—with that wonderful blindness which so often prevents those who live with invalids, from seeing the danger which every one else perceives—would not acknowledge, even to herself, that she was uneasy about her daughter's health; being swayed partly, though she knew it not, by a disinclination to leave off her usual habits of gaiety and dissipation, as well as being naturally averse to the admission of melancholy and desponding thoughts, concerning a child of whom she was really very fond. She had been advised to remove her to a warmer climate; though the physician who gave the counsel was fully aware that the prolongation, for a few months, of a flickering existence, was all that could possibly be hoped; but Mrs. Harcourt had no wish to follow this course; as some attention having been paid to one of her elder daughters by a wealthy, but not particularly reputable peer, she was anxious not to throw any difficulties in the way of a match she desired, by leaving —— at that moment.

Isabella Harcourt had lingered for two months, in all the variations of the flattering and delusive illness which was destroying her, when Mr. Scott returned to —... She had been acquainted with him during his former stay in that city; and though she had never heard him speak on the subject of religion, yet she knew that his principles were the same as Sir Roland's, and that they were particular friends. For these reasons she wished much to see him again; and she longed also to hear once more the sound of any voice which could speak to her of God; for kind and devoted as her sister Sophia was, she knew but little of spiritual religion, and her other friends and acquaintances were not of a class from whom she could derive any benefit in that way. She wished, moreover, most earnestly to be enabled, through Mr. Scott, to convey to Sir Roland that which she had been incapable of telling him herself, namely, the happy effects of his words on herself and on her brother. She therefore begged of her mother, if he should call, to be allowed to see him in the sitting-room. where she usually received her friends; and Mrs. Harcourt, who was naturally of an easy and good-natured disposition, promised to grant her request; though she laughed at her for her "methodism," saying, she supposed she wanted to see Mr. Scott in quality

of a "father confessor.

When the latter, therefore, called a few days after, Mrs. Harcourt said, that she had "a foolish sick child, who had taken a fancy to seeing him, if he would not mind going into another room." Mr. Scott though rather surprised, was not at all displeased, for he remembered Isabella Harcourt well; and having heard that her health was declining, but not knowing the state of her mind, he gladly went, where he thought perhaps a few words might be made of service and comfort to a dying fellow-creature. He followed Mrs. Harcourt into Isabella's little sitting-room, where they found her reclining on the sofa—for she was far too ill to sit up—with Sophia, who had been reading to her. The sight of her shocked Mr. Scott greatly, for she looked in the very last stage of consumption; and her thin white hand seemed, when she held it out to him, scarcely to belong to a living creature. But the disease which was destroying her, had lost none of its usual beautifying effects in her case, and he thought he had never before seen anything so lovely. Her complexion, when in comparative health, had been very pale; but now a bright flush lighted up her eyes, and gave an animation to her countenance which it had never before possessed.
"Decked for the tomb," he thought; "may she be also prepared

"Isabella, my love," said Mrs. Harcourt on entering, "you said that you would like to see Mr. Scott, as an old friend, if he called; and he is therefore come to pay you a visit. Now, Mr. Scott," she added, gaily turning to him, "you must not make her melancholy—you must cheer her spirits. We are thinking of going to Italy, and then she will get quite well, and strong again."

Isabella involuntarily shook her head, as the tears started into her eyes; and a feeling of disgust rose in Mr. Scott's mind, for he knew that they had been advised to go to a warmer climate long before, and he knew also what report said was the motive of Mrs. Harcourt's prolonged stay at —; and he felt indignant that the health, and indeed the life of one child, should be sacrificed to ambitious projects for another. He answered Mrs. Harcourt's injunction by saying, "He hoped he should not be so unfortunate as

to, bring gloom, where he wished all might be happiness."
"Thank you," replied Mrs. Harcourt, "I really believe I may trust her to you, for I know in former days, you have often made me laugh with your amusing observations; so, as the carriage is wait-

ing, perhaps you will excuse me."
"Gladly," thought Mr. Scott; but, as he was not in the "Palais de la vérité," all that transpired was: "I beg I may not detain you;" and with great empressement, he advanced to open the door for her to pass.

Sophia remained in the room with her sister some little time, and then wandered into the next, and placed herself out of hearing; for she knew Isabella wished to speak to Mr. Scott alone. When she was gone, Isabella began with some embarrassment.-

"I thought I should like to see you again, Mr. Scott, partly be-

cause I know you feel, as I hope I do, on the subject of religion: .. and it is a great comfort to be able to speak to those who can understand one."

Mr. Scott with much surprise replied,—

"I am most happy, Miss Harcourt, to have this opportunity of seeing you; and most happy am I also to find you feeling an interest in the only subject which can bring peace to the tried spirit. But have you no other friend—no acquaintance from whom you can receive benefit on these subjects?"

"No," she replied; "many kindly call to see me, but none speak of other than wearisome subjects—subjects which sadden instead of enlivening me. They mean it all amiably, to keep up my spirits, but they know not how they depress me, and make me long for the quiet of the grave for this poor weary head, and the peace of heaven

for my soul.

She spoke with many pauses, but Mr. Scott could not interrupt He felt astonished at her words, and was deeply touched, and delighted at seeing one—so beautiful—so calculated to feel, and inspire earth's best affections, yet thus cut off in the midst of youth's hopes and joys-so supported by a spirit, evidently not of this world—so raised above all that perishes, to the Imperishable Himself!—and he marvelled how the light of truth, could have penetrated into that dark house. He knew indeed, that, as Augustine said, "God can speak without the noise of words," but he also knew that it was seldom that the work of salvation was commenced in the soul, without some visible means being made use of, by the Great Giver of the Spirit. At length he said,

"When-if I may ask-did you first begin to think seriously of

religion?"

"Only last year."

"Last year! Not when I was here, surely?"
"Yes, it was," she replied, raising her handkerchief to her face, to hide the colour which rose as she recalled the circumstances under which she first felt an awakening on the subject; "but though I was acquainted with you, you never spoke to me concern-

ing it."
"No," replied Mr. Scott, "I thought you would not listen. remember hearing then—you will not mind my saying so nowthat you were very romanesque, and indulged in many fanciful

ideas.

"And you were willing I should perish in them," said Isabella. with somewhat of stern sadness in her deep, feeling tone, as she turned her eyes on Mr. Scott.

He felt the rebuke, and colouring high, he answered, "I did not know—I could not be aware, Miss Harcourt, that you would be

anxious or willing to hear anything on these subjects.

"Oh!" said Isabella, "it is pleasant to speak to the willing, but the unwilling need it most, Mr. Scott; and perhaps many a one whom we fancy averse to these things, may be only waiting for the electric spark of the word of truth, to fire the whole train of holy affections in their hearts. God will, doubtless, always, if

He see fit, apply it in His own best time; but if we are backward

in speaking, we lose the crown."

"I confess," said Mr. Scott with that genuine humility which Mr. Singleton had truly said was so beautiful a part of his character, "that I have deserved your rebuke, Miss Harcourt; and may God pardon me, and quicken me in His most delightful service.—You will forgive me?"

"Oh! willingly; and I am sure you will now be glad to 'water.' what another has 'planted;' though we both know that God alone

can 'give the increase.'

"It is so indeed," replied Mr. Scott. "But you seem to have found some one-have you not? more faithful and kind than me. Miss Harcourt, to arouse your mind?"

Isabella did not answer; for she shrank from entering on the

subject which yet she so much wished to speak about.

May I know—if it is not too much to ask—who it was who was so much more faithful than me?" again asked Mr. Scott, smiling,

and slightly colouring.

"He was only an acquaintance of mine, though a friend of yours," answered Isabella, trying to master the difficulty she felt in speaking of Sir Roland; "and he knew not at first, that I was a listener to his words."
"Ashton?" asked Mr. Scott, surprised.

Isabella Harcourt answered by an inclination of the head.
"I never knew that he had talked to you on religious subjects," continued Mr. Scott. "I wonder he never mentioned it, for he generally told me of any one for whom he felt a hope.

"Perhaps he did not feel one for me, last year. And yet I remember, that latterly he would speak as if he thought I under-

"And was it solely by his means that your mind became enlightened? Did you never hear religious truth from any other?"

"I heard Mr. Singleton several times in the pulpit, and he was indeed delightful; but in conversation I never heard any one but him :—at dinners, or early evening parties."

"Your trials, perhaps," said Mr. Scott, in a feeling tone, "have helped to make the love of God precious to you."

"They have done much, indeed," she answered with a starting tear, "to hasten on the work; but oh! how our estimate of things changes as death draws near! What was once so terrible to me—the loss of my dear brother—is now all joy; excepting that I miss his sweet voice and look so much."

"You have then comfort, Miss Harcourt, in thinking of his

present state?

"Comfort!" she exclaimed, her whole countenance lighting up, and her eyes beaming with the loftiest expression, as they were raised for an instant to heaven; - "comfort is a cold word, Mr. Scott; I have all happiness in thinking of him."

"Was it his illness which inclined him to heavenly things?"

"Oh no, not that alone; his health was always delicate; but it was not that; for formerly he would be impatient at his weakmess, and murmur that he was cut off from the usual exercises and

enjoyments of his age, and would think his a hard and cruel fate: and often then, though I felt it was not right, I knew not what to say to him. But last year, I heard words unlike what I had ever heard before; and I repeated them all to him, though I scarcely understood more than their general tendency myself; and then it was, that grace and love grew up in his heart; and often, very often, would he teach me the meaning of those things, of which the words alone, were all that I could teach him."

"Well, Miss Harcourt," said Mr. Scott, "you were kind enough to say that you hoped for good from me to-day, but you have taught me a lesson, which I trust I shall never again forget-or

neglect."
"I cannot wish you to forget any heaven-taught lesson, Mr. Scott," replied Isabella, kindly; "but you owe nothing to me. I was indeed to blame just now, in speaking to you, I fear harshly; but at the moment, such a horror seized me of what must have been my. eternal state, had I been left to die with no brighter hope-no clearer faith, than the foolish fancies you alluded to, that I felt indignant—you will forgive me now"—and a look and smile of the utmost kindness glowed on her features, "that you who knew the way of life should have withheld the knowledge of it from me, -and I so evidently sinking."
"I would almost ask you," said Mr. Scott, with a pained look,

"not to mention that again, though it is perhaps as well that we should be made to shrink under the sense of sin. The Lord often sees fit to humble us, and show us our deficiencies on those very points, on which perhaps we have piqued ourselves as excelling; at least I know I have often thought, with great complacency, how very zealous I was in speaking; and now I am justly reproved for

my want of zeal.'

"You cannot, I dare say, always speak as you would wish," said Isabella; "but try, oh! try. Think of me-dying-and try."

Mr. Scott felt a sudden emotion which prevented him from an-

swering immediately; but after a moment he replied,—
"With the help of God I will." He then added—"I cannot however grudge Ashton this 'crown of rejoicing'-for such I am

confident it will be to him hereafter.

Isabella was infinitely relieved by Mr. Scott's thus making a way by which she might naturally, as it would seem, enter on the subject she wished so much to have communicated to Sir Roland. It was still however with great difficulty that she summoned courage to sav.-

"I much wish that you would tell him how great a blessing he has been, not only to me, but also to my brother. His faith and love were indeed, far higher and clearer, and more joyous than mine.

"He had less to bear," replied Mr. Scott. "It was, doubtless, hard for him to leave this world, especially so young; but that was his only source of trouble. You have had to bear the bitterer lot of seeing him languish and depart; and this perhaps tends to sink and sadden your spirits, even though your faith may not be dimmed by it. He had not the trials you have had."

"Oh, no, no," she replied pressing her hand on her eyes to stem

back the tears which still would have their way. "Yet," she continued, when she could command her voice, unconsciously adverting to the cause of grief which she felt had helped to accelerate her fate, "nothing would have saved my life—nothing could have saved my life, and all is well ordered. I must be happy soon, and though these foolish tears will come sometimes, yet in general my mind is in perfect peace. You will tell him that, will you? and of my brother, that he may be encouraged to go on, and speak for God—always—everywhere. If the injunction is to be accepted concerning this world's wealth, 'freely ye have received, freely give;' how much more of the heavenly treasure—the knowledge of Christ as our Saviour! That inestimable gift we have indeed most freely received; and we should be ever 'ready to distribute, willing to communicate,' of that which can make all rich for eternity."

"Ashton will, I am sure, be most rejoiced to know that his words have been the means of sustaining you, not only under sickness and sorrow, but in the view even of——"

"Do not stop," said Isabella, faintly smiling, "I can bear the word 'death,' for my mind is familiar with the thought of it; and, thank God, it brings no terrors. You have been very good in coming to me, and I am very, very glad to have seen you again."

"I deserve anything but your thanks, Miss Harcourt," replied Mr. Scott; "but I am sure I owe much to you; and shall, I trust, never again be forgetful of the best interests of my fellow-crea-

tures."

"I am sure you will not," said Isabella, again smiling. "But that thought must now give place to the remembrance that you have been of comfort—great comfort to me. My heart feels much relieved and lightened by having spoken to you, for the kindest and dearest sometimes cannot understand one. But true Christians must understand each other; they are taught the same lesson, in the same school, by the same heavenly Teacher. Is not that what you understand by the communion of saints? that they, as true believers, are one body, of which Christ is the Head?—that they have one commonality in the Spirit of God, one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism of the Holy Ghost?"

"Surely," replied Mr. Scott; "how else can it be understood? Yes, that it is which spite of all errors in unessential points—spite of all remaining infirmity, binds the hearts of true Christians together, with a chain whose links will be even more closely riveted in heaven than they are upon earth;—for there—all dissentient opinions, all erroneous feelings, will be done away with for ever, and we shall all be 'made perfect in Christ Jesus.' The 'Church triumphant' in heaven, and the 'church militant still on earth,' are thus continually One, though its members occupy for a time different chambers in God's universe. Death cannot separate those who are Christ's:

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Flesh it may sever, but not souls divide.'"

<sup>&</sup>quot;It is a blessed and delightful view to me," said Isabella,

"especially when I think of Frederic; and raises the heart far above the things of this life, which are but for a season—and so unsatisfying! Yet I feel very inconsistent! At times I seem so far above the earth, that all its tumult and jarring interests, cannot touch, or trouble me; whilst at other times the least thing will depress me. But still God surrounds me with blessings,—with kind and loving friends, and every comfort; and makes my passage to the tomb so smooth, it seems all pleasure to glide gently down. But I must not detain you longer, Mr. Scott. Your visit has been very pleasant to me; and we know," she added, with a happy smile, "that this will not be our last meeting—nor our parting here—a parting for ever. God bless you."

"God ever bless you, Miss Harcourt," he replied, with much

emotion. "We shall indeed meet again."

A few days after this interview, Isabella Harcourt was driving slowly in the carriage, in a retired part of the environs of ——, with her mother, who had at last become really alarmed about her, when Mr. Scott rode by. He reined back his horse, and she started up, intending to stop the carriage; but her weakness was so great that she sunk back again exhausted, and merely smiled and shook her head, as if to say that she could not speak; and he passed on with a heavy heart. She never left the house again. Mr. Scott went from —— the next day, and in about a fortnight afterwards, he read, recorded among the deaths in Galignani's paper, "Isabella, third daughter of Henry Harcourt, Esq., in her nineteenth year."

When dying, Isabella gave her Bible to her sister Sophia, with earnest entreaty never to neglect its happy truths; and when. after she was gone, her sister opened the book, and found Sir Roland's eard in it, well did she remember the day in which Isabella. wrote the peace-giving text upon it, and took it for her Bible's This little incident served to confirm an idea she had long entertained. She had a quick, observant mind; and young as she was, she had long suspected, having been so much with Isabelia, that there was some grief, which preyed upon the mind of the latter, independent of the regret she felt for her brother.—a grief which had fearfully increased from the night of her sudden illness. She had not noticed at the time whose card it was, that Isabella had. taken to write that passage on from the Scriptures; but when she found it was Sir Roland's, she instantly recollected his name as having frequently been mentioned between her brother and sister; and from that, and several other circumstances which now recurred to her, she felt convinced that Isabella had been attached. to him, and that her attachment was not a happy one. She kept this secret, however, close in her own breast; whilst bitterly, with renewed grief, did she weep for the sorrow and suffering, which she had so often witnessed, without being fully aware of its cause.

Isabella Harcourt was buried in the same tomb with her brother; and, at her earnest request, their names were united by an encirching line, and beneath them was written, "One Lord, one Faith!"

# CHAPTER XXVI.

"The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The unalismable treasure P—Connenture.

WHEN Lady Ashton received the letter which it had cost Sir Roland so much to write—containing his request that Henry might not be made acquainted with his engagement—she immediately informed Lady Constance of it; and though they both felt surprised, yet supposing that he had some good reason for his determination, they of course sequiesced in it. Had Lady Ashton. been asked at that time, whether any greater attachment than was desirable had sprung up between Henry and Lady Constance, she would unhesitatingly have answered "No;" and had Lady Con- stance herself been applied to, she would have returned the same answer. But if Henry had been asked, he would at once have declared, that he loved Lady Constance more than his life, and that he fully believed his love was returned by her. In each of these cases the answers would have been made in all sincerity of heart; for Lady Ashton had no suspicion of the truth, nor was Lady Constance in the least aware that Henry was attached to her, or that she felt for him otherwise than she had always done before. But Henry—thoroughly aware of the state of his own heart—had perceived with equal clearness what passed in Lady Constance's; and he was but too correct in thinking that she returned, in some measure at least, the unbounded affection which he felt for her.

It has been said that Lady Constance was wise, and right, in repressing Henry's expressions of regard for her on the first day of his arrival; and so she undoubtedly was. And yet unfortunately the effect was exactly contrary to that which she wished and intended; for from the very moment of her speaking, a change—the least to be desired—took place in the nature of his feeling for her, and rendered it one of devoted attachment. The enthusiastic admiration, which he had described in the letter which had so much troubled Sir Roland, was a most natural feeling for a sailor to have on his first emancipation from his watery prison, towards one, so charming as Lady Constance, and whom he had known and loved from a child; but it was a sentiment of so slight a nature, that had it been allowed a free expression, it might perhaps have remained merely on the surface of his mind, and have been soon effaced by absence: but the instant its outward demonstrations were repressed, it sunk deep into his heart, taking root there, and flourishing but too luxuriantly. He felt however from that moment, a restraint which prevented his ever again saying a syllable which could make Lady Constance imagine that he cherished for her any exclusive feeling, or aspired to any greater degree of her favour than he had ever before possessed; and thus she was deluded into a perfect security of feeling as regarded both him and herself. She had been accustomed in early years to have him as her almost inseparable companion, whenever he was at home, so that it was no

new or marvellous thing now, that he should be constantly at her side. He had ever lavished on her all the tender and affectionate attentions which a devoted brother could bestow on a favourite sister, and she was not surprised therefore, at now again receiving them; and his fear was so great lest he should say anything which might offend her, that it placed a check on all expressions which could have given her an insight into his feelings; and if at times he had unwittingly paid her any attention which might have seemed particular, he instantly did something of the same kind also for Lady Florence, so as to take away all appearance

of preference.

He could not account to himself for the spell which thus seemed laid upon him, but he was not the less conscious of it; and it not only affected his manner to Lady Constance herself, but it had an influence also on his way of speaking of her to others. Even in writing to his brother, he felt such a restraint in mentioning her, that he could not open his heart to him, as he had been ever used to do: and this it was which made all his later letters differ so much in tone and feeling, from the animated avowal of his delighted admiration. which he had written on the morning of his return to Llanaven. It was not however, Lady Constance's first check on his conversation alone, which produced this effect; but that judicious and proper step on her part was so consistently followed up by the quiet, and dignified conduct which she maintained, that he felt a respect for her, and almost an awe, which he could not overcome, and which made him love her all the more; for the heart which if lightly won, might have been lightly prized, appeared to him worth every sacrifice. He controlled even his very looks therefore. lest they should offend; and though he could not understand why he might not love, and tell her that he did so, yet he felt that though he did love, he could not tell her so. This feeling was the more unaccountable to him, because he could not but think that he perceived that she liked him—that she was ever happy to be with him, as he was ever enchanted to be with her. Her manner to him in other respects too was as free and intimate as in their earliest days; and lively-spirited as they both were, they amused themselves in their light-hearted conversations, or in their rambles about the cliffs, with as much zest and pleasure as did their young companion Lady Florence herself.

Totally unsuspicious, Lady Ashton rejoiced to see Lady Constance's recovered gaiety, and Henry's happiness; and she encouraged as much as possible everything which could contribute to their cheerful pleasures; often joining in their walks and expeditions, and seeming to grow young again herself, amidst their animated smiles. Throughout all, however, Henry Ashton felt the subduing power of Lady Constance's manner, and never could he go beyond the

limits it imposed.

It was not that Lady Constance purposely acted in that way, for she had no idea of anything existing in Henry's mind, which required repression. Had she dreamed that he liked her, she would instantly—notwithstanding Sir Roland's express wish to the contrary—have informed him of the position in which she stood, and

have ended his hopes for ever; but she saw nothing that could awaken the slightest suspicion, and her conduct resulted merely from the sense of what she owed to herself and to Sir Roland, -which a pure, high-principled feeling instinctively taught her. Her deep regard for the latter indeed, continually increased, for it was impossible to be allowed an insight into his noble mind without loving and admiring him; and, unaware of any preference for Henry, she wrote in answer to his letters, with all the warmth of old affection; expressing continually a regret—which was most sincere and genuine—that he was not with them to share, and increase their pleasures. Henry too, continually wrote to the same effect, for he knew no reason why he should dread his brother's presence; on the contrary, he often longed to have him there, that he might speak to him of the sentiments, of which nevertheless he could not write These letters so unintentionally deluding, completely lulled all those fears in Sir Roland's breast, which had been so terribly excited at ——; and an undoubting confidence sprang up, which increased his love and happiness a thousand-fold.

It being summer-time, the party at Llanaven dined early, and then enjoyed the whole of the delightful evenings out in the air; often indeed prolonging their rambles, till the stars were the only lights to guide them home. This style of living brought Henry and Lady Constance continually together, and indeed they were seldom separated; for Henry having no public business and no superintendance of the property to occupy him, as Sir Roland had, was able to devote all his time to his mother and to his sisters. With his feelings, this life was of course most delightful, and it is not to be supposed that it was without its charm for Lady Constance, who thus unconsciously learnt to find Henry's society indispensable to her happiness. Had Sir Roland enjoyed equal advantages in these respects with his brother, he would in all probability have been equally, if not even more beloved; for there was much more in fact in his character that suited Lady Constance, than in Henry's: there were far higher attainments, a deeper tone of feeling, and a purer and more exalted sense of religion. The graces of the Spirit in him seemed indeed, scarcely to derive any assistance from the things of earth, but to be entirely maintained from above; and might be, not unaptly, compared to the flowers which grow in the loftier regions of the Alps, with scarcely a grain of soil to nourish their growth; but which, 'rooted in the rifted rock,' and blooming with a splendour and brilliancy of colour unknown to others of their kind, 'disdain,' as Rogers charmingly says,

> "To grow in lower climes, And delighted drink the clouds before they fall."

But Henry's feelings were more like the flowers of the lower ranges of the mountains, which having a greater depth of earthy soil between them and the 'rock,' expand in wilder profusion, though with hues far less pure and bright; and which, unable to support themselves alone, seek to twine about the plants of conge-

nial growth which flourish around. Much indeed, of the love of God dwelt in his heart, but there was more admixture of earthly feeling in him, then in his brother; and his piety, though true and warm, was more tinetured with the inconsistency, so often to be found in persons of light and joyous tempers. Nevertheless there was a frankness and warmth in his disposition and manners, which made him a universal favourite—one whom every one felt it was impossible not to love. He was the very perfection of a sailer! full of the fire and enthusiasm—the romance, poetry, wild gaiety, and sentiment, which so often unite their heterogeneous materials in the formation of those restless beings—the most delightful perhaps to think of-the least satisfactory perhaps in general to live with, (navel reader of course excepted) of all mortals in existence!

The evenings at Llanaven generally ended with music, for Henry Ashton had a fine voice, and often joined the sisters in their songs: Lady Ashton also occasionally assisting in their concerts. Lady Florence, though in most things remarkably childish for her age, showed uncommon talents both for playing and singing; and was, in those accomplishments, almost equal to her sister.

"I never can go to sea again," cried Henry, flourishing about the room one evening, after they had been singing one of his favourite songs, "never! Fancy, after all this divine harmony, going where the whole of one's music is 'piping to dinner,' or heaving the anchor to the strains of a two-stringed fiddle? I shall die no other death!

"You will have the winds whistling through the shrouds, to enliven you." said Lady Constance.

"Delightful prospect, certainly!" answered Henry. "No-

## 'I'll go no more to the roaring seas.'

I'll work for my bread no longer. Ambition's torch is quenched within me."

"Did it ever burn very fiercely?"
"Often; once indeed I was nearly destroyed by its spontaneous combustion. We were in a boat, and wanted to land from the ship; but a heavy surf beating us continually back, in a fit of desperation I jumped overboard, and swam to shore with a rope, and by that means we all got in at last. Like a blockhead as I was, I went in with all my clothes on, which, by a natural process, became saturated with salt water. Hearing I was drenched, the captain of a man-of-war near, sent for me on board, and kindly rigged me out in one of his own uniforms: a post-captain's uniform!—Ye powers! what I felt! laughing gas was desperation despondency to it !- Two epaulettes !- one on each shoulder !- None of the 'single blessedness' of your lieutenant's rig. No—the perfect—the right thing! I looked from shoulder to shoulder till they seemed to expand into wings of gigantic dimensions, hearing up my soaring genius beyond the extremest Ararat of all fame

and glory! My breast swelled with things too big for earth or seas!—I was very near ordering the captain off his own quarter-deck -but I stopped just short of that insanity; and an unlucky fire having dried my own garments—which at that moment appeared to me the most despicable things on earth—I was forced to put them on again—constrained to

## 'Forget the captain, and resume the "mid."

The change was disgusting !--nauseous in the extreme. But now, I have given ambition to the winds, and only long to be allowed to vegetate in this spot all my days. This 'dolce far niente,

"'Doloe' ('sweet') it is," said Lady Constance, "but I refuse to call it 'far niente' ('do-nothing;') I think we are very busy, and

well employed.

"I am sure," exclaimed Lady Florence, "I am\_always 'stowing

away' some piece of knewledge or other, as you would say."
"I cry you mercy, fair dames," said Henry; "I did not mean
to despise your doings—nor indeed my own. I think we are mightily active, hard-working people. But when one has been used to the rough life of a sailor, battling it with the elements, turning out for night-watches with the thermometer below zero, &c., this inexpressibly delectable existence seems all like a delightful stream of self-indulgence; it is like passing through the soft summer air, where one is unconscious of any resistance.— 'How shall I hence depart!"

"But when 'self' is good, Henry, to indulge it is good also,"

observed Lady Constance.

"That is a very pleasant piece of philosophy of yours," he replied; "but rather of the Epicurean school, is it not?"
"No," she answered: "the Epicurean would follow 'self' without making any very minute inquiries as to the character it bore; but malign it as you will, if rightly understood, mine is true Christian philosophy. It is that, we must remember," she added more gravely, "which constitutes the happiness of the angels in heaven, and which will form ours there too some day I hope; for there our will, will be God's, and God's ours. When our 'will' or our 'self' becomes perfectly in unison with God's will, then our holiness is, as Erskine says, 'purified from self-denial.' I delight in that idea, it is so original, and so true! I like all that passage of his. And rising she fetched the book, and read from one of Erskine's delightful introductions: "' There is no self-denial in the character of God, it is His delight to do that which is good. Neither would there be any self-derial in our virtue, if we perfectly loved God, because that love would find its highest gratification in a conformity to the will of God. But how are we to grow in this love? How is our heliness to be parified from self-denial? No otherwise, than by abiding in the love of God, as revealed in Jesus

"I have nothing to advance against that, certainly," said Henry Ashton, "only that it makes me out to be very rebellious, I am afraid: for it costs me sometimes an immense deal of self-denial to do even the least little bit of good; which I fear proves that 'self' with me is intrinsically bad."

"It is so with us all, dear Henry," said Lady Ashton; "it was only Christ who could say, 'the prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me.' I am afraid he possesses large territories in all of our hearts; but still in the main, our way of life may, if we

are God's children, be good, and pleasant too."

"I grant it-I know my life is very pleasant, and I am quite willing to believe, on your assurances, kind friends, that it is very good also. But now, Constance, let us come a little to particulars as to this 'dolce far molto' ('sweet do-much') life of ours. To begin.—What good is it to keep pricking the air through loops of silk, with that species of small harpoon which you are using there?''

"My 'crochet' work, do you mean?"

"Yes, if that's what you call it. But to proceed—after the manner of the old hen in 'Water my chickens,' (how I should like to play at that game once more in my life!) I ask, what is the crochet' work for?

"To make a purse." "What is the purse for?"

"To hold money."
"Whose money?"

"Yours—if you can get any."

"I have done," he answered, looking up from the drawing he was finishing, with a pleased smile; "I am a perfect convert to the truth of all your positions."

"You liked the one I did for Roland the other day," said Lady Constance; "so I thought in the fulness of my generosity, that I

would do one for you too.'

"Did you do that purse for Roland?" said Henry, looking down again at his drawing, while his colour heightened a little—for he would have preferred having had the first done for himself—"I thought it had been my mother.

"No," replied Lady Ashton, "I sent him one some time ago."

"Ah! he needs more of them than I do," said Henry.

He felt at that moment what he had scarcely ever felt in his life before: an inclination to be irritated with his brother; and the question arose in his mind: why Sir Roland should have so very large a fortune, whilst he had, as he called it, 'to work for his bread.' But this mood was too intolerable to last, so, "Pshaw," he thought, "it is much better for me to have something to do, and not be an idle fellow all my life; and he can never have more than he knows how to use well." And the momentary cloud passed away.

It was in truth a matter of surprise to many that Sir Roland's property being so very large, his brother should have been left with a mere younger son's fortune of a few thousand pounds. But their father had purposely so disposed it; for he was thoroughly acquainted with the dispositions of his two sons, though they were

but boys at the time of his death: and he felt convinced that to leave an independent fortune, to one of Henry Ashton's volatile temperament, and reckless disposition, would be the thing in the world most likely to injure, and perhaps even, completely ruin him. He also well knew the noble and generous temper of his eldest son, and he was confident that he could with perfect security leave all Henry's interests in his keeping; and therefore, with the exception of ten thousand pounds to the latter, he left the whole of his vast property to him.

"Well, Henry," said Lady Constance, after an usually long pause in their conversation, "have you laid by the character of inquisitor?"

'No, I am going to put Florence to the 'question' next-What are you doing there, Giovinetta, with that many-coloured piece of silk, which looks like all the signals in the navy sewn together?"

"I am making a case with many divisions?"

"What is the case for?"

"Needles, and other implements for working."

"Who for?"

ì

"You, if you know how to use it."

"Ah! I see I ought to have examined my witnesses separately; you are too cunning, you landswomen, for us simple mariners; but nevertheless, I mean to be an incorruptible judge, spite of all your sops for Cerberus. What makes you fancy I ever used needles and thread, or such unseemly, and womanly trumpery, Signora Firenze?"

"I have heard that sailors like to mend their clothes instead of going in rags and tatters, so I thought I would supply you with the

means of making a decent appearance."

"But there is no 'true blue' after all, amongst the rainbow colours you have got together there.'

"I keep that for the last; when you are going away it will be time enough to 'hoist the blue Peter."

"You are getting a great deal too nautical for me, young lady, and very unfeeling to boot, to mention such a thing. That detested signal ought to be expunged out of the books of the Admiralty. And he sung low in his 'moonlight voice'-

> "Parte la nave, spiéga le vele Vento crudele, mi fa partir."

(" The ship departs, the sails are spread, The cruel winds force me to go.")

But instead of the "Addio," &c., which succeeds the verse, a heavy sigh burst forth, at the thought of the bitter hour of parting that must come so soon.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

- "They know th' Aimighty's power,
  Who, waken'd by the rushing midnight shower,
  Watch for the fiful breeze
  To how! and chafe easid the bending trees;
  Watch for the etill white glean
  To bathe the landscape in a flery stream;
  Touching the tremulous eye with sense of light
  Toe rapid and toe pure for all but angel sight.
- "They knew th' Almighty's love,
  Who, when the whirlwinds rock the topmost grove,
  Stand in the sheele, and hear
  The tunnelt with a deep exulting fast;
  How, in their fercest sway,
  Curb'd by some power unseen, they die away,
  Like a bold steed that owns his rider's arm,
  Frond to be check'd and acoth'd by that o'exmentering charm.
- "But there are storms within
  That heave the struggling heast with wilder din."

KERIS.

"A grief without a pang, void, dark and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief
"In word, or sigh, or tear." COLERIDGE.

A PARTY of friends and neighbours were invited to stay a few days at Llanaven, which was an intolerable annoyance to Henry Ashton, who could ill brock to have his present happy mode life broken in upon, by persons in whom he felt no interest. A few mornings before they were to arrive, he was walking with his mother and the two sisters on the shore; the wind was rising, and a dark line in the distance of the ocean, showed that the rough waves of the Atlantic were pouring in.

waves of the Atlantic were pouring in.

"There will be a gale before night," he said. "It is strange, that I never care for a storm when I am at sea, but hate to hear the wind howl and rave when I am on shore. I never could enter

into that somewhat selfish feeling of Lucretius:-

'Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.'

('It is sweet, when the winds disturb the surface of the mighty sea, to behold from the quiet land the great labour of others.')

You understand my beautiful Latin of course, good people?"
"I do just understand that," said Lady Ashton, smiling,
"because I have heard it before from one, whose heart is kind and
feeling, as your own. Roland often edifies us by his quotations;
considerately translating them for the benefit of the unlearned."
"I rather think, Henry," said Lady Florence, "that you must

have been the sailor, who when the slates and tiles were skirrying about his head in a high wind, wished himself 'snug at sea.

"No bad wish either, Flory. But however, it is not quite that: the slates and tiles do not frighten me; but you see all hands are employed on board ship in a stiff gale, and one has no time to be afraid, however much one might have the inclination."

"It must be very fearful though," said Lady Ashton, whose heart sickened at the thought of Henry's frequent exposures, "to feel at such times that there is 'nothing but a plank between us and

eternity.

"There is really no danger, dear mother, in a man-of-war; unless indeed one gets on a lee ahere. But here when I hear the winds roaring and storming. I have time to sit and think how many brave fellows may be mixing and drowning: in how many places perhaps in 'the dead of night,' the 'seaman's cry is heard along the deep.' Then I call to mind all the thrilling magnificence of a sec-storm, till I find myself trembling at the thought of things which have no power to shake a nerve when I am actually in the midst of them. Dear mother! I dare say you often lie awake and think of me till your poor heart sinks, as you hear the waves thunder on the shore, and the winds blow as if they would tear the old house to pieces! but remember, the wind seldom blows with you, and me, at the same time; and then, as I said before, there really is scarcely any danger for a man-of-war."

Lady Ashton pressed the arm of her son while he steeped down to kiss her tearful cheek. "I will try and remember your words, dear," she said; "I shall need comfort from them new, more than ever, for I shall more than ever dread evil to you."

"Why more than ever?"

"Because you are dearer to me than ever."

Henry's heart swelled for a moment, then in his gayest tone he said, "I see I must begin to make myself detectable that you may all be glad when I go away. I am too irresistible now, am I not, Florence? But, Constance, you were asking me the other day about storms in the Atlantic. In former days I used to fancy that a vessel went up and down the waves like a horse galloping over a hilly country; (though I had no idea then of the hills into which the waters piled themselves,) but that is not at all the case. When there is a furious wind, of course, one moves rapidly, but not nearly so much so even then, as the waves; but when there is no wind, only the terrible swell after a storm, then the ship lies supine on the waters, which rise and fall horribly under her; bearing her up one moment as if she was going to scale the heavens, and then sinking away from under her till she seems buried in an abyss, with huge mountains of water on every side. At such times one can observe the dread magnificence of the thing; for there is comparatively but little to do; but when the wind blows a hurricane, one has no time for observation, for every nerve and muscle is on the stretch. It is as much as one can do to prevent going overboard; and the straining and groaning of the vessel is awful; and sometimes she hangs on the summit of a mountainous wave-for the waves at such times, are of source much higher and

sharper than in the mere swell—and quivers as if she recoiled from the fearful descent before her; just as a horse might rear, and back, and tremble, refusing to leap into a chasm. That is horrible, appalling! and if one had but the time, one might then be terrified to one's heart's content; but as I told you, one is happily too busy to suffer much. But the swell is perfectly sickening till one gets accustomed to the motion; you can imagine it—as nearly as the creeping of a flea can give you an idea of the actions of an elephant—from the sensation in the descent of a swing, which was always intolerable to me. Do you remember, Constance, our once watching an unlucky turnip which had got into the sea, by means best known to itself? It was a stormy day, and every wave as it came curling onwards to break on the shore, bore turnip on its foaming crest, and we always expected to see it thrown up at our feet, and determined to wait till we had got it; but when the wave rolled over and dashed itself to pieces, turnip had slid down its back;—then again rode in triumph on the ridge of the next wave; then again slid down the back of that one; and so on with every one in succession, till at last we gave up the hopeless vegetable, and came home to dinner without it.'

"I remember it perfectly," said Lady Constance, "and recollect the provocation I felt at seeing it continually disappear, and afterwards beholding it swimming with the utmost tranquillity, amidst the coating of white bubbles which covered the water after the wave had broken on the shore."

"Well, that is exactly the way one is carried up and down at the will of the mighty waves in those great seas, after the violence of the storm is over. There one lies like a log on the immensity of the waters, submitting in passive helplessness to its caprices,now aloft, now below. I often thought of what this dear mother of mine would have likened it to; that she would have said: 'Thus we ought to repose on God's providence, and in acquiescing faith, and unquestioning dependence, resign ourselves to all the variations of fate, which the great and good Ruler of storm and calm might deem it best to send us;

> 'That on his guiding arm unseen Our undivided hearts might lean; And this our frail and foundering bark Glide in the narrow wake of his beloved ark.'

Have I guessed right, my dearest, best, and wisest mother?" "It might have so occurred to me, Henry, but I delight in having it as your own thought; and I trust the remembrance of

your words may often be allowed to bring down quieting balm to my faithless, and trembling heart, when I hear the storms rageand think of you."

Henry felt much affected, and was silent for a time. At length he exclaimed, "How the wind rises! it will blow 'great guns' tonight, Flory; I hate these on-shore winds; there is sure to be

mischief somewhere or other on this coast."

Henry Ashton was right; it blew a hurricane all that night, and

all the next day. The ocean was covered with breakers as far as the eve could reach; and the foam and spray from the waves below, as they dashed against the rocks, flew over the very tops of the cliffs. In the afternoon, the wind having lulled a little, Lady Constance ventured forth with Henry, to view the magnificence of the scene. A few hours before, he had "swept the horizon" with his glass, and not a ship was to be seen; but now one vessel was just discernible, though what she was they could not make out; but proceeding along the cliff they found one of the preventive men on his stormy look-out.

"What is she?" asked Henry, as they came up: for the old man

was attentively examining the vessel with his telescope.

"Can't say rightly, sir; the spray dashes over her so, she's all

in a haze."

"Give me a look with your glass," said Henry; and he took it out of the sailor's hand. "Your focus does not quite suit me,"

he added, altering it.

"May be, sir," replied the man, while a good-humoured smile lighted up his tanned and seamed visage; "old and young seldom

see alike, Mr. Henry."

"Except through one glass, old shipmate," answered the other; "good John Bunyan's glass of faith,—all see alike through that, old and young, rich and poor; isn't it so?"
"Aye, aye, sir," said the old man, shaking his head, "an' we

look steady enough—all see alike there; no doubt of that."

"I can't make her out yet," said Henry, still examining the vessel through the glass; "she seems to labour prodigiously. What is she likely to be? Is there any steamer due?"

"No, sir; none of the great ones, any how."

"Let me look at it," said Lady Constance: and she watched it for a few minutes.

"It is not a steamer," she said, "I see it distinctly now-it is

no steamer, but I do not know what kind of vessel it is."
"It would puzzle a much more experienced eye than yours, Constance, to make her out now," replied Henry: "but we will take another turn, for it must be shivering work for you to be standing here, and we will ask Dickson to give us another look by and bye.'

"It is not cold," said Lady Constance, "though it is blustering; it is like billows of cotton in one's face, the wind is so very soft.

"Have you often such gales in England at this time of year?" asked Henry. "I have been so long away, that I almost forget the behaviour of the elements in this remote corner of the globe.

"Do not speak slightingly of us," replied Lady Constance; "remote we may be, but like the spider in a corner, we spread our

dominion far and wide."

"And do you think I've touched my hat to the royal colours so many, many hundreds of times, 'asked Henry, "without fully appreciating the power of the dag which 'has braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze?'

"No, I dare say you are very proud of it as it floats over your

head. But why do you touch your hat to it?"

"It is the ensign of the sovereignty we serve; and no sailor in a

man-of-war ever mounts the ship's side without touching his hat to it, as he puts his foot upon the deck. Majesty is always sup-

posed to be present there.'

"I like that," said Lady Constance; "for I am sure those external things keep up the inward feeling very much. I wouldn't have been born in a republic for anything! the feeling of loyalty is so ennobling and delightful. I say sure I could die for the Queen!"

"Well, dearest Constance," replied Henry, looking at her animated and beautiful countenance, "I trust for both your sakes you will never be put to the trial, though I feel sure you would not fail."

"I do so delight," said Lady Constance, "in the juxtaposition. of those two apostolic injunctions—'Fear God, honour the King." "So do I," replied Henry; "and nothing is wanting when one is

sure, that in following one's own feelings one is also obeying the Lord; 'duty and delight going hand in hand.'

"How bright, then," observed Lady Constance, "will be the time when in obeying the Lord, we shall be invariably following our own feelings—our will, as we were saying the other day, being lost in God's. Now it is a perpetual warrare, the old nature against the new; and the heart is often so backward too, in its endeavours for others! No one knows the exertion it is to me sometimes to go to the school, or the cottages, to read to the people, or teach the children. On hot indolent summer days, how often I long to sit on the cliffs and do nothing but enjoy my existence, listening to the beeming waters, watching the woods just stirring in the air, or fixing my eye listlessly for ages on the ceaseless waves which roll on and on, till they 'die upon the shore.' And then what trouble it is to make myself go and do what I ought! And yet I love the poor children, and my heart quite yearns over them, when I am amongst them; and if I see any good doing in any one of their souls, oh! it is worth all the kandscapes upon earth! But it would fare ill with me if I lived amongst these who did not keep up the warmth of heavenly love in my heart. Here you all help me; my mother with her most persuasive way, entices me on; you animate me, and make all cheerful with your high spirits; and Roland," and a sigh composed of mingled feelings rose to her lips -" with him I am convinced I could go to the stake; his standard is so high, his zeal so unflagging, his love so perfect!—one is ashamed to be left so far behind?"

Henry's brow was knit for a moment; he loved his brother almost, if not to the full, as intensely as he did Lady Constance, but anything which seemed to bring the hearts of those two beloved beings too near to each other, gave him a pang which made him inwardly start, and which ruffled for the instant the deep, pure stream of his brotherly love. To a superstitious fancy it might have seemed that he intuitively dreaded evil from that quarter, though there was then no appearance of anything to trouble him. His brow, however, soon relaxed, as the secret conviction (which he certainly had) that he was the most beloved of the two, stole ever his mind, and a glow of repentant love towards his brother warmed his heart as he answered—

"Yes, one could not only go to the stake with him, but for him." "Dear Henry!" exclaimed Lady Constance, her heart full of

affection for both the brothers.

Again the cloud passed over Henry's mind and brow, and he could not return her bright look with an untroubled smile; for he knew not whether it was the sense of what his brother deserved. or his own devotion to him, which had brought forth her approving exclamation. But hating himself for the feelings which came thus, like the glances of a demon's eye, across his breast, he drew himself hastily up with a sort of shudder, and unconsciously quickened his pace, as if to escape from some haunting evil.

"Are you cold?" said Lady Constance, wondering at his shivering, and at his rapid movements, "this blustering gale is, I think, so warm; it is such an exertion to 'make head against it,' as you

would say."
"Yes," replied Henry, as his mind resumed its quiet, "and you miserable women carry so much sail, I wonder you can make

any way at all."
"I think I should have been blown down several times to-day," answered Lady Constance, "if it had not been for your strong

They drew near again to the old seaman, with whom they found Lady Ashton talking, she having been tempted forth by Lady Florence.

"Well, Dickson, can you make her out yet?"

"Yes, Mr. Henry, plain enough now; she is some merchant vessel, and seems terribly orippied by the storm. She has got up signals of distress, and I doubt whether she will hold out long.

"Long enough to get into Falmouth, I hope," said Henry; "the wind blows a hurricane again now, and she ought to fly like the soud before it."

"She'll never get there, sir; she is water-logged, I'm thinking,"

replied the man.

"Give me your glass. She is indeed," said Henry, after carefully examining the vessel, which was now about a mile to the westward of them, with scarcely a sail set, and the waves continually breaking over her. "If she ships many more seas she will go

down. We must get out to her, Dickson, or all hands may perish."
"Bless you! Mr. Henry, what boat could live in such a sea, amongst these rocks and breakers? It would be a sheer tempting

of Providence.

"It must be tried though, Master Dickson," replied Henry, coelly; "you don't think I shall let those poor fellows go down before my eyes without an effort to save them?"

He again raised the glass. "There's a woman on board," he exclaimed, "I am sure I made one out. Do you look, Dickson."

"There are two," said the old man quietly, as he kept the glass. steady to his eye, "and a child too, or I'm mistaken."

"Dickson," said Henry hurriedly, "you cannot leave your post

I know, but your walk extends nearly to the house; do you go back with the ladies, in case the wind prove too strong for them. I must go and get help down at the village."

"It's madness—and can't be thought of," said the sailor, grasping Henry Ashton's arm like a vice; "we must let matters take

their course, for we can't mend 'em."

"You talk like a hard-hearted wretch," exclaimed Henry, his

eyes flashing as he shook off the old man's grasp.

Dickson touched his hat in quaint acknowledgment of the compliment paid him, and quietly answered, "Not a bit, sir; I'm as sorry as can be, both for the women and the young 'un; but nothing will save them, and there's no use throwing away good lives after bad."

Henry Ashton turned from him, not choosing to argue further

when his mind was made up.

"My dear mother," he said, "you will go home, will you not, with Constance and Florence? It will only make you nervous watching my cockle-shell as it tosses about; but I assure you there will be but little danger when we have once passed the surf and rocks near the shore."

"Ay, when ?" said Dickson, doggedly—shaking his head.

Henry felt infinitely provoked at the old man's pertinacious doubts; especially as by expressing them, he was likely to alarm Lady Ashton as to the result of his venturous experiment. With a somewhat quivering smile he said, "Do not mind him, dear mother, his blood is old and cold; but a stout heart and a strong arm will do much, with the blessing of God, in such a cause."

"But if it is so hopeless," said Lady Ashton in terror—evidently divided between her natural affection and her warm benevolence,

—and clinging to her son's arm.

"It is not so hopeless, dearest mother," replied Henry, soothingly; "and how could you endure for me to go home and sit quietly, whilst the ocean was swallowing up my fellow-creatures—I, almost within hearing of their cries. Look at that vessel, and remember it contains human beings, who to all appearance must soon meet with a watery grave unless we can help them. Think of all their terror, their agony—the loss in many cases perhaps of soul as well as body—think of women like yourself, and of that little child!"

He paused, and Lady Ashton burying her face on his arm, murmured, "Go—go, I cannot keep you—their blood would be upon

my soul."

She threw her arm around his neck, and kissed him—as if perhaps for the last time; but her heart was strong, though her tears burst forth. He pressed her to his breast, and then motioned to Dickson to follow her, as she resolutely turned to go home. Lady Florence went with her; but Lady Constance, who had watched with fixed look, and bloodless cheek, the result of Henry's conference with his mother, stood like a statue—utterly incapable of moving.

"Constance," said Henry, with a tremor in his voice—for he was fully aware of the danger of the venturous attempt he was about to make—"you will wish me 'God speed,' will you not? You will pray for me?—My best—my dearest—my most beloved!" he continued vehemently, as he pressed her hand to his lips, and burst into tears—for he thought that this might be their last meeting, and all restraint gave way before his strong emotion,—"you will pray for me?"

Lady Constance could not speak, nor did a tear wet her eye; all she seemed to have of life was the power of breathing, and of

suffering.

"Speak to me, Constance," continued Henry; "time must not be lost, but even now, if you tell me to stay—but no, you could not coit—you could not desire it. But oh! if you knew what I feel at leaving you—you to whom now for the first time—it may be for the last—I dare to say how much—how completely you are all the world to me—my hope—my joy—my first—my only love! Oh! forgive me," he added,—"you will forgive me at such a time as this; and if I perish—you will at least know how you were everything—everything to me! My dearest! you will bid me go, will you not?"

He listened for her answer, and at last caught the scarcely audible word by which she sent him from her. He stood, for a moment, as if he could not part—then flew down the path that led to the village, nor once turned to look on her, whom he felt he might

be leaving for ever.

Lady Constance sat down on the cliff, where Henry Ashton had parted from her, with her hands clasped on her knee. She seemed perfectly torpid; as if a sleep had come over every thought. Her eye followed the waves as they rolled in towards the shore, as if her only motive for staying there was to watch their ceaseless motion. At times she looked at the unfortunate vessel, but regarded it without the smallest emotion, nor remembered that there were perishing souls on board, whose fate at another time would have awakened the utmost anxiety in her breast. She did not even think of Henry; for in fact her mind was for the time incapable of framing or retaining any one defined idea. "Feeling itself seemed almost unfelt;" for the terrible emotion which for an instant had swept across her soul had benumbed her by its very intensity. She felt no pain of body or of mind, only a sense of suffocation seemed to rest on both. The spray, continually dashing up from the thun-dering waves below, almost drenched her, and the wind blew her hair across her face and eyes, but she was scarcely aware of it. though sometimes she raised her hand and mechanically threw it back.

It was not the sense of Henry's danger which thus oppressed her; had that been her grief, her spirit wakened to double life, would, as it were, have lived in the presence of God, for him, and for his safety—but it was his love which stunned her—a love so fatal—so unlooked for—so fraught with every evil and every misery! Yet even that was scarcely so overwhelming to her, as the conviction which the last few moments had brought with it that she returned his feelings—that he was indeed all to her, as she was everything to him! She might have remained in his presence

for ever, without being aware of the nature of her feelings; but parting!—that it was which rent the veil from her eyes—and by showing her her own heart, brought with it an anguish so intolerable!—that had its impression remained long on her mind in allits first vividness, life or reason must have given way. She remained on that bleak point till old Dickson, having seen Lady Ashton and her young companion safe under the shelter of the trees at Llanaven, returned to her.

"You'd best let me see you home, my lady," said the old man, as he stood serrowfully by the poor girl; "it's bad walking against such a storm for one like you, by yourself. You'll scarcely keep your feet a minute; and may be might be blown over the cliff when the wind takes one of its slants. Shall I help you up?" he continued taking her arm with rough kindness; for he saw the utter

sorrow of her face.

She rose, and walked by the sailor's side, who often stayed her with his arm, when the wind was too strong against her, and who

strove with homely feeling to cheer her evident dejection.

"It was hard," he said, "to see fellow-creatures in such jeopardy; but many had been saved in worse straits than that, and Mr. Henry had a cool head as well as a stout heart and arm; and as he sould go, it was to be hoped God would take care of him, and send him safe ashore again."

These and other topics of consolation passed Lady Constance's car, but one word chased another from her mind. At the entrance to the shrubbery, however, she turned to thank the kind old man,

whose features worked with strong feeling as he answered,

"You thank me for nothing, young lady,—but you will pray, no doubt for Mr. Henry, that it may please the Lord to prosper him, and send him back; it is no common job he has got in hand." And he turned to resume his watchful walk.

Lady Constance paused when she had closed the shrubbery gate: "Pray for him," she thought, as her powers of mind began to rouse a little from their sleep; "pray for his return!—Oh! no—better for him to sink into the ocean, than return to hear—what he

must hear."

She walked on, and her thoughts became gradually clearer and clearer, though her feelings still continued unmoved. When she had passed the thick shrubbery, she came upon the open lawn which stretched quite to the cliffs' edge; and there she found her sister who, as the view was intercepted from the house by trees, had had a table brought out, and set under the shelter of the shrubbery on the opposite side to support a standing telescope, through which she was intently gazing on the vessel, which was by that time almost opposite the house.

"It seems lower in the water than it was, Constance," she said, when she saw her sister approach. "Oh! if it should go down

before any help comes! and I see nothing of the boat yet!

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Why should I fear because the surges roll? I have one life !- God gave it me-one life To use for Him and man-I will not fear !"-MS.

THE spot where Henry Ashton had left Lady Constance, was a bluff, high point in Llanaven Park, from which the ground gradually descending on both sides, formed two coves, beyond which the high cliffs immediately rose again. Sir Roland's house was situated about midway down the descent to the west, the ground continuing to slope from it, quite to the level of the shore. The woods, feathering in some parts almost to the water's edge, and in others, waying over the cliffs, were interspersed with glades of the greenest turf, and with della, where the deer couched down amid high fern, and glowing heather, and where the delicate heath peculiar to Cornwall grew in rich profusion; the scene altogether contrasting beautifully in its calm and quiet, with the full swell and bright, restless, sparkling, of the ever-sounding sea.

In the cove to the east of the high point (which bore the name of Tower's Cliff), was situated the little village of Carncombe, about a mile from Llanaven; and thither had Henry Ashton flown, with all the speed which his high motive could lend him, to endeavour

to procure assistance in his bold and generous enterprise.

He found most of the sailors and fishermen belonging to the place, collected together on the shore, looking at the vessel, which seemed fast settling, and which was drifting on to the east in utter helplessness.

"We must do something for her," he exclaimed, as he arrived almost breathless with the rapidity with which he had descended

the hill.

The men all touched their hats to him, but answered as with one voice, "Nothing to be done, sir."

"Something we must try, however," said the young officer indignantly; "unless we would wish to pass, as Cornish men too often do, for wreckers." And he sent a glance from his fearless eye through the little crowd assembled; a glance which some could but ill stand. "I hope, however," he added more cheerfully, "that we shall be able to redeem a little the honour of our coast.

"I am afraid, sir," said a respectable-looking man, "that no help can be given these poor fellows; we have unluckily no means

of getting a rope out to them, which would be the only chance."
"I think, and I believe," replied Henry, "that by good care and management, Terry, we might get a boat out to them with ropes; they are not near a quarter of a mile off. If not—I'll swim.

"You'd be dashed to pieces on these rocks, sir," observed the other. "Not a bit of it," said Henry, gaily; "at any rate I'll try. But we will make an attempt the other way first. Here! who will lend a hand to get my boat down to the shore, as you preventive men daren't lend yours I suppose, as your officer happens to be absent."

Several men volunteered for this safe piece of service, and the

light boat was soon at the brink of the waves. Henry jumped

into it.

"Give me all the ropes you can muster," he said. And coil after coil was laid on board. "I'll tie one end of this round me," he continued, laughing, "and then perhaps you will be able to haul my empty jacket ashore when my body is all gone to bits; that will be better than nothing. Now who will go with me?"

Not a voice answered his appeal.

"Cowards!" he exclaimed; with a glance which literally shot fire. Then shouting between his hands, his sonorous voice rising above the roar of the tempest, while laughter danced in his clear blue

eye, he exclaimed-

"Holloa! are there no women astir there? Is there no Grace Darling on the Cornish coast? Must Northumberland carry away all the honours?" Then speaking again to the men around, he said: "Grace Darling—a woman!—risked her life to save men;—

here—men leave women and children to perish before their eyes!"

"Are there women on board?" asked Terry, in an altered tone.

"Yes, and a child," answered Henry Ashton. "Couldn't you make them out with your glasses! Perhaps not though, down here, but on the point, old Dickson and I made them out plain enough; two women and a child, and there may be more for aught I know.

"If I thought there could be a chance-" said Terry, hesi-

tatingly.

"There can be no chance," replied Henry, in a kind but earnest voice, "if we do nothing; but God may bless our endeavours, if,

in dependence on Him, we 'do as we would be done by.

"I'll go with you, sir," said the man, stripping off his heavy jacket, preparatory to setting out. "God's blessing is the best inheritance: and though my wife and children depend wholly on

"You all remember," cried Henry aloud to those on shore, "and bear my words to my brother, that if we perish, Terry's wife and

family are to be provided for.

A loud cheer answered this injunction, while a voice from the crowd exclaimed-

"He wouldn't want the telling."

Tears started into Henry's eyes at this tribute of confidence in his brother's generosity, and Terry, quite overcome, stooped to arrange some of the ropes at the bottom of the boat.

"I want another hand still," said Henry, looking round; "come, you have strong voices among you, have ye all weak hearts?"

"If you'll give me a hundred pounds, I don't care if I go with said a bold, reprobate-looking young man, whom Henry knew bore but a bad character.

"I'll have no such Jonah on board," he answered; "unless to

heave out to the fishes, if the boat wants lightening.

A loud laugh followed this reply; and the unfortuate object against whom it was directed got pushed about from one to another in a most unmerciful manner.

"Well, Terry," continued Henry, "you and I must brunt the

waves alone I am afraid: but never mind, one volunteer is better than twenty pressed men. Now mark, you men on shore-for I suppose some of you will wait to see what becomes of us-above all things take care that the hawser does not chafe against the rocks, for if it breaks, we may all go down with one foot almost on the shore." And he threw them the end of the rope he had fastened to the stern of the boat.

"I'll ask them once more," he said in a low tone to Terry, "for three would be far better than two—that is, three that could be

depended on."

Then raising his voice, he called out, "Now, men, I give you

one chance more—will any of you come?"

"I will." said a pale-looking lad, who had but lately joined the

"You!" exclaimed Henry, as a buzz and murmur rose amongst the men; "you look, my poor lad, as if the weight of an oar would crush you."

"I am strong," said the youth, holding out his muscular hands, "though I look so thin. I don't mind going a bit; I have no one

to leave behind."

"Have you any one to go to?" asked Henry kindly, pointing

upwards.
"Yes, the same God as you have Mr. Henry," replied the boy,

"In with you then," said Henry, "and sit down there.—But stay, can you swim?"
"Yes, sir."

"And you. Terry?"

"No fear of that, sir."

"Now then, my men," exclaimed Henry to those on shore, "be sure you have an eye to the rope, and watch as I told you, that it doesn't chafe against the rocks.

All was now ready.

"Trim the boat well, Terry," said Henry, "and sit still both of you. Now, boys, be ready to shove off, but don't stir a finger fill I give the word.

Wave after wave dashed up, but yet Henry Ashton sat mute at the helm. At last—"Now," he cried,—"the moment the next wave has broken—off with us.—Now,—yo—ho—y."

The boat grated on the shingle, then, partly rising over, partly going through a heavy wave which came thundering to the shore, it soon rode safely behind a ledge of rocks which at a short distance from the land, rose some feet out of the sea. Henry and his men were drenched from head to foot, but that was a matter not the least regarded.

The danger of swamping at the first outset was happily passed; but a far greater difficulty remained to be overcome. On each side of the little reef, behind which they now lay in comparative quiet. the sea was pouring in furiously; and the waves—dashing against the seaward side of the rocks, which to the left were little more than a wall—came over into their boat, threatening to fill, and sink her. To remain therefore, was impossible, as well as wholly use-

less; but how to stand against the rush of waters on either side. was a question not so easily decided. To the left the opening was tolerably wide between the reef and a neighbouring range of rocks, and the waters therefore had less power; but there was a shoal at that point, so near the surface in places, that the boat might have been stove in an instant had she been dashed on it. To the right, on the contrary, the sea was deep, but the opening was narrowhigh rocks rising near; -and a continuous terrent of conflicting waters came in with such fury-forming innumerable eddies and whirlpools that it seemed impossible that any boat could be got through against it in safety. On this side however, Henry Ashton was compelled to attempt his passage into the open sea; and after a brief but energetic commendation of their souls to God-in which his two companions joined most sincerely—and a blessing implored on their exertions, he ordered his men to pull for the opening. They did so :- but the force of the current seizing the boat, turned her round like a shuttlecock; and she was only saved from destruction by a wave of tremendous force coming in from the right, which overpowering the rest of the waters, whirled her back to the quiet spot from which she had made so ineffectual an attempt to escape. "It will never do, sir, I am afraid," said Terry, drawing a long

"We wont give it up yet, my friend," answered Henry; "we must think of the women and children. How would it be for us to get out upon the rock at this right side where the reef is deepest, and taking everything out of the boat, draw her by a rope at her bows through the passage? She might graze a little, but if we could get the rope over that jutting rock we could surely pull her round, and she might spin like a minnow if she liked it. when we were out of her; and come the worst, should the rope break, or the boat be beat to pieces, we should be pretty safe on the reef till the storm abated."

This idea was instantly acted upon, though not without much difficulty, for the rocks were slippery with sea-weed, and offered but little on which either hand or foot could take firm hold. However, with perseverance, they at last succeeded in getting on the reef; and having taken everything that was loose out of the boat, they proceeded to pass a strong rope which they had attached to her bows, over a mass of the rock which prejected some feet across the narrow passage. Having done this, they endeavoured to obtain footing on the other side firm enough to enable them to resist the force of the current against which they would have to haul the beat; for, if by a sudden jerk they should be precipitated into the sea at that point, death would be almost inevitable. They therefore scraped away the slippery sea-weed, and fixed their feet firmly in niches, and broken parts of the rock; and having somieved this important point, they put forth all their strength to make the boat turn the point, and to drag her through the turnult of the opposing waters. To add to their other difficulties, the waves—though their force just there was much diminished by the depth of the reef on which they stood, and also by the shelter of the rocks which ran out, on the right, a considerable way into the sea-continually broke over them, blinding them with the spray, and rendering their hold of the rope almost hopelessly slippery. However, their stout hearts did not give way, and with desperate energy they put forth all their strength for the final effort. They felt the boat yield to their strenuous pull, and after a few moments they saw her head appear round the point, under the projecting rock; but there the resistance was tremendous.

"I almost wish we had thought of hoisting her over the reef." said Henry, "she is but a light thing; or if we could even now drop the rope with the hook, from the end of that rock, so as to grapple her, and keep her head out of the water, we might be able to get her through; but this way we shall never succeed; the rope will never stand the strain. She's tearing at it now like a

dog at its chain.

Terry mounted the rock with the rope and hook, and after many failures, succeeded at last in making it take fast held of the fore part of the boat. He then with little difficulty raised the head above the waters, and Henry and his feeble-looking, but stout-hearted companion, hauled away manfully; and when it had passed the point of rock where Terry stood, he also descended to where the others were standing; and—the main force of the current being then passed—their united efforts soon brought the little boat along side of them.

"Stow away all the things, and jump in, my men," said Henry. And following them, he seized the rudder. "God has been very merciful to us, and we will trust Him yet a little further. must watch our opportunity though, or we shall get swamped at last.—Now for it—strike with your oars." And they rose buoy-

antly on the crest of an advancing wave.

"Well!" he cried, "we've 'hoped almost against hope;' but we've been brought well through, thank God, and I can never sufficiently thank you, my men, for your steadiness and courage. Now then,—pull away as fast as you can. I would take your oar, Warner, and let you steer," he added, "but you have not knowledge enough to manage the helm in such a sea as this; and if the wave once took us on the broadside, we should be capsized in a moment.

"I can hold on, sir," said the boy, "never fear."

They proceeded in silence, for it was hard work for the rowers; and Henry Ashton's attention, and strength too, were fully occupied in keeping the boat's head right against the waves.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

"Thou hast paid the psnalty of thoughtless love Dearer than most." SULLIVAN.

"How affection grew
To this, I know not; day succeeded day,
Each fraught with the same innocent delights,
Without one shock to ruffle the disguise
Of sisterly regard which veiled it well,
Till Ms changed mien revealed it to my soul."
TALFOURD.

The manœuvres of the little boat and its crew, had been watched with intense interest by the assemblage on shore; and when they were seen dancing over the waves, after the perilous passage through the rocks had been passed, the spectators sent up a shout of exultation, and waved their hats in the air to cheer on the intrepid little party. They, however, needed no such stimulus to their exertions; and the acclamations of the people—which sounded to them scarcely louder than the "wailing sea-bird's cry,"—added but little to the enthusiasm with which they had undertaken and carried on their noble enterprise.

Lady Ashton, on reaching home, had retired to her own room, to pray for the safety of her son, and for the rescue of the poor creatures in the vessel who were in such awful peril. She resisted the inclination she felt to watch the progress of the wreck, for she knew the only help she could afford would be by offering upher earnest supplications to Heaven; and she also knew that by hat means only could she obtain for herself the strength and composure which she so much needed.

The projecting point of Tower's cliff prevented any of Henry Ashton's operations from being visible from Llanaven, till his boat had got some little way out from the rocks. But when it was at last seen riding safely on the waves, Lady Florence, in an ecstary of joy, called to her sister to inform her of it; and Lady Constance, then first roused to anything like feeling, threw herself on her

knees and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Do not, dear Constance," said Lady Florence, her tears staring in sympathy with her sister's, "do not cry; they seem to go or so safely—and the people in the ship appear so animated by seeing them. Henry has a rope tied to the back of his boat; so you see, dear Constance, he has taken every care. I can see his dear face every now and then as he turns—this glass makes things so vay clear. I see that little child, too, quite well now—one of he women is holding it in her arms. Poor little thing! how we tit must be, for the waves go over the deck continually, though I day say it is not half so frightened as its mother. The boat is vary mear now, and the ship does not drift away as it did. I see Henry making signs to them about something. Do come and look, Cor-

stance; you would not feel half so anxious if you saw better what

was going on. Do come."
"No thank you, dear," replied Lady Constance, who had resumed her calm composure; "I could not look steadily through the glass now-I am sure I could not; and you can tell me what happens. Besides I can see the vessels very well, though not what goes on in

"I do think they must have struck on a rock," continued Lady Florence, "all the people seem in such a ferment! There—Henry has reached the ship at last—quite close—and they are trying to get a rope to him, but the wind blows it away.—He has got it now, and is fastening it to a cable he has in the boat. Ah!" she screamed suddenly, "he is over!—he is over; he is gone down!"—And she threw herself on the ground, and in her frantic terror, tore up the very grass with her hands.
"Florence, my dear Florence," said Lady Constance, with stony

coldness, "do not be so frightened; remember how well he swims, there is no danger for him." And stooping over her sister she

raised her up.

"No, I am sure he's dead—drowned," replied Lady Florence, "I saw him go down; -I saw something strike him when he went

over." And again she threw herself upon the ground.

Lady Constance was horrified; yet still retaining her unnatural calmness, she knelt down and looked through the glass. It was some moments before she could sufficiently make out the scene—now brought so near to her view—as to understand what was going on; but when she did—sinking back, she covered her face with her hands, and passionate tears again burst forth. She seemed capable of enduring with a cold-almost stern resolution, the idea of Henry's danger of his death !--but now again she saw that he was safe-and her heart melted within her.

"I knew it," cried Lady Florence, mistaking very naturally the cause of her sister's tears, "I told you he was gone!"

"Oh! no, dear Florence," sobbed Lady Constance, "he is not gone, he has reached the boat again. I was selfish, and forgot you. Do you watch again, dear," she continued, rising and giving her place to her sister, "you will see better than I shall what happens."

Lady Florence had joyfully sprung from the ground at hearing

of Henry's safety; and she now, wiping away her tears, resumed

her attentive watch.

Lady Constance sat down again on the grass by her side. Her thoughts were still in a whirl of confusion; yet across the deep gloom which hung like a cloud over her faculties, there shot at times a gleam of joy, indescribable! at the recollection of Henry's words;—but these short moments of unallowed happiness were ever followed by a deeper sense of horror, and misery, and benumbing dread.

"They have lowered one woman into the boat," said Lady Florence, "and now the other is safe; but it seemed as if they must have missed it, it is so tossed about: and now a man is swinging down the rope with the child in his arms, and Henry is holding his out to receive it; and one of the poor women too, got up for a moment, but seemed thrown down again by the rocking of the boat. Henry has given her the child, and she is holding it to her, and wrapping it up; I suppose she is its mother. Poor thing!—oh! poor thing!" And the blinding tears prevented her for a few moments from seeing what was going on.

She soon however continued.

"Henry is waving something white as if to the people on shore, for his face is turned that way. Yes—he has moved the rope from the back to the front of the boat, and I suppose they are going to draw them back, and they have a rope fastened to the ship too, which makes it so much safer! I must go and tell my mother; or will you, Constance?"

"No, do you go, Florence."

She went, and announced to Lady Ashten the joyful news of Henry's success, in bringing off the women and the child. Lady Ashton's tears flowed fast, for her heart was thankful; and it also yearned painfully over the sen whose beld intrepidity had been so much blessed.

"Well, now, dear Florence," she said rising, "our part comes; we must go down to the village, and see what can be done for these

poor sufferers."

"I am almost sure," said Lady Florence, "that one of the women in the boat is a lady; she did not look the least like a common person;—the captain's wife perhaps—and the child seemed to be here."

"Do you think so?" asked Lady Ashton; "then we will have the carriage, and send some better things for her to put on. I have already sent some common ones with other comforts down to the willage, but if you are right in your conjecture we will bring the poor thing up here."

"And the child?" exclaimed Lady Florence, "that will be delightful! Put on your bonnet, dear mother, and let us go; or do

you mean to wait for the carriage?

"No, that will detain us, for it is not yet ordered; and it will have to go round by the road; but with the wind at our backs we

shall be at the village in a very short time."

They sallied forth full of joy, and buoyant with the hope of usefulness, and Lady Ashton invited Lady Constance to join them as they passed near where she was sitting on the lawn; but she declined, saying she would attend to having comfortable arrangements made in the house in case Lady Ashton brought any one back with her from the village.

The two happy ones then proceeded on their joyful way, leaving the wretched Lady Constance behind;—she whose kindly spirit would at another time have been the first in all acts of benevolence, but whose powers both of body and mind seemed now almost gone—broken down by the weight of her oppressive misery. When ahe was again alone she quite forgot what she had undertaken to do, and for a long time remained with terpid mind, seated on the grass without the slightest motion, till at length recollecting herself, she started up, and entered the house.

When she had finished all the arrangements necessary for the

accommodation of any guest who might come, she went into her own room, and throwing herself on her knees, implored of God guidance and strength. The little affairs in which she had been occupied, had brought back her wandering senses to the realities of life; and she now with a clear mind, and determined will, began to consider what she must do. There seemed indeed but one course pointed out by duty, and that she resolutely determined to follow. She sat down instantly, and wrete to Henry, informing him of her engagement to Sir Roland, and telling him why it had not been made known to him before; entreating him also to leave Llanaven as soon as possible. She expressed her deep sorrow for the unhappy error into which he had been led, assuring him that never till that day had she had the slightest suspicion of his sentiments—and beseeching him to think of her no more. Of her own feelings she said nothing; she could not say the truth—and she would not say that which was not true.

When she had finished this trying letter, she concealed it in her dress, intending to put it into Henry's hand when she should take leave of him at night; and having fulfilled her hard task towards kim, she sat down to look into her own heart. She saw—she felt, how much, much more tenderly she loved the one she must part from, than the one to whom her faith belonged,—and her soul was overwhelmed with shame and grief. She comforted herself in some degree by the hope that neither by word or look had she ever betrayed feelings—whose existence, indeed, had been unknown to herself but a few short hours before; and she determined never

to reveal to living soul the weakness of her heart.

It was not her intention, most certainly, to marry Sir Roland whilst her heart remained full of his brother; but considering herself bound to him by every tie:—by her own reiterated promise—by her father's wish—and by his own deep love, and true devotion,—she determined in the strength of God, to subdue the faithless preference she felt for Henry; nothing doubting but that her heavenly Father would in answer to continual prayer, and in furtherance of conscientious exertion, do for her, in her heart, what she despaired of ever doing for herself. Fortified by these thoughts she determined to give way—no, not for an instant—to vain—and as she could not help feeling them—sinful regrets. She resolved to shut out all tenderness of recollection; and not even to dwell with pity on the thoughts of Henry's wounded heart, lest her own should continue to feel for him too much.

Miserable, wretched, indeed she could not help being; but she murmured not, nor blamed any but herself; and in her deep sorrow.

resigned herself entirely to the will of God.

### CHAPTER XXX.

"The pause of anxious fear, awaiting soon
The dimly-visioned object of its dread;
When the hushed bosom fears to pant or sob,
And the heart dares not throb."
ANON.

"My noble boy,—whom every tongue Blest at that hour." SOUTHEET.

LADY ASHTON and her young companion arrived at the village just as the party in the boat reached the reef of rocks which it had given Henry so much trouble to pass, in his way out; and where fresh difficulties arose. His prompt and energetic mind, however, soon determined what course to pursue; and the moment the boat neared the reef, he made a signal to the men on shore to leave off hauling in the rope. It might have been possible to have shot the boat through the opening in the rocks without its being upset, but the risk was very great; besides which, there were many more still to be brought from the sinking vessel, and he determined, therefore, to leave his boat on the seaward side, and endeavour to induce some of the people on shore to come out that little way to their assistance. He made all the party get out on the reef, sheltering the women and child as well as he could from the soaking spray; after which, he clambered to the other side himself, and endeavoured to speak loud enough to make his voice heard by some of the spectators on shore. But his attempts were wholly unavailing, the tumult of the storm being so great; nor could he make any one understand his signals; so, in despair of otherwise obtaining assistance, he threw himself into the sea where it was calmest, and after buffeting for a time with the waves—which, when no longer sheltered by the reef, rolled with tremendous power—he was thrown with stunning violence upon the shore. He lay senseless for a few minutes, to the agonizing alarm of his mother and Lady Florence, who had witnessed his bold leap into the sea with dismay; but soon recovering-after a few words of deepest love to his motherhe entreated some of the men to go with him out to the reef with another boat. This request was more readily complied with than his former one had been; for, besides that it was attended with much less risk and difficulty, the hearts of the men were warmed with the enthusiasm and bravery which Henry and his companions had displayed; and the success of their enterprise had animated them all. The sight too, of the women and the child, so near, yet divided from them by the boiling surge, seemed to kindle every kindly feeling in their natures; and now, instead of a general refusal, Henry had many more offers of service than he could accept. He selected, however, two men whom he knew to be among the boldest and strongest of them, to go with him; and obtained their promise, not only to take the boat to the reef, but afterwards to go on with him to the wreck in the place of Terry and Warner, who were both much fatigued with the great exertions they had already made.

The boat was soon ready, and a rope attached to the stern; and Henry Ashton committed himself once more to the mercy of the waves. He was not, however, so happy in his outset this time as on the former occasion, for the men, being over-full of zeal and animation, did not wait for him to give the signal for launching, but pushing off immediately after a huge wave had broken on the shore—without perceiving that another was following fast upon it—the boat was struck, and immediately swamped. The danger, which is always great in these cases, was much increased now by the tremendous weight of the billows; but the two men, who were active swimmers, soon regained the boat, which was at no very great distance; and clinging to it, though it was bottom upwards, were quickly drawn to shore. But with Henry it fared less well: he had received a blow on the head as the boat went over, which confused his senses; and before he could recover from its effects, the waters had drawn him a considerable way out. He was exceedingly exhausted with his previous efforts, and having missed the ropes which were thrown out to him at first, he was left wholly dependent on his own powers for regaining a place of safety. He felt his strength almost fail him, and for a moment the torpor of despair—added to the effect of the stunning blow he had received—made him almost cease from exertion; and casting an imploring glance to Heaven, he was nearly sinking unre-sistingly in the foaming waves, when he caught a fleeting glance of his mother, standing on the shore, with the most agonised terror depicted on her countenance, and with her arms stretched out towards him. That sight roused his almost dormant faculties, and fresh-strung his weakened arms, and he determined to make one more effort for his life. He dreaded, however, being again dashed on the shore, having suffered so much from the rude shock he had sustained on the former occasion; so he determined, if possible, to reach the comparatively calm shelter of the reef; feeling certain, that if once he were seen on the rocks—should he have strength enough left to mount them—the men on land, whose spirit and courage he knew were now completely roused, would not fail to risk every danger to reach him. He was happy enough to be able to succeed in this attempt; and it may well be imagined with what emotions of transport Lady Ashton heard one of the fishermen exclaim, "That he saw Mr. Henry on the reef." He had been lost sight of for some minutes, the height of the waves intercepting the view of him from those on shore;—who also, imagining that he would certainly endeavour to regain the land, had fixed all their attention in that quarter. No time was now lost in launching the boat again for the rescue of the gallant young sailor,—for whom at that instant every one would gladly have risked his own life—and as the men proceeded this time with more caution, it was happily and safely sent on its venturous way, with Henry's two former companions in it, and another volunteer, who took the helm.

The first danger at starting being over, there was no great difficulty in reaching the little haven under the lee of the reef; and Henry, cheered by seeing the strenuous efforts made to join him, crawled over the rock, as well as his weakness would allow, and

directed the party there to come over to the side negrest the shore. whence they could be easily let down into the boat. As this would be comparatively a safe business—when he had seen Terry in the boat, he desired the new reinforcement of rowers to come with him in order to set out on a second expedition to the wreck. They all endeavoured to persuade him to let the other sailor go in his place. seeing how suffering and exhausted he was; but he well knew that the presence of an officer was invaluable on such occasions, where order was as essential as courage: and that unless he were there to direct and control both his own men, and those on board the wreck, there would be in all probability such a rush for the boat, as would inevitably sink her. He therefore persisted in going, though he felt at times almost as if he should die—so extremely spent was he, as well as suffering from the effects of the stunning blow on his head, and of the violent contusions he had received on his chest and side when thrown with such force on the shore. He felt, however, a trust in God which was most refreshing to his soul, and which kept him in perfect peace as he sped forward on his dangerous

In the meantime the party on the reaf having safely descended into the boat, were all, after tremendous tossing in the surf, safely handed; and every one was anxious to be of service to those who had so narrowly escaped a watery grave. The women and the little child were of course objects of especial interest; and Lady Ashton accompanied them to a respectable cottage, where she had provided fresh clothing for them, and induced them to take some refreshment; and perceiving that Lady Florence was right in her conjecture that one of them was a person of superior situation in life (the other—a foreigner—being evidently her servant) she expressed her hope that she would go to Llanaven; which offer being gratefully accepted, Lady Ashton, after seeing the party safely deposited in the carriage under Lady Florence's care, returned herself to the shore; being now far too anxious and uneasy about her som's fate, to think of going home till she had seen him again

return from his dangerous expedition.

Henry's strength was happily not so much taxed with having to manage the helm on his second expedition, as it had been on the first, as the ropes at the bow and stern served much to steady the boat. He succeeded in bringing off six more of the men and landing them on the reef; and then set out a third time for the captain and four other sailors who were all that remained on the wreck. The vessel had—as Lady Florence had conjectured when watching it through the telescope—struck on a rock, which though an advantage as preventing its drifting away from those who were going to its relief, yet made it inevitable that it must soon be dashed to pieces by the violence of the waves which broke incessantly over it. That it had stood so long the fury of the shocks it every instant received, had been matter of joyful surprise to Henry; and he trusted that it would hold together, till he had made this last expedition to it; but to his horror, when he had now got about half way, he saw it suddenly part asunder, and in a moment, as it were, disselve in the waters. He instantly cut away the rope which attached his boat to it, and in great agitation, exhorted his men to redouble their exertions to reach the spot. They rowed gallantly forward—though the difficulty was again much increased by having lost all assistance from the ship—and in a short time they saw two men floating on a spar, and farther on still, another; and having with great difficulty got them into the boat, they learned from them, that having expected the ship to go to pieces from one moment to another, they had all secured something with which to keep themselves afloat, till the boat should reach them. This account greatly encouraged Henry and his men, and after a short time they were happy enough to rescue also the captain and the only

other remaining sailor.

Completely exhausted, Henry now gave up the management of the helm to the captain of the merchant-vessel, and threw himself at the bottom of the boat, for his life seemed almost gone. When they drew near to the reef he endeavoured to speak, but could not make one audible sound; and the men not being aware of what he wished to say—(which was to desire them to climb over the reef, and get a boat from the shore to take them off as the others had done) --- went on unhesitatingly to the dangerous opening between the rocks. Henry, who saw their fearful mistake, and knew that it was then too late to remedy it, thought all hope of being saved was gone; yet, in his extreme weakness, he could scarcely keep his mind sufficiently alive to watch the event. And when, contrary to all rational expectation, the boat was hauled, by the exertions of the excited men on shore, safe through the awful torrent, and was borne by a tremendous wave high upon the beach, amid shouts that rent the air, the gallant spirit which had infused its high

energy into so many hearts, seemed flown for ever.
"He would go!" exclaimed Dickson, (who had been relieved from his watch), clasping his hands above his head, while tears gushed from his eyes, as he saw Henry Ashton's lifeless body lifted from the boat, "he would go!"

Lady Ashton, whose soul seemed at the moment raised above her mighty grief, laid her hand on the old man's arm, and said,

"If he has perished, he has perished as a servant of God should

"Ay! he has perished nobly," replied Dickson, "but he was

so over-venturesome!"

Henry was carried into the nearest cottage, and every effort was used to recal animation; but though it was, happily, soon evident that life was not extinct, it was long before anything like consciousness could be restored. Lady Ashton begged the men to procure something on which they could convey him to Llanaven, as the carriage was not then at the village; and a litter of hurdles and a mattress being soon procured, his exhausted frame was laid on it, and carefully covered with cloaks that the wind might not chill him in his wet garments. There was not a man there who was not forward in offering to be one of the bearers of his rude touch, for his frank, generous character, and cordial manners, had always made him a favourite; and at that moment the rememerance of his brave daring, united to the deathlike appearance

of his fine countenance, awoke in their rude breasts a sympathy and admiration seldom called forth. Almost all the inhabitants of the village, excepting those who were busy in attending to the sufferers from the wreck, accompanied him and Lady Ashton over the cliff, in token of their deep interest and respect; and then, after having seen him safe home, they took their leave with expressions of so much kind feeling and admiration as moved Lady Ashton to tears. She said she could not then thank them as she wished, but hoped soon to visit them all at their own homes.

Thoughtful at all times, and for every one, she had previously sent a messenger to warn the sisters of Henry's state, lest they should be too much shocked at the sight of him; all was therefore ready for his reception and comfort when he arrived, and he was immediately conveyed to his bed, and laid there in peace and

tranquillity.

Then, and not till then, did Lady Ashton's strength and spirits give way, and she sunk fainting, on the floor by her beloved child's bedside. After a time, however, she recovered, and a few hours rest enabled her to be again unweariedly watching over one whose late noble and generous conduct had endeared him a thousand-

fold to her heart.

To Lady Constance the trial was dreadful of seeing Henry brought home in the deathlike state in which he had reached Llanaven; and it was impossible for her at the first moment to repress the floods of unspeakable tenderness and grief, which would burst forth. The anxiety of every one on his account too—his praises on every lip—conspired to heighten her feelings for him, and to add to the trials of her heart, left alone, as she was, to combat the worst, and most powerful of spiritual enemies,—those that steal into the breast under the guise of the gentle, sweet, and delightful affections of life. Alone indeed, she was not, for God was with her; and on His strong arm she leant, and was supported.

# CHAPTER XXXI.

THE doctor who was called in to Henry Ashton blooded him immediately; and having watched him for some time with great attention, was able at last to cheer Lady Ashton with the hope that no material injury had been sustained, although the blow on the head, he said, would make it necessary for him to be kept quiet and free from excitement for some time, lest inflammation should take place. This, though not wholly satisfactory, was yet a great relief to Lady Ashton's mind; and enabled her to devote some of her attention to the stranger who had been cast by Providence on her care and kindness.

This young creature, though a mother, seemed scarcely beyond girlhood; while her quiet, distressed countenance spoke of early sorrow. Lady Ashton learnt from her that her husband was with his regiment at Gibraltar; and that circumstances rendering it advisable for her to return to England without delay, she had em-

barked with her little son a fortnight before, in the merchantvessel which had met with so disastrous a fate. Her name was Montague, and she had purposed proceeding, she said, directly, to

the house of an uncle who resided in London.

This was all that Lady Ashton learnt from herself; and she had too much delicacy to intrude any further into the secrets of this evidently sorrowful heart. The child's nurse, however, (a Maltese woman,) more communicative than her mistress, occasionally mentioned circumstances, from which Lady Ashton gathered, that the husband of this poor girl had been most unkind, and neglectful of her; and that, having been left in almost perfect destitution, and abandoned by her lawful protector, she had at length determined to accept the repeated invitations of her uncle, Mr. Stanhope, and return to England, to take refuge with him in her distress.

This account filled Lady Ashton's kind heart with pity for a young creature, so early tried with such severe afflictions; and her compassion was still further, and most painfully excited by the fear which she could not help entertaining, that she might soon be called to endure another sorrow in the loss of her little boy, who seemed her only joy and comfort. The poor child, she was informed, had not been strong for some time before he left Gibraltar; and a feverish restlessness and irritating cough had much alarmed his mother, and made her fear for his lungs. The continued exposure for many hours on the wreck, while the sea was breaking over them, had greatly aggravated his illness; and Lady Ashton felt extremely anxious and uneasy about him. He was a pretty child of two years old; and seemed to know no rest or happiness but in his mother's arms.

Mrs. Montague, unwilling to intrude on Lady Ashton's hospitality, had been desirous of setting off directly for London; but Lady Ashton would not permit that; and was glad in any way to be of service or comfort to her. With her usual unfailing kindness, having obtained Mr. Stanhope's direction, she wrote to invite him to Llanaven; and in a few days she had the pleasure of announcing his arrival to his niece, and of seeing the comfort

his presence afforded her.

All were most assiduous in their attentions to her, and her child; and it was with a pleasure, second only to that of the poor mother herself, that after a few days they saw the severe illness of the patient infant give way, and heard the doctor pronounce him out of danger.

Lady Ashton was exceedingly pleased with Mr. Stanhope, whom she found a most gentlemanlike and agreeable person, as well as an enlightened Christian. He told her many circumstances in the history of his niece which much interested her; and which made her feel more than ever for the desolate state of this poor young creature. She was, it seemed, the only child of his sister; and had been brought up by her mother in the indulgence of every wish and fancy. Mr. Lindsay, her father, was a man of ordinary mind and thoroughly worldly character; but some year after their marriage, Mrs. Lindsay had become decidedly piou.

and very earnest in her desires to serve God. She had, however, unfortunately, adopted high Calvinistic views, which preventing her, as those extreme opinions invariably do, from "rightly dividing the word of truth," had led her to look, in all events, solely to the sovereign decrees of God, instead of using—in dependence on his grace—her own exertions in the path of duty. Forgetting the distinction (which is so admirably set forth in Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity") between spiritual life and moral power, she imagined that—because it is impossible for any one to obtain the former, unless taught by the Spirit of God—that therefore all

human instructions and exhortations were useless.

"My sister would often tell me," said Mr. Stanhope, "that she could not make general invitations, when she knew that Christ died only for 'His people.' I used in vain to show her that by refusing to do so, she was refusing to do what God Himself had done throughout the whole of the Scriptures: those sacred books being not only full of exhortations, and promises, but also of reproaches, that men 'would not come to Him that they might have I urged on her the passages in which God repeatedly announced that he had 'no pleasure in the death of the wicked'that it was not his will 'that any should perish, but that all should come to everlasting life; and I reminded her how St. John, after speaking to the Christian converts on the subject of Christ having died for their sins, adds, 'and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.' I endeavoured to show her how these passages, and many others equally strong, proved that, though we cannot even think a good thought of ourselves, yet that we must necessarily possess a moral power by which we are enabled to go to God for epiritual power; otherwise, that all God's promises and reproaches, would be but awful mockery of the unhappy beings whom He in fearful power had created, only to destroy—only to consign helplessly to everlasting condemnation; a thought hornble as untrue! But she was blinded. I would arge at other times that the ungodly were said to be condemned because they rejected the blood of Christ; and I asked her, how-if, as she said, 'Christ died only for his elect'—these ungodly ones could be said to reject that which had never been offered to them? She could not explain -but her awful delusion still continued; and the effect was, that though she delighted in the society of real Christians, and did all in her power to forward them in a life of holiness, yet unless she saw that God had visibly drawn any particular heart to Himself. she never used the slightest endeavour to awaken the deadness of that heart, to show it the way of life, or even to restrain it from outward evil. To her husband she never spoke on the subject of religion, and Mary-Mrs. Montague, of whom she was doatingly fond, she suffered to go on in every way exactly as her fancy dietated. To my earnest entreaties on this subject she would reply, that when the converting grace of God came to the soul of her child, all evil would be subdued by it; but that if it was decreed that she was never to be one of Christ's redeemed, all her endeayours to improve her would only add to her final condemnation. I saked her one day, what course she had pursued the year before,

when the child had had the scarlet fever? whether she had sent for any physician to her? Unsuspicious of the deduction I meant to draw from her words, she answered, that 'of course she had had a physician, and had followed his prescriptions.' 'And yet.' I said, 'you knew that without the blessing of God, that man's advice and prescriptions could be of no avail.' She admitted it. 'Then why, I urged, 'will you not do for the child's soul what you did for her body? Why will you not guide her to the great Physician, and follow all His spiritual prescriptions for her, looking to Him for His blessing on your work?' She was silent-but still unconvinced; for Satan, who delights in stirring up the activity of the wicked, rejoices equally in keeping the godly idle.

"I was afraid at first," said Lady Ashton, "that you were going to say that all the power is in man himself."

"Oh! no," replied Mr. Stanhope; "I am convinced that that is not the case, for it is God alone who can make us either 'to will or to do of His good pleasure.' But though I know full well that we have no power of ourselves to turn to Him, yet the power is surely promised, if sought. In the parable of the marriage-feast, it is, I think, plainly shown that all are invited—all may come in. Those who did so, were certainly compelled, but the others were freely and honestly invited; and the guilt of the refusal was distinctly laid at their door; for it says, 'those that were bidden were not worthy to come in.' That some are forced to enter, does not argue that others are forced to stay out!-These things, I feel, are far beyond our comprehension; and it is, I think, in the endeavour to be 'wise above that which is written,' that we make so many mistakes. I believe that man must have power of some kind, or God would not entreat and invite him; neither could he be considered a responsible agent. Again, I receive as perfect truth our Saviour's words, 'No man can come unto me except my father draw him. These two things I cordially believe, though I cannot understand how the seeming contradictions they involve are reconciled; but feeling with adoring gratitude that it is God alone, who has drawn me to the knowledge and love of His Son, I accept with, I trust a sincere heart, all my salvation from Him. When we have cas off the dulness of these mortal bodies, then, and not till then, shall we comprehend these things. But in the meantime much evil arises from taking up either side of this question, to the determinate exclusion of the other."

"I fully agree in what you say," said Lady Ashton; "and feel that indeed much evil is done by endeavouring to explain infinite things according to our finite ideas. When we can understand how, in ourselves, mind acts on body, or body on mind: or when we can even find out how one blade of grass grows—then we may, with some shadow of reason, reject what we find in the Bible, because we cannot comprehend it in all its bearings. Will you

tell me further about your poor niece?"

"Her disposition," replied Mr. Stanhope, "was always remarkably gentle and amiable; and therefore the evil effects of her mother's injudicious treatment were not, for a length of time. so visible in her, as they would have been in most others. But when she was about fifteen, she took a great fancy to one of her cousins, a niece of Mr. Lindsay's; and her mother allowed her to have her continually at the house. I never liked this girl; she was vain and foolish, and affected, and full of fantastical romance; and was always filling poor Mary's head with nonsense. There are barracks at the town near Mr. Lindsay's estate, in Lancashire, and among other young officers, in an evil hour, appeared Mr. Montague. He was good-looking and agreeable; but as wild and unprincipled as possible. Mary, it was supposed, would naturally inherit all the property belonging to her parents, which was very considerable; and Mr. Montague, really I believe liking her, and certainly liking the idea of her 'broad acres,' contrived to make himself particularly acceptable to her, though he was far from being a favourite with her parents. Indeed I have understood that he rather endeavoured to displease them, for the purpose of making them refuse his offer; trusting that poor Mary's love would overcome her sense of duty, and that he might persuade her to run away with him; for he thought that if he married her without settlements, he should obtain unshackled power over the fortune which he fancied was irrevocably settled on her. He therefore, when forbidden the house, induced this foolish cousin of hers to contrive meetings between them, and to convey letters to and fro, which the unprincipled girl was but too ready to do; thinking it very fine and interesting to lead her young but indiscreet companion, into a sentimental and clandestine correspondence. She filled her ears. too, with continued invectives against the cruelty and tyranny of her parents, whom she represented as sordid and unfeeling, objecting to her marriage only becouse it would oblige them to part with some of their fortune. At any other time Mary's affectionate. feelings would have made her resent such language; but then, she was blinded by her own wishes, and could see nothing clearly; and being contradicted now, for the first time in her life, and on the point on which naturally she felt the strongest, she gave way to great irritation; and was finally induced by her two worthless advisers to leave her home, and set off for Gretna Green. Her father, who was of the most harsh and irascible nature, took no steps to follow or reclaim her; and when after a short time she wrote to him, asking his forgiveness, he returned her letter unopened; desiring her cousin—the author of all the mischief—to inform her, that as she had chosen to act in defiance of her parents' commands, she must thenceforth consider herself an alien from their hearts and home; and moreover, that as his fortune was not entailed, he should most decidedly leave it away from her. From her mother she heard nothing; for though that kind parent's heart was broken with grief, she dared not venture to oppose her husband, who had forbidden all intercourse. Things were in this miserable state when Montague's regiment was ordered abroad, and poor Mary had of course to accompany him, though he would gladly, I believe, have dispensed with her society; for thoroughly disappointed in the main object which had induced him to marry, he seemed to consider his wife merely as an expensive incumbrance. However, as she had no other home, he could not refuse her going t.

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out with him; so she accompanied him to Gibraltar, to which place his regiment was ordered. I went to see what I could do for her before she set off, for I always loved her very much; and I never saw a creature so altered—so thoroughly miserable. It was dreadful to her to leave England without again seeing her parents, especially her mother, of whom she was excessively fond; but her father was inexorable, and would not allow even a letter to pass between them. My poor sister sunk under this cruelty; and the first letter her unhappy child received after arriving at Gibraltar, was to announce the death of this most tender but mistaken parent; and no message of love or forgiveness was forwarded to soften the terrible blow, or soothe the wretchedness of this early victim of sorrow and folly. A few posts after, she received the news of the death of her father also, which had taken place very suddenly; and this intelligence was followed by the account that all his property had been left to his brother; and that her mother's fortune—about five thousand pounds—was all that she was ever to expect. From that time Montague, I have understood, ceased even the outward appearance of kindness and respect towards her, spending his time and money in the worst ways. At Gibraltar her little boy was born; and there, for nearly two years after his birth, did she endure privations and neglect of every kind; till, nearly starved, and her child's health as well as her own declining—she at last acceded to my often-expressed wish, that she should return and live with me. Montague was most willing that she should do so, as he was by that means relieved from the charge of both her and her child; and, anxious to escape from him, she set out in that unfortunate vessel, in which, had it not been for your son's bravery, she must inevitably have perished."

After this sad account of the unhappiness of her guest, Lady Ashton felt more than ever interested in her fate; and was very desirous of finding out whether she had any comfort in looking to God for pardon and consolation. In conversing with her soon after, however, she discovered that the same mistaken views which had acted so injuriously on her mother's mind, were working much mischief us hers. She fancied herself to be one who was by an irrevocable decree, condemned for ever. She knew that her conduct had not been such as was in accordance with the will of God: and never having been taught the willingness of her heavenly Father to pardon and accept all who came to Him in Christ's name, she thought her doom already fixed,—her eternal portion appointed with the lost. There was something in her gentle and meek resignation which was most touching to Lady Ashton's feeling heart; she acknowledged the justice of God in all the bitter trials that had been sent her, blaming herself alone for all her sufferings; and her gratitude at the improvement in her child's health was unbounded. Yet still the chill sense of God's anger and of her own hopeless state, as she imagined it, prevented her enjoying peace of mind; and for a length of time she seemed incapable of receiving any spiritual consolation.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

"What a lot is mine!
I who would rather perish than requite
Long years of kindness with one throb of pain,
Must make that soul a wreck." TALFOURD.

As soon as Lady Ashton's uneasiness on account of her son had been allayed sufficiently to enable her with comfort to leave the house, she was very anxious to reward the men who had so bravely assisted him on the day of the wreck. She took measures for establishing Terry in a small farm close to the village which had long been the object of his ambition, but which hitherto he had not had sufficient capital to undertake; and as she had liberty from Sir Roland always to do what she thought right and kind, she desired the steward to provide for him every thing which was necessary, and to have the lease of the farm made out for him directly. When this was settled, she requested him to take the lad Warner, who was an orphan, into his service; she herself, also bestowing upon the brave boy a handsome reward, as well as on all the other villagers and sailors who had exerted themselves on the late occasion. The vessel which had been lost having been insured, the captain, who was also the owner, was not a leser to any great amount; and the sailors who had formed his crew, after being liberally supplied with clothes, &c., by Lady Ashton's generosity, were provided by her also, with the means of immediately reaching their homes, or wherever else they had intended going.

Henry Ashton very willingly submitted, for the first few days after his fatiguing exploit, to the confinement and quiet which had been prescribed for him, for he felt almost incapable of speaking, or of making the least exertion; but when the effects of his fatigues and injuries began to wear off a little, he became most impatient to rejoin the party down stairs, being naturally ex-ceedingly anxious to see Lady Constance again. He half however, dreaded their meeting, for he had no idea how she would receive him after the avowal which his excited feelings, at the moment of their parting on the cliff, had drawn from him; for though he was fully persuaded that he was not an object of indifference to her, yet her former manner had given him no encouragement to speak as he had done. When constantly in the habit of being with her, he had not thought deeply on the subject—giving himself up simply to the enjoyment of her society; but now, when alone in his chamber, where his weakness kept him still reclining, he thought over each circumstance which had occurred during their late intercourse together; and when he recalled her rebuke on the first day of his arrival, and the restraint he had always felt since that time as to the expression of his feelings, he began to be terrified at the idea that he might perhaps have deeply offended her by his vehement declarations of attachment at their late interview. But then again, the conviction of her affection came to cheer him, and he thought, "Why should I not love her?" He knew no reason indeed, why he should not,—and yet he was anxious, and uneasy;

and the uncertainty began to prey upon his mind.
"I must go down stairs again," he said to his mother one morning; "I am much better, and this confinement gets inmorning;

tolerable.

"I shall be delighted to see you again among us," she replied, "if you feel equal to it."

"I feel quite equal to enjoying my life again among you all, dear mother," he answered with a smile; "but not to staying up here

any longer."

He accordingly went down that evening, though it was with difficulty that he was able to move his stiffened limbs. When he entered, leaning on his mother's arm, Lady Florence joyfully went to meet him; but Lady Constance remained at the window, where she had been conversing with Mr. Stanhope. She was fully aware of his entrance, but she continued looking out, as if watching the pale light fading from the sea; though sight, hearing, every thing was for the moment gone! But when at length Florence called to her, saying, that "Henry was come down again," she was obliged to show that she knew he was there, and to come forward and meet him. Speak to him she could not—and they shook hands in silence; Florence happily by her gaiety preventing any one beside them-selves being aware of the restraint which lay so coldly on them. The twiligh, hid the expression of their countenances—and they were thankful that it did so. Henry's heart swelled almost to bursting: he saw that it was not the melting of affection at meeting again what it loves after perils and dangers past, which was working in Lady Constance's mind—had it been that, her silence would have been more eloquent to him than thousands of gentlest words! but that it was coldness, and, as it seemed to him, displeasure, which marked her manner; and the instant her passive hand had quitted his she left him to return again to the window.

Mr. Stanhope begging Lady Ashton to introduce him to Henry, began directly to offer his grateful thanks to the preserver of his niece; and to express the high admiration which he felt for his

gallant and noble conduct.

Henry could not be insensible to the warmth of his commendations, or to the kindness of his expressions; but assured him that far greater exertions than he had made, would have been overpaid, by the happiness he had felt in being the means of rescuing his fellow-creatures—especially Mrs. Montague and her child from such a dreadful death. But conversation was irksome, and painful to him, in the present excitement of his mind, and he soon became silent: while Lady Ashton and Mr. Stanhope continued to talk together with great interest.

Constance still remained at the window; and after a time Henry's desire to go and speak to her became so strong, that he could no longer resist it. He with difficulty rose, and was endeavouring to make his way quietly along by the help of chairs and tables, when Florence perceiving him ran to offer her

assistance.

He was annoyed, and said quickly,

"I am not a baby, Florence; I can manage very well for myself.'

But seeing the colour rise in the little girl's cheek, and the tears fill her eyes, his heart reproached him; and smiling down with good-humoured crossness' on her sweet face, he added-

"However, as you are here, you tormenting little animal, I may as well make use of this strong shoulder of yours." And he playfully leant on her, till her slight form bent beneath his pon-

derous hand.

"There, he said, when they got to the window, "I think you have had enough of playing the crutch to such a 'gouty old commodore' as I am;" and he put his arm round her and kissed her affectionately. "But you," he continued with a bitterness which reached—as it was intended—Lady Constance's very soul, "you have a heart within your breast; and that makes you kind and strong, to love and help. But now go," he continued, "and bring Monsieur Jacko to pay his respects to me; and mind he is in his best trim, combed and brushed to a nicety—not a hair out of its place—or I shall have a terrible word to say to his young mistress." And having despatched his little helper on this—as he hoped, lengthy business—he sat down near where Constance was standing. For a long time both were silent; at length Henry, whose mind was in a complete turmoil of anxiety, and sorrow, and indignation, and affection, said in a low voice,

"And is this the way we meet, Constance, after a week's absence after such a parting? Is this your first greeting, after all my pain

and danger?

Lady Constance was moved even to tears; but endeavouring to repress them, she said in a calm voice, "You are better now, are you not?"

"Yes, I am better, I thank God—for my mother's sake—not for ours. You care not how I am; and for myself—I could almost say, would God I had perished in the ocean rather than have lived to see this hour!" And he leant his head down on the window.

"Constance," he said again, "why are you thus? My dearest, speak to me—I cannot bear my existence if this is to go on. Why this bitter unkindness? Have I offended you by the words that were forced from me when I felt that we might be parting for ever? I thought not of offence; and would rather have sunk fathoms deep into the sea, than have spoken of the feelings that had so long dwelt in me, could I have thought they would have been so displeasing to you. Think them unexpressed, dear Constance, if they offended you—forget my folly—my malness—be again to me only as you were before, and I will never—

He stopped, for he felt he could not thus bind himself to silence. "Can you not forgive me?" he added.

"I have nothing to forgive, Henry," replied Lady Constance, sadly; "only do not again"—and her voice trembled—" words like those—and then all may be well again in time."

"But, Constance my deer Contante well again in time."

"But, Constance, my dear Constance, why may I not speak

those words again?

"Because it would be vain—useless—worse than useless!" she answered hurriedly—endeavouring to pass him.

He caught her muslin dress to detain her—it rent in his rough

Lady Constance burst into tears.

"Oh! forgive me," he exclaimed; "rude ruffian that I am! I did not mean it, Constance; you know I could not mean to hurt

a thing of yours.

"Oh! I am not weeping for my dress," she answered with a half-smile struggling through her tears, "I care not if it were torn to atoms; but a bird flying across one sometimes would overset one's foolish spirits; and I am not quite well. Do not look so ruefully at that work of ruin," she added (for Henry sat with the torn dress still in his hand, as if mourning over it; though in fact his thoughts were far otherwise occupied); "there!"—and she playfully tore it still more.—"you see the destruction of that slight thing does not cost me a sigh." Yet one rose to her lips.

"But there are things," replied Henry looking up at her, though the faint light scarcely enabled him to read her countenance, "which you would rend with a light and careless hand, but whose

destruction is—my destruction."
"Henry," said Lady Constance firmly, though she quivered in every nerve, "there must be no more of this. Will you be again my friend, and brother, or must you be to me as a stranger?"

"Let me be your friend again, then, if I may not be anything more. But oh! Constance, think how long we have known how long we have loved each other—though not perhaps as now I love.

Poor Constance did think of it—and the thought choked her

utterance. At length she said almost inaudibly,

"Henry, you do not know how much it costs me to grieve one You must I have loved so long; but it must—must be done. forget me—you can never be to me more than you have been from childhood."

"But why may I not hope that in time I may be more. Constance?" urged Henry vehemently; "I would wait years—my life almost. Why must I be silent?"

Lady Constance dared not tell him why, for she dreaded its being too much for him to bear. She paused a moment, endeavouring to quell her overpowering emotion, then spoke almost haughtily—for

she had wound herself up to end this cruel strife-

"It should be enough for you, Henry, that the subject does not please me—that I request—nay, desire—it may never be renewed. Now." she continued in a kinder and more cheerful tone—for she was in terror lest he should be over-excited-" let this subject rest for ever, and let us talk of other things—that is," she added smiling, "when I come down again in respectable apparel; for I must change this poor dress before the lamps come in, to betray my misfortunes." And disengaging herself, with a kind look, she left the room.

Henry remained sunk in thought. He was somewhat happier than at first, for Lady Constance was kinder, and that removed a load of ice from his heart: but yet, on further thought, he almost

wished that she had retained her cold repellant manner.

"It would soon," he told himself, "have made me cease to love her; or else I might still have hoped that there was something misunderstood—something—which if removed—our hearts might have been drawn together again. But this cold command 'not to speak because she does not like it,' seems as if there were no cause of displeasure, except the love which she forbids—as if she really did not care for me. And yet"—and he dwelt fondly on the many things which had brought "confirmation strong" to his mind that he was more to her than all others in existence. He mused, and mused, till his heart grew dark within him.

"Can she be ambitious?" he thought; "and can she be willing to sacrifice her love for me, because I am not rich and great? I cannot think it—I cannot believe it—she was ever so noble! and

Roland would surely help me if I wanted it."

The thought of his brother brought with it a sudden dart of anguish. "Did she love Roland? He had been long with her, and she admired his character so much, and so continually wrote to him! But no," he thought again, "I know—I feel her love is mine, and she used to write often to me too. No—her heart is with me, and there must be some dreadful—some fatal reason for her conduct, unknown to me. Any how it makes me miserable—miserable!"

Florence and her monkey—and lamps and tea, came in—and lastly, Lady Constance. She had not before been able to see Henry's countenance; and she was now greatly shocked at the change in his appearance. Not less so was he, at that which had taken place in her, and which was wholly unaccountable to him. "For," he thought, "she has had no illness—no fatigue—no stunning blow!" Alas! she had had the sickness of the heart—the weariness of the labouring and perplexed spirit—the stunning force of agonising sorrow!—worse—a thousand times worse than all he had suffered!

She seated herself at a distance, out of his sight; and weary, depressed, and miserable, he soon pleaded a fatigue he truly felt,

and retired to his own room.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

"But absence—absence!—anything but this!
I cannot bear
This present agony! this nearness of despair."—MS.

WHEN Mrs. Montague's little boy was quite out of danger, she felt very anxious to leave Llanaven, fearful of being burthensome to her kind hostess, though Lady Ashton wished her much to stay; but as the country air was considered best for the child at that time, it was determined, that instead of accompanying her uncle to town, she should take a cottage which was pleasantly situated near the village of Carnoombe, and stay there for some months, or till the child's health should be quite re-established.

Lady Constance was most anxious to be able to tell Henry of the reason of her late conduct towards him, but it was some time before he was sufficiently recovered to make it safe for him to have any great excitement; therefore, all she could do, was kindly, but firmly to repress anything like a renewal of his former expressions, and to keep as much as possible out of his society. The party of friends who had been invited to Llanaven had been requested by Lady Ashton to defer their visit in consequence of Henry's illness, and of the precarious state of Mrs. Montague's little boy; but when both the invalids were convalescent, another day was named for them to come, and they accordingly soon arrived.

This was perhaps the most trying time of all for Constance, as far as regarded the steadfastness of her resolutions; for it being impossible whilst other company was in the house, to keep away from Henry, she found it most difficult to resist showing him more kindness and cordiality than she wished. Everything, indeed, conspired to try her unhappy heart to the very utmost; for his late brave action, forming a continual subject of conversation, kept her feelings for ever on the stretch. She could not enter a cottage but the first person inquired after was "Mr. Henry;"—and loud praises, and long discourses always followed the mention of his name, which she had to listen to and bear as best she might; so that even in the yeary path of her duties, trial and temptation rose up before her.

The first day that he was thought equal to it, Henry drove down with Lady Ashton to the village, to visit Terry and some of the other people, and thank them for the assistance they had rendered him on the day of the wreck. Constance had gone there previously not knowing of their intention, and was in Terry's Cottage when they entered it. The remembrance of Henry's gallant behaviour, together with his changed looks and unexpected appearance, so overcame poor Terry and his wife, that they burst into tears; and some of the other villagers also, hearing that he was come, crowded in, making it altogether a touching scene. Lady Ashton's mo ther's-heart was quite overcome, and Henry himself was much moved. To poor Constance it was terrible! especially as Henry's eyes continually sought her, as the people poured forth in the best manner they could their delight at seeing him again. But her eyes were dry, and though every nerve within her trembled, she endeavoured to subdue all outward appearance of emotion. She made her escape as soon as possible; and when alone again on the wild shore, she sat down behind a rock, concealed from every eye but His who "knows our bitterness!"-and her full heart bursting forth, long, long did she weep.

After a time she heard the carriage pass on its way home; and secure then from the chance of being seen, she rose and pursued her sad and solitary way back over the cliffs. She hastened along, for every step was fraught with remembrance; and though in general she had much command over her thoughts, and never suffered them to rest on the forbidden ground, yet just then, her feelings were so much excited, and her spirits so shaken, that it secured almost as if nature must give up the unequal contest.

In the evening, Henry was gloomy and silent. To Lady Con-

stance his manner was abrupt and cold; he would not speak to her. or remain near her; and once when his mother asked him to sing a particular duet with her, he answered aloud that "he would sing it-but with Florence;" casting on Lady Constance as he passed her a withering glance of disdain and indignation. She endeavoured to be calm, and occupied herself in promoting the pleasure of her guests; but her heart bled within her, for she knew what must be the force of the feelings which could make Henry act towards her in such a way; and though at moments, perhaps, she felt her pride roused by his manner, yet she grieved more for him than for herself; and she could not long feel angry with one whom she was—how unwillingly! making so unhappy. Though he might be now quite able to bear the tatal intelligence she had to communicate, yet amidst the bustle of a large party she could not find an opportunity of being with him alone a sufficient time to inform him of it; and seeing the impetuosity of his character-which was so much greater than she had imagined—she dared not give him the letter she had written, lest some violent and uncontrolled outbreak of feeling should reveal to others what she was so anxious to keep concealed from every eye. She longed to be separated from him—to be anywhere rather than with him; for his dispirited countenance, and eyes for ever fixed on her in sorrow or reproach -or in affection, still more trying—kept up a never-sleeping strife within her. Lady Ashton, too, added frequently to the difficulty and misery of her situation, by begging her to watch over him, and prevent his over-exerting himself, when the younger portion of the party were out together—entreating him also to keep quietly by her. At times he would obey this injunction, and giving her his arm, would endeavour to win from her kind and encouraging words; then—failing to do so—in anger and despair, he would almost violently cast her off, and go and join, with mad and reckless mirth. in the conversation and amusements of the others.

How often in the bitterness of her heart would she contrast the conduct of this wayward child of impulse with Sir Roland's feeling and devoted tenderness; and wonder why she could not tear her affections from Henry, and bestow them on one who loved her so perfectly. and so nobly; and who would never, she felt sure even could he at that moment have looked into the depths of her faithless hearthave treated her otherwise than with generous kindness. She trusted, indeed, that she might in time do him full justice; that she might truly give her heart where her vows were paid, and be enabled to look back to this harrowing period merely as to a fevered, distracting dream. She omitted nothing in her power to effect this; she banished Henry as much as possible from her mind, and continued unremittingly to correspond with Sir Roland. She constantly carried his picture about her, that she might remind herself of his claims upon her: and often did his full dark eye seem to reproach her for her want of love, and to remind her of the noble, devoted spirit which animated the original. But above all, she looked to God for strength; and if He did not as yet give her full power over her wayward feelings, He at least enabled her to escape

the guilt of ever willingly yielding to them.

Mrs. Montague was at length established in her new home; the other friends who had been staying at Llanaven had all by degrees departed, and the little party there were again alone. Constance had wished it so to be; yet now, how did she shrink from what lay before her! Just at that time she received a letter most unexpectedly from her cousin, Mrs. Mordaunt, regretting that her absence from town that year had prevented their meeting; and saying, that her sons having engaged a moor in the Highlands, she purposed going there with them, and taking a little tour in Scotland. She invited Lady Constance most kindly and cordially to accompany her in her expedition; assuring her of the extreme pleasure it would give her, and begging her to join her in London

as soon as she possibly could.

At any other time, Lady Constance would instantly, for many reasons, have declined this proposal; but at that moment all she seemed to desire in existence, was absence from Henry. In the letter she had written to him, she had entreated him to leave Llanaven, knowing of no other means by which they could be separated; but now she felt that her departure would be by far the most desirable step; as besides depriving Lady Ashton of her son's society, his sudden absence would have looked most unaccountable and suspicious. She remembered also that her father, though he did not wish her to reside with Mrs. Mordaunt, yet had expressed his particular desire that she should in every possible way show gratitude for her cousin's kindness in offering to take charge of her and her sister; and this, joined to the other consideration, at last made her determine to request leave to accompany her to the Highlands.

Lady Ashton did not like the proposal at all; and was much astonished at Lady Constance's wish to leave friends whom she loved so much, to go with those of whom she had hitherto known so little; and she said, moreover, that she thought Sir Roland would not be pleased at her doing so. Lady Constance, however, replied, that she was sure Roland would approve of her motives; and urged that the change would do her good. Lady Ashton looked at her pale countenance, and saw indeed that she seemed ill; and not liking to oppose her further, she yielded a reluctant consent to her with an aching heart; and anxious that she should not have time to retract, instantly wrote and sent off a

letter, gratefully accepting Mrs. Mordaunt's invitation.

She felt now that deliverance was at hand, yet how did her spirit sink at the thought of separation! She determined no longer to delay the terrible task she had to do, but resolutely and at once to perform it; and more aware now than she had been before of the irritability of Henry's temper, she thought it would be best to speak to him, and endeavour to soothe the violence of his first feelings, rather than to leave him to sustain alone the unmitigated severity of the blow. She therefore asked him to accompany her on a walk by the sea-shore; and he, though much surprised, instantly complied with her request. He gave her his arm, and once more, in silence, they descended together the corniche path down the cliffs. They reached the shore—yet still they were silent, for

Henry was in a state of torturing expectation, and Lady Constance knew not how to speak. Such an anguish seized her heart at the thought of what she had to say, as almost paralysed her. At length with a trembling voice,
"Henry," she said; "you have been angry with me lately."

"Have I not had reason, Constance?" he exclaimed, vehemently;

"have you not been cruel-unjust!"

"If you will only listen calmly I will try and explain—"
"Hear me first, I implore you," interrupted Henry. "And oh! forgive me for the impatience and unmanly temper I am conscious of having shown. But you are so changed, so cold, so heartless towards me, when formerly you were so affectionate, so-...... I have felt almost mad! for you would not speak-you would not tell me why I should not love you. Constance, who can love you better than I do :- Oh! let me speak," he added, for she had endeavoured to interrupt him. "I know I am not rich; but I feel certain that Roland would do everything to make me happy; and then—will you not be mine?"

Lady Constance turned from him, incapable for the moment of

speaking, for her very heart sickened.
"Say at least," continued Henry, "that I need not despair—

that you are not angry with me!"

"I am not angry with you, Henry," she replied, as her tears flowed; "but I cannot-

They heard voices at a little distance; and looking back saw

Lady Ashton and Florence walking towards them.

"Come with me this way," said Henry, impatiently. "Con-

stance, I must have your answer."

"You have had it, Henry," she replied, sadly. "I have told you that you must not love me, for I never can be yours. But, I beseech of you restrain yourself; for the sake of all you love, do not let your mother see your feelings .- Oh! I entreat of you, be calm when they come up!" And she looked at him imploringly; for she dreaded lest his vehemence should be observed.

"I cannot wait for them," replied Henry, in gloomy agitation.

"Will you not come with me?"

"I dare not; your mother will think it so strange if we go when she is coming to join us. Henry, dear Henry! will you not stay, and be tranquil? Walk for a moment towards the sea, and then return to us, and I will go and meet them. Pray-pray do!" And she clasped her hands in agony.

Henry looked at her, and his countenance softened.

"I will do anything you wish," he sighed. And he walked slowly away; while Lady Constance went to meet her sister and Lady Ashton.

"I am glad to find you," said the latter. "It is such a relief to be without strangers again, and able to enjoy each other's

"I am very glad the house is quiet again," said Lady Constance; "visitors, with whom one has not much in common, soon weary one.'

"We are all out early to day," observed Lady Ashton; "we

will sit here a little while, and get Henry to read to us. I dare

say he has some book with him; he is like Roland in that."

"I had strolled down here for a little while," said Lady Constance, with some embarrassment, for it was most distressing to her to remain with Henry; "but I think I must now occupy myself at home.

"Oh! not for this one morning; it is so charming to feel oneself so free again. Stay and enjoy this delightful air with us."

Lady Constance complied, fearful of attracting attention if she

persisted in a refusal.

"We will sit down here," said Lady Ashton; "and Florence.

go and ask Henry to come and read to us, if he has a book."

Lady Florence went, and taking hold of Henry's reluctant arm, drew him back to where the others were sitting. There was a languor and dejection in his manner which terrified Lady Constance, who dreaded lest it should be observed. She was seated a little behind Lady Ashton, and she looked at him with a beseeching countenance. He was touched by her distress, and exerted himself to appear cheerful.

"Will you read to us, Henry?" asked his mother; "have you

a book?"

"I have nothing but my pocket Testament."

"Well, read us something out of that. I am sure when one looks on this ocean, which had so nearly taken you from us the other day, we cannot enough think of God, or thank Him sufficiently for His mercy. But who that sees it to day-its little sunny waves chasing each other as in sport, would think that it could ever be roused to the force and fury that we witnessed then!"

"Like the human mind," said Henry, as his brow lowered; "calm till roused by the winds of passion, and then the storm is

terrible!"

He looked towards Constance, but she had placed herself so that

he could not see her countenance.

"How soothing the plashing of the water sounds," said Lady Ashton, "as it rolls so gently over on the beach!"

"And yet," said Henry, "its bright smiling look, and soft whisperings, seem but like the blandishments of a murderer, when we remember how many it 'has roughly cradled to their last long sleep.'

"Does it not rather seem like penitence?" said Lady Ashton,

" Mourning with low regretful murmur, for the deeds Its fury and its wrath so ruthlessly have done!"

"Did you ever see any one lost, Henry?" asked Florence; "it

must be so dreadful.

"It is dreadful," he replied; "though I never saw but one. They say a field of battle is less trying to the feelings, than one solitary death; and I suppose it is the same with the wide fields of the ocean; for I am sure the destruction of a whole fleet could scarcely have shocked me as that one thing did. It was a little

lad, a nice little fellow, who fell overboard when reefing one of the topsails in a tremendous gale of wind. It was impossible to stop the ship, for we were running at eleven knots an hour; and I believe I was going madly after him, without knowing what I did, had I not been held back by a brother officer, who knew I must inevitably have been lost too. But I saw his face a little way off as he rose on a great wave—and oh! the expression of it! The remembrance is terrible even now. We had soon left him far behind; but for a length of time we knew whereabouts he was, by the flock of vile sea-birds which hovered about him."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Lady Ashton.

"Yes; this life is full of misery."

"Yet you, dear Henry, can know of misery but the name; excepting as your kind heart makes you feel for others," said his mother.

Henry was silent. Then, "Shall I read?" he said. And he drew forth his book.

His mind was full of a strange mixture of tenderness and wayward anger towards Constance; and he threw himself back on the

shingle so as to be able to see her, as he said,
"After all, life saved is sometimes only suffering prolonged!"

Lady Constance, startled by his sudden action, looked towards him for a moment; but when she caught his eye, and saw the terrible expression of his countenance—almost alarmed, she shook her head, and turned away—her own emotion being almost uncontrollable. She would gladly have risen and left them all, but she dared not stir; and Henry, now feeling for her distress, opened his book, and read out of it some of the sublime chapters of the Revelations. The subject, as he proceeded, took full possession of his mind, and raised it to the contemplation of the magnificent, spleudid, and eternal things of heaven. Earth, and its sorrows, or a moment faded from before his eyes, and the love of God seemed all in all to him; and when next he looked at Lady Constance, it was with a calm elevation of expression, far different from that which before had marred the character of his beautiful countenance. They soon after rose, and giving his arm to Lady Ashton, he assisted her up the cliff; and when they reached the house he retired immediately into his own room.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

\*There are hidden but marvellous inspirations through which the tempted but pure spirit receives strength to triumph over even that which is dearest to it."—F. BREMEE.

"Will he not pity?—He whose searching eye Reads all the secrets of thine agony?— Oh! pray to be forgiven

Thy fond idolatry—thy blind excess."—Mrs. HEMANS.

"Help me to raise these yearnings from the dust, And fix on Thee, th' Undying One, my heart."—MRS. HEMANS.

HENRY ASHTON felt thoroughly miserable; not only because his hopes seemed all dashed to the ground, but because he was conscious that his conduct towards Lady Constance was not what it should be. He was shocked when he reflected on his violence, contrasted with her gentleness, and forbearing patience; and he felt himself, indeed, utterly unworthy of her love. His soul was humbled before God; and earnestly did he implore strength to

subdue his hasty temper, and to bear his great trial.

Instead of the harsh, indignant feeling he had so often of late given way to, he now felt full of devoted tenderness towards Lady Constance; and willingly would he have endured any sorrow rather than have seen her suffer. He wrote on a slip of paper, "Can you forgive me? and will you come out with me again this evening?" and then, it being near the time of their early dinner, he went down into the drawing-room. Lady Constance was arranging some music; and going up to her he silently put the little paper into her hand. She read it, and wrote underneath his words, "I do truly forgive, and will go out with you." He was looking over her, and felt overjoyed as she traced these words; but when he saw her add, "but hope nothing,"—his impatient indignation again returned; and he was about to leave her in his former abrupt manner, when cheeking himself, he quietly too! the pencil from her hand and wrote, "Then may God have mercy on me."

Dinner was announced, and they proceeded to the dining-room, where, in pursuance of his kind desire to spare Lady Constance all uneasiness, he exerted himself so much to be gay and pleasant, that his spirits really were relieved, and at moments he telt almost

cheerful. His mother remarking the difference, said.

"You are more like yourself to-day, Henry, than you have been since your illness. I like to see that your spirits are better when we are alone than when there is company; I always pity those who need excitement."

"I require none," he answered; "I have too much already

within myself, of one kind or another."

After dinner, while they were yet sitting round the table, a servant came in with a letter for Henry, saying that a man had just brought it over express. He opened it when the servant had left the room, and having read it with a quivering look and heightened

colour, he threw it over to his mother, and covered his face with his hands as she read it.

"To-morrow, oh! that is cruel!" she exclaimed.

"To-morrow," cried Florence; "what of to-morrow? You are not going to-morrow, Henry? Oh! you cannot go." And she threw herself on her knees by his side, and leaned her head against him, sobbing violently.

He glanced for a moment at Lady Constance, who was sitting pale and tearless; then bending over the little girl, he stroked her hair and caressed her, to hide the tears he was ashamed to show. At last, finding he could not repress his emotion, he started up, and gently removing her, said,

"Get you gone, you little witch; why do you come and wile these great tears from a sailor's eyes?" And going to his mother,

he sat down by her and leant his head on her shoulder. She embraced him with a full heart.

"This is, indeed, short notice," she said. "What can be the

cause of this sudden summons?"
"I do not know," he replied; "you see it only says that orders have been received for sailing without delay. I must be off tonight, I fear, but will speak to the man who brought the letter."

Shall I send for him here?"

"No," he replied, "I will go to him, when I am fit to be seen. But it won't do," he added, forcing a smile, "to show these woman's eyes to all the world. Let us go into the drawing-room, and after a turn on the lawn I shall be more of a man again; but this is a cruel wrench.'

As he entered the room with his mother he turned to look for Lady Constance; but she had taken the opportunity of escaping to her own room. When there she sat down quite overpowered; for

her heart sunk within her.

"Yet why," she thought, "should I grieve? it is what I have . been desiring. Absence! how far better than being together-yet

so divided !"

She had, indeed, determined to go away, herself; but then she would have left Henry at home in quiet and safety. But for him to go-to enter again on his perilous duties, was terrible to her! Yet still, after the first shock, she felt it was best for him; his mind would be occupied, and when far away from all the seenes which could recall his ill-fated affection, he would sooner be likely to overcome it. She again thought of writing to him, and of giving him the letter at the last moment, as then all fear of his betraying his emotion to his mother would be over: but she dreaded for him the effect of such a stroke coming on the pain of parting; and determined again, cost her what it might, that she would speak to him and try to soothe his lacerated feelings. She prayed earnestly that strength and comfort might be imparted to them both; and beought that nothing might escape her which might serve to betray he state of her own heart.

She was yet on her knees when Lady Ashton came to the door to ask her to come out, and take a last walk with them before Henry's departure. She started up on hearing herself called; and though she would infinitely have preferred staying at home till she could take the promised lonely walk with Henry, yet she could not refuse the invitation; and in the confusion of the moment was indeed glad to busy herself by putting on her bonnet, and making other little preparations, so as to hide her agitation.

Henry had spoken to the man who brought over his letter, and found that it would only be necessary for him to join his ship early on the morrow; therefore, he declared he would not go that even-

ing, but would start very early the ensuing morning.

They then all set off for the village, that Henry might take leave of Mrs. Montague, and of some of his poor neighbours there; and they afterwards walked home by the shore. When they came to the little cove to the west in Llanaven Park, Lady Ashton proposed that they should sit and rest there a little, before she went in to make her final preparations for Henry's departure. The sun had just set behind the woods, and the full moon rose from the ocean.

"Repeat me something," said Lady Ashton to Henry, who sat between her and Lady Constance; "something that I may re-

member when you are gone."

"I will repeat, then, that beautiful entreaty to be 'thought of,' which you like so much, and which is, indeed, suited but too well to this sad and lovely hour." And he spoke in a low, and often broken voice, those exquisite lines:

"Go where the water glideth gently ever—
Glideth through meadows that yet greenest be;
Go listen to our own beloved river,
And think of me!

Wander through forests where the small flower layeth
Its fairy gem beneath the giant tree;
Listen the dim brook pining as it playeth,
And think of me!

Go when the sky is silver pale at even,
And the wind moaneth on the lonely tree;
Go forth beneath the solitary heaven,
And think of me!

And when the moon riseth as she were dreaming And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea, Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming, And think of me!

Yes! think of me in joy's most blessed hour, And when affliction draweth tears from thee; In the world's crowd—and in thy lonely bower, Oh! think of me!"

He took his mother's hand as he finished; and Ledy Ashton pressed his to her lips with a mother's painful love. He looked at Lady Constance; her head was turned away, but the moonbeams ahone on the tears which fell abundantly on her hands and dress, and he sadly felt, "At least she loves me."

"I could linger here with you till midnight, Henry," said his

mother; "but I must go,—I have so much to do."
"You need not all go," he answered; "and I shall be of no use. Constance, stay with me, and let us enjoy this scene a little longer."

She remained by him.—He waited till the others were out of

hearing, then turning to her he said,

"Now at this last moment, Constance, will you not bid me hope? Do not be cold and heartless, when we must part to-night—never more, perhaps, to meet."

He waited for her to speak; but she was silent; while in her bent brow and agitated countenance he saw evidences of the

deepest emotion, and most agonized distress.

"You terrify me!" he exclaimed. "I entreat you for my sake-

for our early love's sake, tell me why you look so wretched?"

"What can I say?" she replied in broken accents; "how can I tell you, that you must not think of me-must not love me, but as engaged to Roland." And her head sunk upon her clasped hands.

Henry started to his feet, as if a scorpion had stung him-and

recoiled from her in horror.
"Engaged to Roland!" he shricked. Then in a low voice, and slowly, as if endeavouring to understand the meaning of the words. he repeated, "engaged to Roland?"

"Oh, yes!" murmured Lady Constance; "I am-have long

been-engaged to him."

He rushed from her. He walked up and down the beach in a state of distraction; his wild actions and frantic exclamations speaking the intensity of the anguish which tore his heart-his senses were bewildered under this dreadful shock. Though Lady Constance had forbidden him to hope, still he had hoped; but this—this was worse than death! "Engaged to Roland!" Had it been to any other, it would have been less torturing, but his own brother! . .

And then the thought of that brother rushed over him,—that generous, devoted brother, to whom he had been looking with tull confidence to smooth his path to happiness! His whole soul melted with agonizing remorse as he felt that he was the destroyer of that brother's happiness, for he knew that he was the one loved; and delightful as that conviction was, it brought with it pangs unspeakable. Then fury flashed over his mind as he thought of this tyrant claim standing between him and Constance; and raising his arms a moment as if in supplication to heaven, he dashed himself on the ground.

By degrees he became more calm; and rising, he sat for some time almost in a state of torpor. Lady Constance, from whom he still kept aloof, was even more severely tried than he was. She had not, indeed, the first force of the stunning blow to sustain; but she had to witness the expression of Henry's anguish, and to resist the strong temptation of saying what would have turned that anguish into joy. Sir Roland's often-repeated entreaty that she would never let his claim interfere with her happiness, rushed

across her mind, and at times she could scarcely control the impulse which prompted her to fly to Henry, and speak words of peace and happiness; but she could not so abuse the generosity which had made her free; and in agony of spirit she implored of God to direct her path aright, and to heal these tearing wounds. She fancied her fove for Henry had been wholly unperceived by him, and she resolved to conquer it; yet the sight of his misery distracted her, and unable to bear it any longer, she covered her face with her hands and wept convulsively.

Henry arose at length, and walking slowly towards her. stood rigid by her side. He knew that she loved him-he saw her grief -vet for her, at that moment, he felt no pity; he looked upon her as the betrayer of both himself and his brother, and his soul was

filled with bitterness.

"Why," he said, addressing her in a voice of stern coldness, was not this told me before? Why was my happiness to be thus

cruelly, thus wantonly destroyed?"

Lady Constance felt his injustice, and was terrified at his words and manner. With a trembling voice she told him it had been Sir Roland's wish that their engagement should not be known.

"And was it his wish, too, that his brother's love should be per-

mitted—and then crushed?"

"Oh! Henry," said Lady Constance, distressed beyond endurance, "do not speak so. I take God, who knows my heart, to witness, that I never knew you loved me—never dreamed of your feelings towards me, till that day on the cliff; and surely I have not since encouraged them."

He looked in her troubled, yet ingenuous countenance, and he felt

her truth, and his own harshness.

"No," he replied, in a faltering voice; "no, you have been kindly, kindly cruel. But you, Constance!—has it been no effort to

"I am bound, Henry," she replied, with dignity, "by every ti

to Roland.

Henry's heart sunk within him; he sighed bitterly. "Tell me."

he said, "when this miserable engagement was formed!"

Lady Constance gave him the outline of the case; and he then clearly saw that her heart had never had a part in it. This conviction relieved him greatly as removing the painful impression which had at first rested on his mind—that hers were fickle and light affections, easily won and as soon lost; but as his value for her love increased, so did the intense wish to claim it as his own, increase also. He thought if he could but once hear her confess that it was his—that he could go and live on that remembrance for ever; but he saw that she strove to hide her feelings,—that she seemed to think they were unperceived by him; and respecting her the more for the high principle which guided her, he restrained his earnest desire; and determined, with an effort worthy of true love, not to let her see that he had read her heart.

"You are sure," said he, at length, "that Roland loves you?" "Yes," she replied; her heart torn with the remembrance of

his devotion.

"But can he love you as I do? Impossible!"
"He does—oh! yes—he does," cried Lady Constance, with

terrible emotion.

"Dreadful!—dreadful!—every way miserable!" exclaimed Henry. And as he reflected that he had stolen from Sir Roland the treasure of Constance's love, he ejaculated with heartfelt anguish, and deepest affection, "My brother—my brother!" while burst after burst of grief broke from his labouring breast.

When he grew calmer, Lady Constance rose, and with forced calmness said, "And now, Henry, we must part—and you——"
"Not yet, oh! not yet," he cried. "Think, Constance—it is a parting for ever! Never can I see you again, never-never!" "Try, dear Henry," she said, terribly shaken, "try to look to God for comfort, and then in time—"

"Oh, never!" he said, despairingly, "never!-No! I am an exile from my home, an outcast—a heart-broken, miserable wretch! You-lost to me!-Roland! Oh! my God! my God, have mercy! —he to whom I was going with hopeful heart—now—worse than a stranger! And to see him no more! the dearest, the noblest, the best !-Oh!" he exclaimed, again throwing himself on the stones, "I cannot live through this—this agony is insupportable! Pray for me, pray for me, Constance, that my heart may break, and life

cease at once.'

The struggle in Lady Constance's mind was dreadful as she looked on Henry as he lay before her in his extreme agony. She would have given worlds to have been able to say that which would have raised him to life and hope, and again she thought of Sir Roland's entreaty that she would consider herself as perfectly free that she would forget her engagement to him, should it ever interfere with her wishes. For a moment her heart throbbed wildly in indecision; and the fatal words had almost passed her lips, which would have made her guilty and miserable for ever. But there was a merciful restraining power over her; and though she could frame no prayer, yet her heart was drawn to God, and she continued mentally to exclaim, "My Father! my Father! my Father!"-till the mighty force of the temptation was subdued, and strength and clear thought were again restored. Then were rapidly brought to her mind her solemn and often-renewed vowsthe love so deep, so disinterested, so long cherished, of him whose nobleness had set her free and with renewed power she fought and conquered.

"Henry," she said, in gentle yet firm accents, "you must not give way to these feelings, and I—must not again witness them. In time, do not doubt it, God will give you comfort if you seek it from Him; but now I must leave you—I cannot stay."

Henry continued lying on the ground as if wholly insensible to her words, till the ringing sound of the pebbles beneath her retreat-

ing steps roused him. He sprung up, exclaiming,-

"Constance, you cannot leave me thus. Oh! do not go from me when I am so wretched. I would not—I will not offend you; but still at least say Farewell!—tell me you forgive me—all my waywardness-my intemperance-all my folly and madness. Sav Farewell."

"Farewell, Henry, and may our God bless you!"

She turned, and took the homeward path alone. He longed to follow her, to support her steps once more along the way they had so often trod together; but a feeling of deep respect checked him, and he remained immovable, gazing on her retreating form, till it

was wholly lost to sight.

"Now I am indeed alone," he thought. "Home! blessed home! is lost to me for ever. All gone!—My mother! from you too I must part!—Oh, that I could but feel resigned! that I could but lift my heart to God. But such a blight! so sudden, so terribleand on everything. My very life seems gone. But oh! my God." he exclaimed, raising his eyes to heaven, "Thou wilt have mercy. though I cannot ask Thee as I should.

He lingered yet for some time on the beach, for he could not endure the thought of returning home. How could he again see

Lady Constance? How meet—how part with her?

At length the great clock struck ten: and fearful that his mother might remark his prolonged absence, he slowly took the road towards the house. The moon, now high up in the skies, was bathing everything in her silver light, as he turned to gaze on the well-known scene; and mentally he took leave of every endeared object.

"Never," he exclaimed, "will these weary feet tread this dear path again; never more shall I dare, even in heart, to visit this loved place! The sea must henceforth be my only home—for I am severed from every tie. Oh! that I dared lay my head upon my mother's breast, and tell her of my grief !- But I must not harrow her dear heart with my wretchedness. Oh! God, lead me to rest

on Thee!"

When he entered the house, he found Lady Ashton in the hall; and hurriedly saying that he had staid out later than he intended. and had still some little things to arrange, he retired to his room. When there, he looked the door; and opening his desk, he proceeded to take from it all the many little things which he had treasured up for Lady Constance's sake. There was a little sketch of her, which he had taken but a few weeks before—the purse which she had worked for him-a seal-a pencil-case; -and other little tokens of remembrance which she had given him from time to time. All must be parted with-he dared not take with him one thing that had come from her. But oh! what an agony it was to put each cherished trifle aside, and feel it must be his no longer! Each fresh thing, in succession, seemed to tear away a portion of his existence; and when at last he came to the most valued of all—the golden lock of hair—his powers of endurance seemed completely to give way, and his head sunk upon the table amidst outburstings of heart-broken anguish. Recovering a little, he looked up, and felt that it must be done—that this too must be put away from him; and with a feeling of despair he opened the case, where the bright lock had so long lain, mingled with the scarcely less beautiful hair of his mother and of Lady Florence, and contrasting well with a jet-black curl from Sir Roland's forehead, which lay immediately within it. He took it up to separate it from the rest, and as its slender length unfolded before him, how well did he remember the day-just before he went last to sea-when Lady Constance had let him choose it from among her girlish curls, and his mother had cut it off and arranged it with the others—cherished remembrances all, of those so dear to him! whose thought had then, brought with it nought but peace and joy. He coiled it again in his hand, and

felt as if it could not be given up!
Glancing, however, at the vacant space it had left in the case, he felt a gloomy satisfaction at having separated it from Sir Roland's: and in a bitter mood he cast away his brother's also, as bringing with it now none but hateful thoughts; but a sense of proud, disdainful indignation succeeding, he again took it up, and replacing it within the folds of Lady Constance's pale-gold tress, he determined to send them both, so united, to her. Hatred and wrath, however, were such strange guests within his heart that they could not long maintain a place there; and gradually his breast began to heave with mingled emotions of tenderness and brotherly love; and pressing both the beloved locks he held in his hand together to his lips, he rested his head again upon the table as gentler tears flowed forth. They remained undried upon his cheek, for nature was exhausted—and he slept!

After some hours of uneasy rest, he was awakened by the servant coming to tell him that the carriage would soon be round. He started; and felt bewildered at finding himself up, and his things strewed all around him; and at first he could not recollect what had happened. But then the sad reality returned to his mind, and he had again to take up the load of misery, which he had forgotten for a while. He exerted himself however to shake it off; and having added the lock of Lady Constance's hair to his other treasured tokens of her affection, he folded them all together. and merely writing within, "Pray for me," he sealed the packet, and left it directed to her. Then, with repentant love, he put his brother's curl back into its case, and locked it in his desk; and proceeding to change his dress, he descended to the breakfast-room. where he found his mother and Lady Florence waiting for him.

# CHAPTER XXXV.

" I bid adieu To every recollection which might touch My duty to him. I shall never muse On childhood's pl\_asures, innocent no more For me nor repeat One name-O never !- I am very weak. I did not know how weak."-TALFOURD.

LADY ASHTON had been too much occupied on the previous evening to remark the pallor and agitation in Lady Constance's countenance when she returned home; and saying she was tired, the latter soon went to her own room. She was more tranquil than she had been for a length of time; for the dreaded hour was over, and she had been enabled to act as she felt duty required. Yet the remembrance of Henry's agony was terrible to her; and absorbed in miserable thoughts, she let the hours pass unheeded by, till the sun rising warned her that the time of his departure was near. She had not thought of rest; for the trying scenes she had gone through had left her too feverish and excited for sleep. But now she dreaded lest a summons might come for her to go and take a last leave of Henry; for she knew that her sister and Lady Ashton purposed being up to see him, and they might naturally suppose that she would wish to do the same.

Terribly indeed did her heart yearn to see him once again—and she would have given worlds to have watched even the vessel which was soon to put leagues of ocean-waste between them, till its lessening sails had disappeared from the horizon; but she dared not meet him. Fearful, however, lest her resolution might fail, she hastily threw off her dress, and laid down on her bed; and had scarcely taken this pretaution, e'er Lady Florence's light step was heard at the door, and her young face looked in, bright and glowing as the morning, though a tear was on her cheek. She approached her sister's bed and told her that Henry was down, and that Lady

Ashton had sent her to say he would soon be gone.

"I cannot go down," said Lady Constance, "I do not feel well; you must wish him good-bye for me." And she turned her face to the pillow to hide her tears.

Lady Florence returned to the breakfast-room; and Henry was relieved by knowing that he should not have the struggle of a parting before witnesses, though his heart sunk at finding that he should

no more see her whom he felt he was leaving for ever.

The entrance door was on the north side of the house, and therefore at a distance from Lady Constance's room, which faced the sea; but in the stillness of the morning, when nothing was astir but the wakeful birds, the sound of the carriage was distinctly heard; and when it drove up to the door, and the rushing of the wheels reached Lady Constance's ear, the desire of seeing Henry once more was so irresistible, that springing from her bed, and hastily throwing a cloak around her, she opened the door, and ran down a passage at the end of which was a window looking out on the entrance.

There was the carriage which was to convey him away; and footsteps moved to and fro beneath in the hall—and there were all the busy sounds—the "dreadful notes of preparation;" and then—his voice was heard. That loved sound in a moment recalled Lady Constance to a sense of her duty. Though it was impossible she could be seen by any one inside the house, yet if Henry looked up as he got into the carriage, or lookeb back—as he was sure to do—when driving away, she would then de distinctly visible to him; and her secret stand there would speak more of encouragement to his love, than any open appearance down-stairs, amongst the others, would have done, and might indeed too clearly mark the nature of

the feelings which made her so urgently crave for yet one more look. She felt that this was wrong, and she knew that she had no right to make even this small concession to her own heart; and flying back with greater speed than she had come, she happily reached her own apartment unobserved. She felt strengthened by this self-denial; and though when she heard the carriage drive off, her heart seemed to die within her, yet her conscience was at ease, and she was able wholly to give herself up to the will and guidance of God. She threw herself again upon her bed, and worn-out both in body and mind, she fell asleep, and remained in that happy state of forget-fulness, till the day was far advanced.

The evening which followed was a melaneholy one to all the party; and the beauty of the weather, and the glerious moon, instead of being enjoyed by them as usual, seemed only to add to their depression. Lady Constance proposed returning home early from their walk, and strove to occupy herself so as to distract her thoughts from the subject which yet would ever present itself to her mind. The pang of parting was too recent for Lady Ashton to bear to talk of it, and Lady Constance was thankful to be spared the burden of conversation; and they therefore both took

up their books.

But Florence—whose regret for her late playfellow and companion, though perfectly sincere, was by no means the deep feeling that oppressed her two companions—rather enjoyed indulging her sorrows by feeding them with melancholy thoughts; (as many young and unwise spirits love to do;) and sitting down at the pianoforte, she began singing that saddest song, the "Treasures of the Deep." Her voice was rich and beautiful, and her powers in the delightful art of music were, as has been said, far beyond her years.

Constance longed from the first to stop her, but a conscious feeling restrained her from doing so; and Lady Ashton, who never liked to interfere with the pleasures of others, bore the harrowing sounds in silence, though they were the last she would willingly have listened to at that moment. Both of them sat

tranquil even during those sad and beautiful lines-

"But more—thy billows and thy depths have more! High hearts and brave, are gathered to thy breast a They hear not now the booming waters roar, The battle-thunders cannot break their rest;"

but at the next verse it seemed as if Lady Constante's nature could sustain no more. She was never one whose emotions could readily express themselves m tears; but the quivering of her countenance, and her sob-like breathings became so uncontrollable as her sister, continuing to sing, came to the words—

"Dark roll thy tides o'er manhood's noble head;"

that fearful she must be betraying her intolerable suffering, she instinctively looked up to see if she were observed. But Lady Ashton's affectionate heart was at that moment wholly absorbed

in its own regretful feelings; and she was stealthily wiping away the quiet tears of love and sorrow which had flowed down her cheek. At sight of her emotion, Lady Constance's endurance completely gave way, and, in an agitated voice, she called to her sister—

"Oh! Florence, do not sing that song."

"Dear Constance," said Lady Ashton, turning her tearful eyes towards the poor girl, and holding out her hand, "you are ever

so thoughtful!"

Constance kissed the kind hand which was pressed in hers; and completely overcome, sunk upon her kufees at Lady Ashton's side, and burying her face in her lap, burst into an almost hysterical flood of tears. Lady Ashton bent over with the fondest affection, saying,

"Do not, dear child, do not grieve yourself, or mind me; he will soon perhaps return, and I ought not to give way; but he is

so dear—so very dear !"

Constance knew that but too well; and she longed to pour forth all her feelings to Lady Ashton; and not to be forced to keep silence, while that kind friend attributed to sympathy alone in her sorrows, the tears and sighs of anguish which burst forth chiefly for her own.

Poor Florence was in consternation at the effects of her song, and added her tears to those of the others, as she stood with her arm round Lady Ashton's neck; till the latter smilingly said, "We are really all very silly; we must not let such trifles over-

set us."

"Trifles!" thought Constance.

She was still further tried when, on going to her room that night, she found lying on her table, the packet which Henry had left for her; and which the servants, having but just found, had placed there. Recognising his writing, she opened it with a trembling hand, and how was she overcome at its contents! Not all the most agonized expressions of grief could have touched her as did those mute evidences of his uncomplaining misery—of the complete separation which had taken place between them, and which must thenceforth for ever exist. She knew what it must have cost him even to let his eye rest upon the little tokens which lay before her, fraught as they were with such sweet, yet bitter recollections; but what must have been the struggle to part with them—to cast away all that could link his memory with the happiness now gone for ever! She wept for hours—she could not restrain her tears. Perpetually did Henry's image appear before her; first as the bright, joy-giving creature which he had ever hitherto been; then as the miserable wanderer he now was from his home. And all for her! She was the unhappy cause of all his misery—herself most miserable! At length her eye caught the words which he had written within the cover of his packet, and which she had not observed before:-"Pray for me. instantly sunk upon her knees, though fresh tears burst forth, and carnestly did she pray for him, and for herself. She rose calmed and strengthened, and then went to seek the rest she so much needed.

The next morning she arose with an animated desire to do her duty in every way. She determined that the example which Henry had set her, should not be lost, but that she would also put away from her all that might recall softening impressions, or lead her thoughts to dwell on that, from which she ought so carefully to withdraw them. She could not indeed, as he had done, cast away all that might remind her of her unfortunate love, for the whole atmosphere was filled with his remembrance; but she determined on the more difficult task of denying him a place in her memory; and strengthened by renewed supplications at the throne of grace, she went down full of the wise and pious resolu-tions which had been given her from above.

Mrs. Montague's society proved a great resource to her just at that time, for she felt a strong regard for her, and really loved the little child; but even there the name she most wished to avoid. ever sounded in her ears; for Mrs. Montague, naturally grateful for what Henry Ashton had done for her, was continually speaking of him. The two friends, however, often conversed on other, higher subjects; and though Lady Constance was very humble in her estimate of her own powers, yet she was encouraged to believe that her words were not entirely unblest. Lady Ashton's unremitting kindness towards Mrs. Montague in endeavouring to lead her to "the Holy Spirit—the Comforter," seemed after a time, by the aid of Almighty power, gradually to melt the seal from her heart, and open it to receive the joyful intelligence, that there was mercy and pardon for her, through the blood of Christ, as for all who would accept it; and as this conviction began to enter her mind, she seemed to gain a new existence. Joy and love sprung up out of the former darkness; and in the transporting hope that the gates of Heaven were indeed open to receive her, she seemed for a time to lose all sense of earthly sorrow. When she was in this happy state of mind, it was a great comfort to Lady Constance to be with her; and many a time did she reproach herself for her own unhappiness, when she saw Mrs. Montague's cheerful resignation to the many sorrows of her lot; and her faith too was often invigorated and refreshed by the conversation of one to whom the pure truth of God was so new and so delightful.

As the cause which had made her wish to leave Llanaven was now removed, she was very anxious to give up her engagement with Mrs. Mordaunt; but Lady Ashton would on no account allow of her doing so; for she thought that she had enjoyed the idea of it, and that she now only wished to relinquish it on her account. It was determined, therefore, that she should go the ensuing week, and, after staying a few days with Mrs. Mordaunt in London, proceed with her to the Highlands; and Lady Ashton decided on going up with her herself, wishing to see her safe in her cousin's

Lady Constance had seen but little society beyond that which she had had at her father's, or in Lady Ashton's house; and she would have shrunk from the idea of going thus among strangers, had not the harassed state of her mind made her feel as if "any change must better her condition." She longed to be taken away from her own thoughts; and to be forced into conversation which had no reference to the object whose remembrance she wished so much to banish. She indeed most conscientiously fought against the indulgence of her feelings, at all times; but everything at home tended to encourage them. She had not only herself, but every one else to struggle against, for it was so natural to talk of Henry! She never intentionally suffered herself to be unemployed; yet often would the open page remain unturned for ages, or the needle rest idle in her hand, while her thoughts were following one solitary vessel tossing about on the stormy sea. She would rouse herself when she found her mind thus wandering, and renew her efforts to fix her attention on what was before her; and by degrees she began to obtain some command over her fancy and

recollection.

Never from the very first had she permitted herself to dwell on Henry's name—excepting in prayer; but she would sometimes be for hours supplicating God for him; and the faint light of early dawn would often creep into her chamber, while she was yet on her knees. She was young, and had still much to learn of the deceitfulness of her own heart, and of the wily strength of her great spiritual enemy. We may be, perhaps, in a general way, "not ignorant of his devices," as St. Paul expresses it; but the last moment of our lives will probably be the first which shall free us from his attacks, or deliver us from his delusions. Lady Constance soon found that this seemingly pious exercise, was only a snare to bind her to that which she should strive to forget; and unutterably bitter was the moment when she felt that this indulgence, too, must be resigned. She continued, indeed, in heartfelt terms to commend him she loved to his heavenly Father; but from that time she did so in brief words; nor ever suffered his cherished name to linger on her lips.

When the day came for her departure from home, her spirits drooped anew. She had never before been separated from her sister for even a day; and she felt as if driven away from all she loved. At parting, she threw her arms round the child; and all the sorrow of her heart seemed to burst forth in the continued floods of tears which she shed. The little girl had gathered for her a nosegay of the sweetest flowers in the garden; but she would not take a bud or leaf away with her from Llanaven; for all there breathed of him whom she was determined to forget. Not liking, however, to pain her sister by refusing her little present, she took it; but before she had got many miles on her journey she threw it away. She held it long, it is true, in her hand on the carriage window before she could resolve to give it ap, for trifles are at times so precious! but she did let it drop at

last, and then her heart was lightened.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Why, what a motley thing is this same life!
Laughter and sighs commingling! Scarcely ends
The smile, but tear-drops stray adown the cheek
From grief's full anguish pressed.—Unequal war!
The smile may gleam upon the lip, yet bring
No message from the heart;—but who that weeps,
Knows not the bitter fount from whence those waters flow?"—MS.

WHEN the travellers arrived in London, they drove directly to Mrs. Mordaunt's; and Lady Ashton, having consigned her charge safely to that lady's care, returned herself the next day into Cornwall.

If Lady Constance had been under the influence of a fairy's wand, she could scarcely have undergone a greater change than she experienced in going from Lady Ashton's at Llanaven, to Mrs. Mordaunt's in Lower Grosvenor-street. The house was large and handsomely furnished, and Mrs. Mordaunt herself was a clever and lady-like person, and lived in the high society in which she had been born. But there was an air of refinement about everything at Llanaven which Lady Constance looked for in vain in her new abode. Even in Henry Ashton's exuberant spirits, there was never the slightest approach to anything but what was gentlemanlike: and Sir Roland's manners as well as his mother's were particularly pleasing and delightful. But at Mrs. Mordaunt's there was frequently a something in the conversation which seemed to require repressing, lest it should verge on what was disagreeable, so that the really refined and Christian mind felt no repose; whilst a word on the subject of religion was never dreamed of. It was, perhaps, the air of spirituality diffused over everything at Llanaven, which made the society there so peculiarly delightful; for though its inmates by no means thought it necessary to force religious observations into all their social intercourse, yet amongst themselves they felt that such topics, when occurring naturally, were ever welcome; and falling in with the accustomed tenor of their minds, seemed never out of place. Indeed the pure invigorating sea-breeze does not differ more from the murky atmosphere of the great Emporium of the world, than did this healthy tone of feeling from that of the society into which Lady Constance was now thrown; and, spite of all her unhappiness at Llanaven, she would often gladly have returned to the seclusion and quiet of that dear, delightful place. That was, however, out of the question now; and amidst her many unpleasant feelings she was forced to acknowledge that the change really had a good effect upon her spirits.

Only two of Mrs. Mordaunt's sons were at home at that time: Robert, the eldest, and the youngest—Augustus. The other—Philip—who was evidently the mother's favourite, was just then absent; but was to join them, it was said, in Scotland. He was in the law, and by no means one of those who are said "to follow that profession without overtaking it;" for he was very clever, and was getting on exceedingly well. The eldest son, however, had

attained even a greater degree of excellence than his brother in his particular profession, which was that of perfect idleness; while the youngest, a youth of most moderate abilities, was in one of the public offices.

Mrs. Mordaunt pursued the ordinary routine of a London life: and though it was late in the season, there were still dinner-parties going on, while a few lingering balls and concerts served occa-

sionally to diversify the scene.

A short time after Lady Constance's arrival in town, there was a large dinner-party in Grosvenor-street; but all there were strangers to her, except Mrs. Mordaunt and her two sons. dinner she found herself between Augustus Mordaunt and another young man whose name she did not know, but who had evidently determined to place himself next to her, and who, as soon as they were seated, without the slightest preface or introduction. began,
"You are quite well I hope, Lady Constance, and enjoy your

She was rather surprised at this abrupt and familiar commencement of acquaintance, and answered his inquiries with cold civility. He then proceeded in the same tone to ask after Sir Roland Ashton and the other members of that family, speaking of them as if he had lived all his life in their society. Lady Constance looked at him with astonishment, and asked if he were well acquainted with them.

Not particularly," he replied; "I once saw a man's back half way down Grafton street, and I was told it was Sir Roland Ashton; and I think, yes I am sure, that a few months ago I read the name of Henry William Ashton as promoted to the rank of lieutenant in her Majesty's navy. That is all the personal ac-

quaintance I have with them."

Lady Constance was alarmed; she supposed of course that her neighbour was mad, and she sat with fear and trepidation by his side. She endeavoured to give her attention to the low-toned observations of her other companion, but that did not improve the state of things at all; for the stranger seemed seized with the rage of persecution towards the unhappy Augustus, though he appeared to be as perfect a stranger to him as he was to Sir Roland. All his timid insinuations were caught up and repeated in a loud tone; and an inquisitorial examination entered into, as to the motive and whole bearing of what he said, even if he only observed that, "Angust was often a very hot month." The unhappy youth suffered dreadfully under this process, being evidently in extreme terror of his tormentor; and he at length took refuge in total silence, his face having become purple from the continual coatings of colour which had overspread it during his many confusions.

Lady Constance was exceedingly embarrassed; and longed for the moment of retiring to arrive. But the crowning stroke to her dismay was put at last by the stranger's asking her in a loud tone, "How she liked the Mordaunt family?" adding, "they are gene-

rally considered, I believe, a very odd set."

Lady Constance gazed at him now in utter consternation; but

suddenly, a curiously suppressed smile lurking in the corner of the supposed maniac's mouth, caused a new light to flash upon her, and her own lip curling in sympathy, she replied, "that she liked them all very much, excepting one."

"And that is the youngest of course! I have heard he is a

Werv ----

The unfortunate Augustus coloured deeper than ever, and seemed ready to sink into the earth; but his dismay changed into an expression of extreme, and childish delight, when Lady Constance replied,

"No, not the youngest."
"The eldest then?"

"No—the second."

"Well now you really are a cousin worth having!—one after my own heart!" exclaimed Philip Mordaunt (for such the lunatic proved to be), his quick black eye shining with delight. "Enchanting! after passing eight-and-twenty years upon this dull earth, to meet at last with a kindred spirit, one who can discover one's devices. Lady Constance, how is it possible that two souls, east so evidently in the same mould, should not have been drawn together by strong attraction long ere this?"

"It is just possible that there may be some antagonistic prin-

"It is just possible that there may be some antagonistic principle which has counteracted the force of the attraction," answered Lady Constance, with somewhat of gravity tempering her smile; for though all fears of his sanity had ceased, she did not yet feel

quite satisfied at her cousin's manner.

"Oh! ay!" he replied, pretending to muse deeply; "like the contracting and expanding power of the metal in the pendulum, keeping it always in its proper place. Well, it may be so!" Then turning round with a really pleasing smile, he added in a lower voice,

"But my fair cousin need not contract her kindly good-nature for fear of my presumption expanding too much; I shall ever keep

my proper place as respects her, I trust."

Lady Constance smiled, and inquired if the mode of introduction he had used towards her was that which he usually adopted in such

cases. He answered,

"No, but that he knew he was not expected, having been absent on business, which it was supposed would have detained him much longer than it did; and the fancy having seized him of preserving a brilliant incognito, he had threatened Augustus with extinction if he revealed his secret." He then asked her how she had found him out.

"I perceived by your ill-suppressed mirth," said Lady Constance, "that there was some mystery; and catching a likeness to your

mother, I felt sure you were you."

Philip Mordaunt then entered on many amusing subjects of conversation, and made himself so agreeable that Lady Constance grew quite at her ease with him; and now instead of wishing for it, was rather sorry when the signal for retiring was given.

When Mrs. Mordaunt had been a few minutes in the drawingmoom, she went up to Lady Constance, and said she hoped Philip had made himself very agreeable. Constance in reply informed. her of his proceedings; at which she was much amused, and said it was exactly like him, for he delighted in distracting and mystifying people; but that he was, nevertheless, a dear, good-natured,

clever creature.

As they were talking together a singularly lovely person came up to them; and in the pleasantest manner possible begged of Mrs. Mordaunt to introduce her to Lady Constance, as she said she believed they had a mutual friend, of whom it would give her much pleasure to hear some news. Mrs. Mordaunt performed the requisite ceremony; and then leaving them, went to devote her attentions to

her other guests.

The moment Lady Constance had heard her new acquaintance named as Lady Stanmore, she recollected Sir Roland's having often mentioned her with great interest; and she felt sure that he was the mutual friend who had been alluded to. The thought of him, and the dread of what might be said, made her feel ready to sink; but as she was one who possessed par excellence the painful but beautiful habit of blushing, her heightened colour passed very well for the little embarrassment of introduction. Lady Stanmore instantly began on the dreaded subject, and spoke of Sir Roland in terms of such excessive praise, that Lady Constance's mind was filled with a painful mixture of gratification, remorse, and pride. The conversation was most trying to her; and yet after the first minute she felt it a joy, in such a land of strangers, to speak of any member of the family she loved so much; and she listened with delight to the high character given of Sir Roland.

Lady Stanmore said that he was admired and esteemed by every one; and that there were many she believed, who would gladly have had nearer ties than those of mere acquaintance with him; but that he was a perfect disciple of Plato's; and seemed to bear a charmed life about him; walking unscathed through all the "dread artillery" which was directed against him. She then adverted to his "peculiar opinions," as she called them; and playfully, though not without some emotion, spoke of what she called his attempt "to convert her." "And I am angry with myself," she added, "for not being angry with him for it; for it has often made me very

uncomfortable."

"Roland's opinions if rightly received could not create discomfort, I should think, in any heart," said Lady Constance.

"Then, I suppose, you would insinuate that I am uncomfortable because I have not rightly received them!"

Lady Constance smiled.

"Then are you one of the advocates of those dreadful opinions?" "I am an advocate of the opinions Roland holds; but I do not find them dreadful."

"Ah! I see you have held, one the right side, and the other the left, of the same book; and learnt together what he would call 'its

happy lessons.'"
"They are happy lessons," said Lady Constance. "The only

happy ones," she added abstractedly.
"That is a bold word," observed Lady Stanmore; "and a sad

one too, from one so young: I begin to suspect that Sir Boland's. study of the philosophers was not so very profound, as we alread innocently supposed it; to be. But however," she continued, for she saw trouble on Lady Constance's countenance, "study what he might, and whom he might, he did his masters no discredit. But it is astonishing how his provoking words continually ring in my cars, and drep their bitterness into every pleasure. I perpetually see visions of servants coming to untimely ends because of the temptations which he says I throw them into: and the lightest of hall-dresses hangs heavy on me, because he terrifies me with having to answer for the use of everything I have.

"But did he press on you merely the evil of those things? That: is not like him; he usually gees much deepen, and shews that the

change must lie in the heart.'

"Oh! yes, he did do that. But I believe I brought the lecture. concerning those things rather upon myself, by asking him to do something, which he was ungracious enough to refuse.

"I am sure he felt he ought not to de what you wished, or he would never have refused," replied Lady Constance warmly; "for

he hates saying 'no' to any one.

"You need not be afraid that his refusel made us hate each other very bitterly,' said Lady Stanmore, "for he has the art of making his 'no' almost as pleasant as 'yes;' and that is a great thing for nee to say, who hate being contradicted above all things in existence. But do you never go out in the world?

"Not to late parties."

"And do you not long to do so?"

"Not very much," replied Lady Constance, smiling. "I should not think dissipation could be very desirable in any way.

"Perhaps not-particularly; but then what is one to do! Are

you not very dull at home?"

"Dull!" exclaimed Lady Constance, "no; the happiest and the merriest people in the world." (She forgot all her sorrows at that moment.)

"I wish I could decide one way or the other," sighed Lady

Stanmore; "for now I enjoy nothing."

Lady Constance looked at her till the tear almost swelled in her eye, and she longed to speak; but ever diffident, she shrunk from the idea of seeming to teach one older than herself, especially after so short an acquaintance.

Lady Stanmore read her expressive countenance however; and

"Say what you like, for I see you are restraining something: and you cannot make me more uncomfortable than I am. Yet I do not know what makes me talk so freely to you, unless it is that I'take up your friendship where I left off Sir Roland's, and choose to fancy I have known you a long time; though he declined being much of a counsellor to me, and referred me rather cavalierly to my husband."
"Is Lord Stanmore then a religious person?" asked Lady Com-

stance with pleased surprise.

"N-o, perhaps not exactly what you would call areligious per-

sen; but he is the best husband, and the best everything in the world.

"But why then should Roland refer you to him on these

subjects?"

"Because he was my husband, I. suppose! He probably wisely thought that as such he was the best counsellor I could have better at least than any other young man."

Lady Constance was silent, for she felt puzzled.

"I should however add," continued Lady Stanmore rather reluctantly, "that he named another counsellor before even him; but I scarcely like speaking of se awful a Being in this place."

"Why not? we are saying no harm," said Lady Constance, in the simplicity of a heart to which the thought of God was as the breath of life—though His name never lightly passed her lips.

"I do not know; but it seems out of place, in common, every-

day life."
"But we are talking of the things of God, and why should we
"But we are talking of the things of God, and why should we Him to whom Roland referred you."

"I will not deny that it was—but I hate all appearance of parade

in these things.

"I think I should do so too," said Lady Constance, gently; "but

no one can hear us now."

Lady Stanmore looked round to ascertain if that were really the

case, then said-

"I remember his words as if I had heard them but vesterday. Keep God ever first, your husband ever next, and you cannot go

The tears sprung to Lady Constance's eyes, and rolled in an instant down her cheek as she heard words which so completely brought before her him whose wisdom and piety had dietated them; and she felt a love for him at that moment which banished every

other feeling.

"I am very foolish," she said; "but what you repeated was the only word of religion I had heard ever since Lady Ashton left me, and you do not know how it has refreshed me; it was quite a spring in the desert. I have never in all my life before, been separated from those who had the leve of God in them; and you cannot conceive how I thirst after their conversation, now, after being deprived of it for three whole days."

Lady Stanmore smiled.

"There certainly must be something very fascinating," she said, "in that which makes its absence so bitterly felt. Do you talk of religion for ever at home, and of nothing else?"

"Oh! no, of a thousand other things; but still—it is there—we

always feel that."

"Well, I dare say you good people are very good; but you seem

to me to be always in the clouds.'

"You have a little boy, I know, Lady Stanmore, and when he is old enough to go to school, will you not often talk of him with Lord Stanmere, and find pleasure in doing so because you know he loves him as well as you do; and even though you often talk of other things, will it not be a delight to know that whenever you are inclined to speak of him, it will be a welcome subject? And do you not think it would be an irksome restraint to live only with those who were strangers to him, and did not care for him? to find that if you spoke of him your companions thought the subject disagreeable, and changed it as soon as possible?"

"It would, indeed!" said Lady Stanmore, as a glow of emotion

flooded her sensitive countenance.

"I was sure you would feel it so," continued Lady Constance.
"Well, then, only," and she lowered her voice, "put the name of God in the room of that of your child, and you have before you the feeling of those who truly love Him. Would you mind my quoting something from Malachi?"

"Oh, no."

"He says, 'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I shall make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. Then shall ye return and discorn between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not."

"His jewels," said Lady Stanmore, thoughtfully; "what a beautiful idea! To be one of the jewels of the Lord! What high

praise!"

"High privilege rather," ebserved Lady Constance. "The earthly jewel is without lustre till the light shines on it, so are we till the Spirit shines on us."

"Ah, you—what shall I call you, for I hate cant names?—you thorough-going Christians are dreadful persons to argue with; you

have something ready to say at all times."

"I do not like to argue, I feel afraid; but what we have been

talking of now seems so plain.'

"Yes, as plain to you, pehaps, as French is to a Frenchman, but difficult to those who are not accustomed to the language. I understand now, however, what you mean about the love of God; but do you really so love him as to feel unhappy when not talking of him?"

"No; but I do feel uncomfortable when I am with those to whom I can never speak of Him with satisfaction; and this little conversation to-night has been very pleasant to me, for at least

you do not seem to dislike the subject.

"I do not dislike it as you represent it, or as Sir Roland Ashton did; but I have some cousins who provoke me infinitely. They are always talking at me, or finding fault with me, and weary me to death. They look, too like—anything but ladies, and say, 'they cannot afford to dress well, and subscribe to Missionary Societies also.' They fly from meeting to meeting, and talk of dear Mr. this, and sweet Mr. that, and then go home and are so cross to their servants, and so easily put out! and talk of Christian tempers in such an unchristian manner! But you dress yourself as well

as possible, and look so nice! and do not seem to repent of every smile you give. And he, too—Sir Roland I mean—looked always so very gentlemanlike; and as if he thought it worth while to be agreeable; so that he gained 'golden opinions from all sorts of men.' To be sure, your looks, poor things," she added with a smile, "you cannot help; but you do your best to compensate to society for your want of beauty, and that is all that can be expected. However, not to talk nonsense, I confess I like clean religion—not dirty; I like civil religion—not rude; I like quiet religion—and not a perpetual flutter of 'spiritual dissipation;' and I like warm, loving religion—and not a spirit of detraction, and of cold harshness.'

"I remember," said Lady Constance, "that Roland used to say, if ever you were led to God, it would be through the affections:—

by love and not by fear."

"Did he say so?" exclaimed Lady Stanmore, a tear swelling in her soft, dark eye, and a lovely expression of pleasure overspreading her countenance; "he judged of me too well; for it is more fear that I feel, than love, at this moment. I am afraid of being condemned—afraid of losing heaven—afraid of—everything I believe. But I find no love to God in this cold heart; though sometimes I think I should love Him, if I were more worthy of Him. But when I begin to look intomyself I see so much to alter—so much to give up—that I am in despair, and do nothing."

"I cannot judge of course," said Lady Constance; "but still it

"I cannot judge of course," said Lady Constance; "but still it does appear to me, that you scarcely as yet see, or feel what Christ has done for you."

"What do you mean?"

"That He has saved you."
"Saved me? Oh, no! Oh, no!" she said, in some agitation.

"Why do you say so?"
"Because I know I am not fit to go to heaven."

"Can you tell me of one who is fit to go there?"
"You seem to be so, and I am sure Sir Roland Ashton was."
"But, dear Lady Stanmore, if we are fit, how have we become

80 ?"

"By being virtuous and good, and loving God."

"Oh! no, that is not it. It is by believing in and trusting to Him who is 'able and willing to save to the uttermost all who come to God through Him!' Christ has borne the punishment of our sins, and of yours too; for His was an all-sufficient sacrifice. If we are saved, it is by believing that He has suffered in our stead, and that we are pardoned for His sake. Then we appear before God as clothed in His righteousness—as He appeared before God on the cross clothed in our sins. It is Christ who must open God's gates to us; and then as His redeemed—the purchased of His blood, we shall be allowed to enter in, unquestioned."

She spoke rapidly, for her energy quite for the moment overcame

her diffidence. Lady Stanmore was much moved. "I cannot think this can apply to me," she said.

"To whom then?" asked Lady Constance.

"To people who love God."

"Christ came to save those which were lest rust those who could go to heaven without Him.'

"I do not say that any can do that exactly."

"Christ will be an entire Savieur, or none. If we look to easy thing but Him, His Spirit is not leading us." "But we may do our best, and then He will have merey on us."

"Had the thief on the cross done his best?"

"No, that always puzzles me."

"He was saved in the only way which is open forms; he believed that Christ suffered, in order that the might be pardoned, and therefore he went to: God and sought the pardon, which had been so dearly purchased, and so freely given. Roland has done the same, I have done the same; you will oh! I trust you will be able also to do so in time. Remember what Isaish cays of Christ: 'He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with Hrs strips we are healed. . . . . The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all.' You see, there is no mention made of our righteourness, only of Christ's meritorious, vicarial secrifice."

"Oh! you must speak plainer to me," said Lady Stammere,

smiling and colouring.

"I mean that His death had such value in God's eyes, that for the sake of it, He grants Him the parden of all who seak for it through Him; and by calling it a vicarial sacrifice, I mean of course that it is a sacrifice of one person for another-instead of that other—of Christ instead of us.

"Yet you, who say you are saved so entirely without any merit

of your own, seem to desire so much to do what is right."
"Not half so much as we ought," answered Lady Constance, "Besides we leve Him who has leved us, and He said, 'if ye love me keep my commandments.' And when we give ourselves up to Him, He puts His spirit into our hearts—His pure Spirit, and that makes us love holiness. As some old writer said, 'We work from life and not for life.' But still if you knew all, you would see we had nothing to beast of; and it is that which makes us feel so thankful not to have to depend for gaining heaven on our own merits. It is such an unspeakable comfort also, to be able for His sake to go to God at all times; when we have done wrong for a new sense of pardon; when we are unhappy for comfort; and we always find it, because He 'ever liveth in heaven to make intercession for us."

"Your words are so new to me," said Lady Stanmore, "they really almost seem like another language! But there breathes such an exalted spirit over these things as almost overpowers me. There must be a great reality in them, of which I, and those I associate with, have certainly no idea. Everything with you and Sir Roland seems to go up, and up—to God! and at times I seem almost to go with you a little way. I cannot say what I feel at moments, it seems as if a curtain were lifted, showing something indescribable, and bright, and awful! I almost seem as if on the

verge of an invisible world."

We are so, undoubtedly," said Lady Constance: "nothing

but the dubies of ..... But here is Mrs. Merdanat coming

.to us."

"The discussion concerning your 'mutual friend' seems to have been very assimuted and interesting," said that lady as she approached; "shall I be very unwelcome if I interrupt it? I kong for some autiso, and your powers are too well knewn, Lady Stanmore, for me not to appeal to you to take compassion on me."

"I shall be very happy," replied Lady Stanmore. "Lady Con-

stance do younet sing?"

"Semetimes."

"Willyou sing with me?"

"Oh! yes, if you wish it; and if there is any thing we both

They went to the pianeforte, and soon found something which suited them. Whilst Lady Stammere was playing the introductory symphony, she said in a low voice to Lady Constance, "I should like to see you again; well you drive out with me to morrow?"

"Gall here, and I will if I can; I should like it very much."
The sound of their beautiful veloes soon brought up the party from below, which was in fact Mrs. Mordamt's hope and intention; for conversation had begun sorely to flag between her and her lady-guests. The moment the gentlemen entered the drawing-soon, Lord Stammere took his favourite station by the side of his lovely wife, who was ever glad to have him by her; and Augustus Mordaunt also took that which was his favourite—by Ledy Constance's side; or rather, as his brother Philip afterwards designated it, "to the north-east of her." He kept on marmuring small, inane praises of her singing, during the bars of symphony which occasionally occurred; which excited Lady Constance's risible faculties to so trying a degree, that she had difficulty sometimes, when she opened her lips, to prevent a burst of metriment from coming forth instead of the pathetic notes of Beethoven or Rossini.

Philip Mordaunt, perceiving what was going on, and ever bent on mischief, took his station in sight of Lady Constance, though concealed from others, and contrived to attract her eye from time to time, imitating in large all his brother's small performances; till at length, having succeeded in making it impossible for her to trust her voice at all, during one very important passage, he felt

satisfied with his success, and left her in peace.

Robert Mordaunt in the meantime stood by, and with the air of a connoisseur propounded his admiration of both Lady Stanmore's and Lady Constance's powers. But when the latter retired from the pianoforte, and gave way to other performers, his attentions were estentationsly and pompously devoted to her. He stood before her making speeches, and taking up her whole attention; and steoping, would frequently say a few words in a low tone, in order that his intimacy with his beautiful cousin might be observed by the rest of the company; determined evidently that they should imagine there was something very particular between them.

Lady Constance disliked him at all times, and now more than ever. She would fain have risen from the sofa and have left him

but he stood so immediately before her, that she could not do so without asking him to let her pass, which she was far too shy to do; and though colouring with vexation at his absurd and obtrasive attentions, she was forced to resign herself to her fate, and sit

still.

Lady Stanmore, who knew Mr. Mordaunt's old habit of devoting himself pointedly to whosoever was the "bright particular star" of any party, and had often herself suffered from his persecutions, felt for Lady Constance, though she could not refrain occasionally from giving her a look which made it most difficult for her to keep her countenance; but at length seeing her look really uncomfortable, she begged Philip to go and "get Lady Constance out of quarantine." He proceeded immediately on his mission; and, delighting in tormenting every body, went up to his brother, and whispered that Lady Stanmore seemed much hurt at his neglect of her, and that in fact he believed she had something very particular to say to him. Highly gratified, Mr. Mordaunt went off to Lady Stanmore, who soon, bored to death by him, formed secret, strong resolutions never again to succour the unfortunate.

Philip meanwhile seated himself by Lady Constance.

"I beg you will observe that I do not stand before you," he said; "for I can afford to give you freedom, certain that you will not wish to exercise it by leaving me. Are you not infinitely obliged to me for delivering you from the 'Giant Despair' who was imprisoning you?"

"I think you might leave it to others to laugh at your brothers, and not do so yourself," replied Lady Constance half joking, but half gravely. "I am used to see brothers love each other."

"Ah! when one has left people behind, they seem so very per-

fect!"

Lady Constance felt that they did.

"But now what would you have me do with such a couple of brothers as I have?" continued Philip; "the one such a 'Pomposo furioso,' the other always full of his 'sentimentalibus lachrymirorum.' What can happen? I must either laugh at them, to show the world I am wise enough to see their follies—or cry over them, to show how much I feel for them. Your gentle nature might perhaps make you take the latter course; I confess the former better suits the temper of my genius. But I wish particularly to ask you one question. Are you in the habit of making every one in love with you?"

Lady Constance laughed and coloured; "I do not call that love,"

she said.

"The 'sieur' Robert means his to be taken for such, I can assure you; and if you managed well, I think you really might become Lady Constance Mordaunt! which would not sound so ill after all, would it? But as for the wretched Augustus, his really is love—I can see that."

"Then why do you laugh at him?"

"Because the love of a simpleton is always laughable."

"I do not think it is ever a subject for laughter, when it is genuine, let it be in whom it may. But as for your brother

Augustus, I think he would like any one who was good-natured to

him, and did not laugh at him."

"That is a very sweeping piece of insinuated censure, Lady Constance," exclaimed Philip; "including a mother and both her eldest hopes."

"You seem to me by far the worst."

"Oh! no, I assure you, I am sometimes very kind to him, and take him out a walk with me, or show him the exhibition, or the Zoological Gardens. But there he stood at your north-east shoulder—(whispering, by the bye, as if he had been the 'cooling western breeze') and it was irresistibly ludicrous! But again I ask—are you in the habit of making every one in love with you? I only want to know—as you will be with us some time I hope—what we have to expect—what will be the average of suicides, &c., which may be looked for. I have something to do with a life insurance office, and it may materially affect the funds of that company, should you have the habit alluded to, and stay long in a place like this, where population is dense."

place like this, where population is dense."
"Oh no, I have no such habit; you may be quite easy about your friends. I think, however, that nothing is so absurd as to fancy, because people like to talk to each other, that therefore they must necessarily be in love. There are pleasant men in the world;

why should not one be allowed to talk to them in peace?"

"We were not, I believe, talking of pleasant men at that moment," replied Philip. "But even then, though it may perhaps be play to you, it may be death to the pleasant men; and is always, believe me, a dangerous experiment. Cease to try it, I pray; and leave people to die of natural deaths. It is very difficult to define the exact line of demarcation between 'liking,' and something stronger; (a pang went through Lady Constance's heart, for she felt that indeed it was so;) and when once that imperceptible line is past, retreat is impossible—recovery hopeless. Therefore, my dear cousin, take the advice of an old and experienced man. and tread not those precipices; for with all your pretended tenderness of heart, you of the flowing robes, always put us nearest the edge. However, I must now take myself off and leave you, lest I should be set down as one of the slain; which I am not, mark you," he added, shaking his head defyingly, "and never mean to be; which fact I think it best to state at once, in order that you really may be able to enjoy my agreeable conversation and sweet society without scruple or remorse.'

The moment Philip Mordaunt had vacated his seat, Augustus took up his station again near Lady Constance. He had not dared to do so as long as his brothers were there, but he lost not a moment when they had departed. He did not venture to sit down by her, however, but leant on the back of her sofa, and said—as nearly nothing for some time as possible.

Lady Constance was too shy to get up and cross the room alone (for she was sitting rather apart from all the others) and encouraged by her remaining near him, Augustus began at last to speak in intelligible language, which was highly distasteful and embarrassing to her; while Philip from a distance looked repeatedly at her, glancing also at Augustus, and shaking his head in a soleann reproving manner; till at last in desperation she rose, and joined Mrs. Mordaunt, who was the nearest person with whom she could take refuge. She longed to escape and go up stairs, but feared being thought rude; and soon after, the party, to her great relief, broke up, when immediately wishing her cousins good night, and thoroughly wearied, she retreated to her ewn room. When there she sat for some time enjoying the relief of solitude, yet sad in spirit. Her arms hung listlessly by her side, and it was long before she could rouse herself sufficiently to begin the task of untolletting.

"And is this the life that people lead?" she thought. "Ah

dear Llanaven!"

Starting tears warned her that she must not pursue that subject; and with a sigh as if of parting with these she loved, she reselutely closed that page of fond recollection.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

"There is companiouship in Nature's runke, and her bright look makes even the convewing glad. But in the crush of man—the tunnel's runke, The hear's sad solitude—how doubly and !"—MS.

Thou curtain'd realm of spirits . dost thou he byread all around, yet by sume allany surcen Shut from us sver?" Mas. Hanans.

The breakfast-table the next merning was not quite so wearisome a scene as usual, for Philip Mordaunt made himself very agreeable: refraining moreover, from laughing at his brothers so

andaciously as he had done the previous evening.

Before they had separated, a note came from Lady Stanmore to Constance inviting her to dine early with her that day; and as the weather was very hot, to take a drive afterwards into the country. This proposal arrived just in time to save her much embarrassment; for Mrs. Mordaunt had just before asked her if she would like to go to the opera with her that evening; and though she would on no account have gone there, yet she would have found it very difficult to have declined doing so; for few things are so unpleasant as having to refuse that which another offers from a goodnatured wish to please; there is something apparently so ungracious in the rejection of proffered kindness! And it almost invariably gives offence; particularly when, as in a case like the present, the refusal necessarily implies a censure of that, in which the kind proposer sees no harm.

From this difficulty Lady Stanmore's note happily relieved poor Constance, who had been sitting in nervous trapidation—her sheeks growing hotter, and her hands becoming colder every

instant—thinking how she could, with most gratitude, and least offence, decline going with Mrs. Merdaunt. She immediately expressed so strong a desire to accept the invitation to dine with Lady Stanmere, that her coasin, who was thereighly goodnatured, instantly agreed to her deing se; telling her "not to consider her, for that she would find some one class to go with her to the opera."

Lady Constance joyfully wrote her enswer; and at three o'clock she went to Lady Stanmore's. Lord Stanmore was going to a parliamentary dinner, so they were sure of the whole evening to themselves; and at about five o'clock they set out en their drive. They went to Hampstead; and enjoyed exceedingly the pure air of the heath, and the appearance of real-scuntry which now and then presents itself on that beautiful side of London; and then returning by Primrese-Hill they dreve all down Oxford Street to Lady Stanmore's house in Park Lame; that particular line of return being chosen at Lady Constance's express desire, as during her former visits to London she had always delighted in seeing the evening sky from that point.

Certainly there are few scenes which equal Outford Street, at the time when the sun is sinking in the far west. The gloomy avenue of houses the murky atmosphere, all an fire with the lurid splendour of the setting sum—the massive clouds, indistinct in their rugged outlines, but reflecting every shade of swarthy colouring—altogether form a scene of heavy, oppressive grandeur

seldom to be surpassed.

When the spirit within one is disturbed and unhappy, these scenes assume a character peculiarly impressive and striking. The country with its clear lovely sunsets, its green fields, its murmuring rivers and shining lakes, seems in unison with the quiet griefs, and gentle sorrows of the heart; or even if wilder pessions are abroad, nature rather soothes than irritates the wretchedness of man. But in London the unhappy spirit has to bettle against everything! There is gaiety to mock it—there is misery to harrow it—there is activity to keep it alive to its sufferings—everything in short but what it craves—peace!

We pass, perhaps, in all the outward splendsur of equipage and attendants—sorrowing, solitary creatures—amidst throngs of human beings who know us not, nor care for us. "Rivers of human faces" pass by us, but not one turns to look on us; or if it did, could it read the deadly agony which perhaps lurks within!

And they too have their feelings!—Each one of those thousands, who pass us in the crowded "stony-hearted" streets, is a world to himself: a world of love, and hate, and griping want, and torturing anxiety—of joyful anticipation—or of misery-worn, dull, dead-heartedness!

Then night!—night, when all the vast canony of smoke which the busy day kept pouring forth, has sunk, and left the sky at last clear and bright—how solemn is night over the sleeping streets! The moonbeams lying so white on the houses, and the shadows so doubly black; the rolling of the wheels heard at immeasurable distances through the empty squares; and the church-

clocks taking up the tolling hour from each other, and repeating it all around, till the last faint chimes scarcely fall upon the ear! all is so sullen—so mournfully silent. And the cold moon which goes so noiselessly along, over the heads of the hushed multitude—as if she thought that hush were peace! Oh! could she look with intelligent eye, on that over which she glides so gently and unmoved, what scenes would be revealed to her watching glance! Unroof but one single street of all the miles of habitations which compose the largest capital of the world, and what vicissitudes of life would be unveiled! Here, death with all its grim and fell accompaniments—there the first child's welcome birth! Here avarice and hatred—there love and peace! Poverty—sin—luxury—desperation—joy—madness—grief! all mingled together—yet all so separate!

Thoughts like these make London a scene of deep and harrowing interest for those who sympathise with their fellow-creatures—who feel for human woe and suffering. And amid the thousand causes of sorrow and regret which fill the labouring mind, the only source of real comfort flows from the knowledge that all must be right! That though the moon—herself but a creature of God's hand—knows nought of all the things over which she spreads the mantle of her light, yet that the Lord—the universal Father, knows, and sees, and permits all this; and that when "The wrath of man has worked the glory of God—the remainder of wrath will

He restrain.

When the drive was over, and the carriage stopped at Lord Stanmore's door, the evening twilight was still so bright, and the young moon was shining so invitingly, that Lady Stanmore proposed to her companion to take a little walk in the Park before they went in; and dismissing the carriage, and taking the footman with them, they strolled along the crisped and parched grass, down to the springs near the Magazine. The fine trees looked beautiful in the moonlight, for that white tint served to conceal the blackened hue of the foliage; and their walk altogether was

delightful.

"These are the hours I love the best of all the time I spend in London." said Lady Stanmore-"these little odd hours, stolen as it were from the world. Dearly as I love my husband, I sometimes enjoy his dining out alone at these great dinners (for he never leaves me for other dinners) that I may get a little quiet evening, either quite alone, or with some one who is really comfortable to me, as you are. Sometimes I remain at home, and open my windows to listen to the dear street organs which I love so much; and sometimes I drive into the country, or take a walk like this. I always think London the most romantic place in the world! Many people do not know what I mean when I say so, and I cannot define it myself, though I feel it. How solemn and grand that sunset was just now! and how quietly the moon shines now amid such thousands of human beings! and we perhaps almost alone, of all those thousands, enjoy-I never know what it is I feel at these times: a mournful tearful sensation fills my heart as if I had once been happy, and

were so now no longer; and yet I never was so happy in all my life as I am now. How strange it is that so many things should pass within us, which we can neither control, nor comprehend; which seem something beyond earth—and yet are not of heaven—for they are sorrowful."

"I, too, have often wondered whence these sensations come," said Lady Constance, "and what they are; for as you say, they are too sorrowful to be feelings which can exist in heaven, and yet they soften, and refine the heart. I think they must be aspirations of our higher nature, pent up in souls which are too narrow for them. There are some things which we know we shall enjoy hereafter, but the foretaste of which even, is too much for our poor spirits here. Music is one—that we know we shall have in perfection from the golden harps of the angels, and the songs of the redeemed: yet music here—how sad it often sounds! amidst brightest happiness making one's heart as 'a fountain of tears!' Beautiful scenery, too, how oppressive that is! But there, the everlasting hills and clear fountains of God's paradise, will form a part of our

perfect happiness."
"Yes, and love," said Lady Stanmore, "that, too, is painful here -that, too, will be perfect there. I do not mean only what is usually called-love-but affection of all kinds; doating love of relations—especially of children—how painful it is! Sometimes when I look at my baby and press its soft cheek to mine, I feel as if my heart must burst. One may truly say of love, "Tis bliss but to a certain point—beyond 'tis agony!" Of all kinds of love that certainly appears to me the most perfect, for it is unmixed with anything else. My husband loves me, or I should soon cease to love him; but besides that, he is pleasant to me in a thousand ways: and all my friends I love for something in themselves. But my baby—what can that do for me? At first it does not even know me—and yet upon that little thing I bestow love enough to fill the

world."

"I cannot, I dare say, judge of that," said Lady Constance; "yet I can believe all you say about it. Oh! it is happy that this world is not our last—or best.'

Lady Stanmore sighed.

"I wish," continued Lady Constance, "that you felt a clear hope of salvation. A heart like yours cannot even here, I am sure, be

satisfied with earthly things.

"It is not.—But last night, when we were interrupted, we were speaking of being on the verge of an invisible world. What were you going to say about it?"

"That we always are so; we walk surrounded by beings invisi-

ble to us."

"Why should you think so?" asked Lady Stanmore; "it is a

most uncomfortable idea."

"It is certainly uncomfortable when we reflect on the evil beings that are ever at our side, seeking to tempt, and to destroy; but it is delightful when we think of the angels of God who are sent 'to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation.

"How do you know that they are so sent?"

"The Scriptures tell.ms of it."

"Where?

"In the first of: Hebrews."

"I must, I see, read the Scriptures more attentively."
"Do," said Lady Constance; "you will find them so beautiful?

as well as comforting and strengthening."

"But do you really suppose," asked Lady Stanmore, "that there ere spirits before my eyes at this moment, and yet invisible to me? The thought is a trembling one."

"Probably there are. Scripture gives us reason to believe that there are evil spirits ever by us; and encourages us to hope also that there are good ones ever ready to succour the tried and tempted

people of God.

"Where? Deen Scripture speak of it, besides in the place you

mentioned?"

"Yes. You remember when the King of Syria sent horses and chariots, and a great host to compass the city of Dothan about, in order to take Elinha prisoner, that his servent was afraid; and the prophet told him not to fear, for there were more with them than against them; and them he prayed that his servent's eyes might be opened; and it says; 'And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw: and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire, round about Elisha."

"Can it really be? Can there be dreadful, and glorious spirits

close to us, and we unconscious of their presence?

"No doubt: Indeed, we know by our own experience, that disembedied spirits must at times, be in the very room with us without our seeing them.

"What do you mean? Ghosts?"

"No. But have you ever been in the room when any one has

"Once—only once. It was a little brother of mine, sweet little oreature! He died leaning on me, with his dear arm round my neck. It was many years ago.'

"His spirit when it left the body must then have been in the room, and close to you, for an instant at least-and yet you could

not see it.

"That is true; though it never struck me before. But what a fearful feeling this is: it seems to connect us se intimately with another world."

"It is, I think, very awful. In all probability also, sounds pass close to our ears, and are yet unheard. We are given to understand in Scripture, that the moment the soul departs from the body, it is either 'present with the Lord,' or else consigned to Satan's kingdom. And can we suppose that when the painful moment of death is past, and all the glories of heaven burst on the redeemed soul, that it utters no sounds of joy and praise? Or can we believe that when the careless, ungodly, unbelieving sinner, is seized by the dreadful beings who are in waiting for their prey, and is dragged down—where it is grief to think of !—can we believe that no shriek of horror or despair bursts forth? Yet no sound reaches our earand men will often call it 'a happy release!' Such thoughts as these

always make me tremble for those who have not gone to Christ, and made 'their calling and election sure,' through Him; and Li would never willingly be with any one at the hour of death, by whose side I did not hope to stand in the day of judgment."

They walked on in silence for a length of time, but Lady Con-

stance felt the arm that held hers tremble violently.

"These things are horrible—overpowering!" said Lady Stanmore at length.

Lady Constance pressed her arm affectionately.

"Better," she said, "to feel them so now, dear Lady Stanmore, than then—first—when escape is impossible. But I like rather to dwell on the bright side of the thing; for 'it is better,' as some one said, 'to be drawn, than driven to heaven!' Think of the eestasy of joy when all trouble is past, and we exchange perhaps a suffering death-bed for all the glories of heaven. Her voice trembled, for she thought of her father.

"Do you remember," she continued, after a little pause, "the

beautiful words in the Revelation?"

"Which do you mean?"

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat: For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.""

The tears swelled into Lady Stanmere's eyes, as she heard these

"How new all these thoughts seem to me," she said; "while your heart and memory are full of God's word."

"It is a letter written to us by our best Friend," replied Ladv Constance. "Dear Lady Stanmore, will you not read it, till the Spirit which it promises fills your heart with the love of God and of Christ? Then, then only, will you be really happy!'

### CHAPTER, XXXVIII.

"Cette infatigable persévérance de la sottise qui ne manque jamais une occasion d'être sotte."

WHEN Lady Constance returned home from Lady Stanmore's. she found the attentive Augustus ready to hand her out of the carriage, he having resigned the charms of the "ballet" in order to secure that privilege, hoping afterwards to enjoy a little conversation with her. She however retired immediately to her room; and he was obliged, much to his mortification, to content himself with lighting her candle, wishing her good night, and watching her with a pathetic look, as she went up the first flight of stairs from the drawing-room.

Lady Constance went to rest that night happier than she had been for a long time. She felt a great interest in Lady Stanmore, and trusted that the hours they had spent together had not been wholly-unprofitable; and the God whom she had tried to serve, left

her not comfortless.

The next day being Sunday, the whole party walked together to St. George's church; and then returned home to luncheon. While that essential occupation was going on, Mr. Mordaunt's groom brought round his horses, and walked them up and down before the house.

"You are going out early to-day, Robert," said his mother;

" how does that happen?"

"I promised to go to Roehampton. Murray has got a new horse, and wants me to look at it; and if it goes well, he is to drive me over to Hampton Court to dine with the T——'s; so perhaps I shall not be at home till late."

"What will the Park do without you," said Philip, "now, when there are so few stars left? The 'Gog,' will be all agog!"

"Your language is elegant!" replied his brother, contemptuously. "Why cannot you call things by their right names, and say 'the statue of Achilles!'—it sounds much better, I assure you. I wish

I could polish you a little."

"Many thanks; but I was always particularly obliged to 'John Bull' for supplying me with the very appropriate name of 'Gog,' for that unpleasant man in the green skin, and uneasy attitude opposite our Duke's house. Don't you think 'Gog' is a delightful name for him, mother? Lady Constance, does not 'Gog' sound remarkably well? so aristocratic! something so decided and authoritative in it. 'Gog!' what can one want more? Augustus, you have often told me that you knew nothing like it in the Greek of Homer or the Latin of Virgil. 'Gog!'"

"There, Philip," said his mother, "you have convinced us all I dare say, by this time, even Robert, so we will let the 'Gog' alone

for the present.'

"I am never to be convinced by Philip's rhetoric," said Mr. Mordaunt, with an indignant glance.

Philip shrugged his shoulders in token of resignation.

"Where are you going, Philip?" said Augustus, in a timid voice.

"My steps are free and unconfined as the wind, and the dust in

this weather. I go unquestioned, and unquestioned come.

"You can'drive with us in the carriage, Augustus," said Mrs. Mordaunt, "if you like it."

Augustus' countenance grew very bright.

"Constance, the carriage will be at the door at three."

"Thank you," said Lady Constance, colouring highly, "but I shall be going to church."

" What again?"

"Yes, I am used to going twice."

"You can go in the evening to some other church, if you like it, for at St. George's the service is at such an inconvenient hour," said Mrs. Mordaunt; "and then you need not lose your drive. Or perhaps (for she was thoroughly good-natured and desirous pleasing her young guest) you would rather go now; and then we will dine early, and go to the Zoological Gardens afterwards; it is

quite the fashion to do so now. I will put the carriage off if you would like it best."

"Thank you very much," said Lady Constance, "but I had

rather be quiet to-day; do not think of me."

"Are you not well, my dear?" asked Mrs. Mordaunt, anxiously; "or is it," she added, looking sideways at Lady Constance, with a smiling eye, and a mouth jokingly puckered up, "because it is Sunday?"

Lady Constance coloured higher than before, and said, "I cer-

tainly do like being quiet on Sunday."

"Well, my dear, I am for letting everybody go to heaven their own way," said Mrs. Mordaunt, "and I dare say yours is a very good one; but I am afraid I should find it rather dull."

Lady Constance made no answer.

Mr. Mordaunt rose, and ringing the bell, ordered his horses to be called; he then took his leave with somewhat of less parade than usual, and the remaining quartet sat silent, doing nothing.

"Shall we go up stairs, Constance?" said Mrs. Mordaunt.

Lady Constance rose.

"You, of course, are going out, Philip," said his mother, in a low voice, and with a peculiar smile, as she passed him. He murmured an assent; then turning to Lady Constance, he whispered,

"I am not quite a heathen; I am going to church again, though

I am sorry I cannot go with you."

"Augustus, at three I shall be ready," said Mrs. Mordaunt.

"Thank you," he answered, consequentially; "but I am going to church." And he gave a triumphant, and appropriating look

at Lady Constance.

His mother cast up her eyes with an air of resignation at his folly, and knowing that he wished to be persecuted, merely said,

Oh! by all means;" and passed up stairs with Lady Constance. The latter fondly hoped to escape Augustus' unwelcome companionship when she went to church; and in order to do so, she sent her maid down stairs when she was ready, to summon the footman who was to walk with her; and then descended quietly herself, without going into any of the rooms. But her watchful cousin, intent on his prey, was sitting with the dining-room door open, on purpose that she should not escape him; and the moment her light step fell on the pavement of the hall, he issued forth with his hat on, and his gloves in his hand. She was very much annoyed, but could not prevent his walking along the pavement at her side, or going into his own mother's pew; though she determinately and coldly refused his repeated entreaties that she would take his arm, and sat as far from him in the pew as possible. On their return he still accompanied her, making solemn observations on many parts of the sermon (all of which he misunderstood,) and asserting that "this was the only way to spend the sabbath

After she had been in her room some little time, her maid brought her a sealed note from him, entreating her to come down into the drawing-room, as he had something of importance to say to her. She went down accordingly, and he, enchanted beyond measure, gave her a chair with somewhat of his eldest brother's

pomp, added to his own niaiserie. This, however, she declined. "Lady Constance," he began, "I feel happy in being able, as I hope, to render some trifling service to one whom it will ever be

my happiness to make happy.

Lady Constance made a slight inclination. "Painful duties arise in life sometimes, and this is one. (A pause.) But come what may, we must do our duty. I can no longer conceal from you, Lady Constance-

He paused again, and Lady Constance, who had at first been dreadfully inclined to laugh, now became rather alarmed; and vague ideas of some bad news having arrived from Llanaven, took

possession of her.

"What is it?" she said; "pray tell me. There has been no

news from home, has there? Tell me, pray, Augustus.

"Oh! dear no," he answered deliberately, and with a look which seemed to say how trifling he considered all from thence, compared with his own deep responsibilities; "but I must tell you that, anknown to you, my mother is making preparations—for giving a ball on Thursday next!" And he seemed overpowered with the importance of the intelligence he had communicated.

" Is that all?" said Lady Constance, much relieved.

"That all!" exclaimed Augustus, with surprise and indignation. "I thought I had understood that you abominated those things—that they were repugnant to every feeling of your nature -that you abhorred---

"Thank you, Augustus," said Lady Constance, kindly; "I am really much obliged to you for having taken so much trouble about me, and for having told me about this, as it will perhaps spare me a great deal of difficulty; for though the terms you use are rather strong, yet I certainly do not like those late-houred dissipations."

Augustus' joy was beyond bounds. He was really kind-hearted. and was rejoiced to have been of use; and Lady Constance's manner. so cordial to what it had been before, perfectly enchanted him. He was beginning to pour forth foolish words; but Lady Constance

resuming her cold and distant manner, said,

"I feel sure that you are glad to have been of service to me, Augustus, in this affair; but you would also much oblige me, if you would cease that way of addressing me. We are cousins, and as such, I should wish always to have a friendly feeling towards

you; but that is all—and must ever be all, between us.

Augustus was daunted for a moment, but his excessive vanity soon recovered from the blow it had received; and indeed his manner to her was often so exceedingly disagreeable, that she felt inclined to write to Lady Ashton, and say that she must return home. But she felt that she could not do this without giving great offence to Mrs. Mordaunt; and remembering also, that her coming at all had been against Lady Ashton's wish, she felt averse to take such a step; so she gave up the idea of it, and hoped by continual repression, to get rid in time of his distasteful and presumptuous assiduities.

What had been said about the ball brought with it also much

perplexing thought to one so young, and so disinglined to oppose the will and wishes of others. Though she had said, "Is that all?" at the moment when her mind was relieved by finding that that "was all," yet now, on thinking over the subject, she found it placed her in a very disagreeable situation as regarded Mrs. Mordaunt; but knowing that the plainest path is ever the smoothest and best, she determined to speak to her about it as soon as she could possibly find an opportunity. She determined not to attend the ball, for she knew Lady Ashton would not like it; and she also well remembered her father's distorrobation of those things, which would have been quite sufficient for her, even if she had not disliked the thoughts of it herself. She felt also for a moment displeased at the idea of being deceived into doing a thing which she did not approve; but being sure that Mrs. Mordaunt had been actuated entirely by a wish to please-however mistaken, that slight shade of anger soon passed from her mind.

Mrs. Mordaunt had indeed imagined, that by surprising Lady Constance into a scene of that kind, she would be giving her a great pleasure. She had often seen girls who—though forbidden certain things—yet were very glad when circumstances seemed to offer a sort of apology for their doing them; (those for instance, who not being allowed to waltz, delighted in those dances where waltzing was introduced under another name;) and imagining that Lady Constance possessed the same lax principles, she thought she would be but too glad to find herself obliged to go to so yay and pleasant a thing as a ball; and therefore, with really kind

intention, had arranged this little surprise for her.

The next meraing Constance spoke at once and openly to her on the subject; thanking her so sincerely and cordially for her kind wish to please her, and expressing such pained concern at seeming ungratefal, (the tears springing into her eyes as she spoke) that Mrs. Merdaunt, after the first moment of displeasure, kissed her affectionately, saying, she was "a dear creature, though a sed little Puritan;" and a greater degree of kindly feeling and intimacy was established between them from that moment, than had ever before existed.

They spent the rest of the morning in "unavoidably postponing" the unhappy ball; and much pleasant conversation passed between

them whilst so employed.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Oh! c'est une exécrable puissance que celle de la settise qui marche à sul bost!"

("Oh! it is an executive power, is that of folly, which insurance on straight to its object.")

On the 8th of August, Lady Constance and her friends set of for Scotland; and their journey having been happily accomplished, the party found themselves in a small but telerably comfortable house in the neighbourhood of Loch Lomond. Mr. Mordaunt had

engaged a moor in that neighbourhood; and whilst he and his brothers were shooting, Mrs. Mordaunt and Lady Constance wandered about the beautiful scenery that surrounded the Loch.

When the first ardour of the 'chasse' was over, it was proposed to take a little tour: but Mr. Mordaunt, who had some little discernment—though not much—had found out by that time, that his devotions were anything but acceptable to Lady Constance; and though marvelling that so handsome a person as himself, and with so good a fortune, should fail in creating an interest where he desired it, yet finding that such unfortunately was the case in the present instance, he accepted an invitation from a friend in the neighbourhood, and went to stay some weeks with him at his house, instead of accompanying the tourists in their journey. With many pompous speeches he took leave of his 'fair cousin,' and of his mother, and left them to the care and guardianship of

Philip and Augustus.

Augustus was enchanted at seeing one rival off the field; and his assiduities towards Lady Constance became greater than ever. He was far more insufferable to her than even his eldest brother had been; for to the weakest intellect, he joined the most egregious vanity. He was good-looking—all the family were so—and thought himself particularly irresistible. He was exceedingly afraid of his mother, and of his brothers also, because they laughed at him without his ever being able to discover why; and Lady Constance having at first pitied his embarrassment, and spoken kindly to him, (as she would have done to a frightened child,) he set it down immediately in his mind that she must be in love with him. This fancy never left his head, and nothing could discourage

Her provocation was extreme, and she would often sit for hours in her own room in order to avoid him. She wished herself at Llanaven a thousand times a-day; and yet again a thousand times a-day felt it was best to be away; for the petty annoyances of her present life, were far less trying she knew than the heart-

struggles she would have to endure there.

Mrs. Mordaunt and Philip were excessively amused at Augustus' proceedings, and encouraged him by being unusually gracious, and cordial; but at last Philip perceiving that it annoyed Lady Con-

stance, determined to put an end to it.

They were going out one day in a boat to one of the islands in the Loch, when Mrs. Mordaunt having forgotten something in the house, after Lady Constance and Augustus were in the boat, returned with Philip to fetch it. Constance was going to follow them, when Augustus, thinking it would be a very acceptable piece of pleasantry, pushed off from the shore, and declared he would row her to the island, and leave the others to follow in another boat. She requested him to return, and insisted indeed on his doing so, but he only laughed; and finding all argument useless she was so extremely displeased that she sat perfectly silent, nd refused even to answer a word that he said.

He was not used to the water, and rowed very ill; and the boat

rocked from side to side so violently that at times Lady Constance was really alarmed for her safety; but having made an exclamation of fear at one particularly dreadful lurch, and receiving the assurance—by no means consolatory—from him, that "she need not fear, for if she went down, he should perish with her," she determined for the future to repress her terror, and sit as quiet as

existing circumstances would allow.

Philip meanwhile having perceived what was going on, abruptly left his mother; and calling to a lad to help him to push off another boat, he jumped in, and seizing the cars was soon in hot pursuit. Augustus saw him from a distance, and exerted himself more vigorously than ever; but Philip's more stalwart arm made his little skiff soon gain upon the other. Lady Constance was truly thankful for this prospect of deliverance, whilst Augustus continued to cheer her, as he fondly imagined, with hopes of escaping from their pursuer.

Seeing his brother, however, gaining on him much more than he liked, he turned the head of the boat away from the island which they had nearly reached, and rowed out again into the open lock. Lady Constance now grew desperate, and though not much versed in such matters, she got up, and taking hold of the rudder, suddenly turned it so as to point the boat's head again towards the

shore of the island.

Augustus was exceedingly vexed, but he tried to laugh it off; and Philip having by this time come up with them—in a voice of thunder, and with flashing eyes, ordered him instantly to row to the shore, and let Lady Constance land. All Augustus' fear of Philip returned when he received this fierce injunction; and he began to be afraid he had gone too far in his sportive wit. He obeyed, therefore, and Lady Constance, to her great relief, in a few moments found herself again safe on solid ground.

As soon as they had all three landed, Philip knowing that Lady Constance was then beyond the reach of annoyance from Augustus, felt his love of tormenting return strong upon him. Still keeping up the appearance of violent anger, which had at first been per fectly natural, he drew Lady Constance's arm through his, and placing himself between her and his brother, exclaimed, with a

menacing air.

"Augustus, your aim is perceived; and though, doubtless, had Lady Constance's heart been disengaged, your talents and abilities could not have failed to make her completely devoted to you, yet learn to your confusion that her heart is no longer hers—nor yours—but mine! I claim her as my own! We are engaged to each other by vows and promises innumerable! Speak to her again, therefore—at your peril!"

Augustus was rendered furious by this announcement; and he would not tamely submit to have his bright castle of vanity orumbled to the earth. His fear of his brother vanished for the instant before the violence of his excitement; and he vowed that

Lady Constance should be his, and his alone.

"Ask her," said Philip, coolly.

Augustus appealed to Lady Constance in vehement terms; but before she could utter a word, Philip exclaimed, "There, you heard what she said."

"I did not hear her voice," replied Augustus.

"Then you should have listened, She said, 'she was mine, and mine only; and she will prove it to you by going where I lead her. while you must instantly return, and bring my mother here. Now.

hegone!"

Augustus still hesitated; but Philip taking hold of Lady Constance gently but firmly by the wrist, commenced scrambling up a ledge of rocks supporting her with such strength, that her feet scarcely needed the slight hold they could take of the rugged pathway—till the unhappy Augustus, seeing all further remonstrance

useless, proceeded slowly towards the boats.

Lady Constance was really terrified by Philip's words and manner. Her first fear of him returned to her mind; and she thought she had only escaped from an idiot to fall into the hands of a madman. When they had reached a smooth spot, however, he released her arm, and gave way to a shrill burst of laughter. She still feared for his senses, and her terrified look adding to his uncontrollable mergiment, only prolonged the term of her fears; for he could make no intelligible sound, and it was long ere he could cease wiping away the tears his immoderate mirth caused to flow.

"I beg your pardon," at last he said; "I will speak in a

minute."

Lady Constance then saw that her fears were vain, and relieved from her anxiety she could not help laughing with him; and Augustus was gone some little distance before they were become composed and rational again.

In a few minutes, however, a new fear seemed to seize upon Lady. Constance, and she exclaimed, earnestly,

"Oh! call him back, pray, Philip; call him back, and tell him was but a joke about our being engaged." And she called him herself at the height of her silvery voice.
"If you choose to have him back," said Philip, "I declare I will

leave him here, and go back myself; and will never help you

again.

But Lady Constance's mind was too much excited; and again she called to Augustus, and signed for him to return. Too happy to obey her, he instantly turned the boat's head, and rowed back

again towards the island.
"Why have you brought him back?" said Philip, indignantly: "Lady Constance, must I believe that you like that intolerable

sillyton?

Like him! oh! no, I cannot bear him! I beg your pardon for saying so. But I am so afraid—as he becomes sullen sometimes that he may refuse to return with Mrs. Mordaunt, and may employ himself in writing to that fellow-clerk of his in the Foreign Office. to whom he sends such volumes every day; and if he should mention your ridiculous account, and it was repeated, it might reach

Llanaven. Oh! Philip, he is near; if you have really any friend. ship for me, tell him it was only a joke."

"I devour my own words! Never!"

But seeing distress evidently painted on Lady Constance's face. and having himself moreover some little private reasons for not wishing a report like the one in question to reach England, he

promised quickly to arrange the matter with his brother.

When Augustus had landed, he came up to Lady Constance with a look of such imbecile triumph on his countenance, that Philip felt tempted to throw him into the loch. He did not do so, however; but addressing him in a low, solemn voice, he told him. "that if a syllable of what had passed was repeated by him, either by letter or word of mouth, to any living soul, excepting his mother, his prospects in life would be ruined for ever. Instant expulsion from the Foreign Office, and all future hopes in that quarter, would be the first step; and it was impossible to say what would be the second!"

"And now," he added, "having warned you, I bid you again depart. As you row our mother here, you may freely pour forth all your griefs and wrongs to her; but a syllable to any one else, and you know—or rather." he added, impressively, "you do not know—what will happen!"

"Why did you not make him promise?" said Lady Constance, when she saw Augustus again in his boat rowing away; for she felt

but half satisfied.

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"Make him promise, my dear cousin!" replied Philip; "certainly not. That would have made him suppose that I depended upon him-whereas I mean him to feel that he depends upon me,-and happily he believes every word I say. Let me advise you never to give orders in such a way as to allow people to fancy you can be disobeyed; if you do, you may be sure you will be."
"But why did you say be might tell his mother?"

"Because I know he dare not for his life; besides which I should not mind if he did tell her. If he does not, I shall."
"Tell her what?"

"That we are engaged," answered Philip, very solemnly. "The words which I spoke, and which you did not contradict, in this Scotland, you know, are sufficient of themselves in a court of law. to constitute us man and wife; so you cannot retract, even if you

wished it. But I have no fear of that being the case.

Philip Mordaunt was so incomparable an actor, that his mother even, who knew him best, was continually taken in by him; and Lady Constance, who was unused to this species of joking, at that moment really felt an actual terror take possession of her; for though Philip had always been on the pleasantest terms with her, and had never shown her anything but a brother's kindness, yet, in this vain and extraordinary family, she felt as if she could be secure of nothing. Her persecutor, however, not wishing really to terrify her, and seeing she was uncomfortable, hastened to relieve her in part, by saying,
"But do not fear; I will promise never to claim you till you

claim me; so unless Augustus bear witness against us, your fate lies in your own hands. No, my dear cousin," he continued, in his cordial, pleasant way, "there is happily nothing of that sort between us, though I feel a wonderful drawing of heart towards you. I never had a sister, and have often longed for one; and you seem more like it than anybody I ever met with. You do not mind my always calling you 'cousin,' do you? I am so tired of Robert's formal, 'Lady Constance,' and Augustus' sentimental 'Lady C-o-n-stance,' that I hate the very sound. My mother's 'Contract's the standard of th stance' sounds charming; but I should not perhaps quite like that from my lips; but may I always call you 'dear cousin,' or 'fair cousin, or even plain 'cousin' sometimes?"

Lady Constance smiled. "Take care," she replied, "lest we should quarrel irreconcilably in the latter case. Do you not remember that when Horace Walpole was asked to make up a quarrel between two ladies, he said, 'Did they call each other ugly?' 'No.' Then,' he said, 'perhaps I may succeed.' However, you may call me by whatever name makes you feel me the most of a friend and

relation."

"You are truly kind," said Philip. "I often long to talk to you as if we had known each other all our lives. I have no one who is quite comfortable to me here. My dear mother listens to me with exemplary patience; but then I feel that it is patience, and I want sympathy. Now you I am sure would sympathize with me—if you knew I were in trouble."

"My dear Philip, I am sure I should," said Lady Constance, with energy; for her heart melted at the idea of any one being in

trouble.

"Now you are really my own delightful cousin," he answered, taking her hand and kissing it with the utmost affection; "and I will talk to you, and tell you all my misery. You see I am engaged! but I can't marry; and that troubles me."

"You are engaged?" said Lady Constance, surprised; "then why not marry? You are not very poor, are you?"

"Oh! no, I am getting on very well; but my 'love' is a mino, and rich; and her guardian will not hear of me, and forbids ne the house-wanting her, I am sure, for his own son-like all od guardians in plays and farces; so for the next two years I cannut marry, and can only see her indeed occasionally, and at other people's houses; for since my unfortunate proposal, he keeps her entirely in the country, and seldom allows her even to go to his sister, who is in town. She was there, however, the last Sunday we were in London; and it was with her that I went to church that evening, for she is a good girl, and as lovely as she is good; much too good indeed for me! I wish you knew her, Constance.-There! now that I am talking of Clara all reserve seems gone with you, and I can and may call you Constance, may I not? it seems so natural and comfortable. But do you not pity me?"

'I do truly; but still you know that she loves you, and you know that you love her: is not that joy enough? And after two years, if all go on well, you will be happy—how happy!" And a clarid rested on her beautiful brow. "But tell me about her, and about yourself," she continued; "for I am sure it must be a relief to speak! Clara—what is she?"

"Clara Leslie. She is very lovely,—not perhaps so strictly so as you are, but—"

"Never mind comparisons," said Lady Constance, laughing; "she is beautiful in your eyes, for she has the best beauties, goodness and love for you; and that is enough to make you happy. Now, go on till you are tired."

"Ah! when will that be?"

He went on, however, and relieved his heart by pouring it forth into Lady Constance's kind ear. She grieved over his troubles; but as she listened to them, her own sadder ones, disturbed by his words from the depths in which she endeavoured in general to bury them, rose up in such overwhelming force, that leaning her face on her hands, she gave way to uncontrollable tears.

"I did not mean to distress you, my dear cousin," said Philip, with much emotion; "I will not say another word of my foolish

lo<del>v</del>e."

"Oh, yes!" said Lady Constance, "go on, and do not mind me; it is a relief to cry sometimes—even for nothing." And her tears flowed afresh at thinking how much she had to weep for.

After a time Augustus and his mother arrived at the little island,—the former being evidently very sullen and very unhappy; and after a rather dull walk (for Lady Constance and Philip were both saddened by their late conversation), they all returned to the mainland.

Lady Constance was now much more at her ease than she had been before with her relations. She felt a great regard for Mrs. Mordaunt, who was an amiable person, and full of agreeable conversation, and who was indefatigable in her endeavours to make the time pass pleasantly to her; Augustus was subdued, and for Philip she really felt a great affection. She saw much in him that was solidly good, and amiable, though mixed with a good deal of worldliness and vanity. He would often talk with her on serious subjects, which he promised to think more of than he had hitherto done; and he said he should like her to know and talk with Clara Leslie, and help her to clearer views than she then had. She could not, however, always persuade him to behave to Augustus as she wished; for he would often encourage him in his folly, and them at other times, when really he might, by accident, have spoken a sensible word, he scared his few senses from him, by his contemptuous, dogmatical manner.

Augustus Mordaunt was certainly a person whom it was almost impossible to improve. The least rebuff seemed to annihilate him—excepting where his vanity was concerned—and the smallest meed of praise made him think himself Solon redvieus. He was not able for a length of time perfectly to fathom the affair of the engagement; for he saw evidently that though Philip and Lady Constance were much more together than they had hitherto been, yet that there was no love between them; and his own hopes would flicker up, if Lady Constance for a moment forgot the cold

contion which she found so necessary, though so uncongenial to her nature. Once, indeed, when she felt pained at something Philip had said to him, and spoke kindly when the former had left the room, he recovering the whole of his presumption in an instant, and was about to pour forth a volume of absurdity, when she stopped him by saying,

"Augustus, I shall speak to you no more, since I find you are weak enough to imagine I can have any motive in being kind to

you, beyond that of the commonest compassion.

This severe rebuke had happily the desired effect, and nothing more was heard of his hopes or pretensions; and during the remainder of their stay in Scotland, he contented himself by being silent, and very cross, and by pointedly avoiding Lady Constance on all occasions.

After having made several little tours, the party, joined again by Mr. Mordaunt; returned to London; and at last the sad yet joyful day was fixed for Lady Constance's return to Llanaven.

Lady Ashton wrote a pressing invitation to Mrs. Mordaunt to accompany her charge back into Cornwall, and give her the pleasure of a visit; and Mrs. Mordaunt, who was much softened in her dislike of "Methodists," and felt a real affection for her young cousin, whose entreme amiability and unaffected piety had greatly won upon her; accorded with pleasure to the proposal; and, accompanied by Philip, set out with Lady Constance for Llanaven.

## CHAPTER XL.

"Hours came for me in which no consolation would appears my heart, in which I in vain combated myself, and said, 'Now I will read, and then pray, and then sleep;' but yet anguish would not leave me, but followed me still when I read, prevented me from prayer, and chased away sleep;—yes, many such hours have been."——R. REMMER.

LIFE had gene on most smoothly with Lady Ashton during Lady Constance's absence. She had heard repeatedly from both Sir Roland and Henry, and received good accounts of both. Sir Roland, who had also written continually to Lady Constance, was still fully employed in the business of his mission; he deeply regretted his prolonged absence, and added that it was impossible for him yet to name a time for his return. He spoke to Lady Constance in unabated terms of his deep attachment, and of the happiness with which he looked forward to the time when they should meet again, never he hoped more to part. These letters filled her with sadness, though they no longer rent her heart as since they had done. She fell her regard for him grew even stronger and stronger; for his was a character whose beauty was the more valued, the more it was known; and her efforts to bring her affections into their legitimate channel seemed not wholly without a blessing. It had been a great relief to her having so much new matter to communicate to him during her stay in town,

and her tour in Scotland, as it enabled her to fill her litters without alluding much to herself or home concerns; and also gave a tone of cheerfulness to her communications, which she could not otherwise have commanded.

Henry's letters to his mether were written in apparently the highest spirits—for he could not bear her to be troubled by his unhappiness—yet at times a few words of the deepest melancholy

would reveal the grief that never left him.

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When he had driven from the door on the sad day of his departure from Llanaven, he looked back at the dear home-where his boyish pleasures had been so perfect, and where he had lately experienced both such excess of happiness, and such racking misery -and examined over and over again each window, in the hope, yet dread, of seeing Lady Constance; and though he felt the blank of disappointment at finding she was not there, yet he loved her the more for the resolution and principle which he felt sure alone had prevented her from taking one last farewell. He looked on every object as he passed rapidly along, as knowing he should look on it no more; and his heart seemed almost to break as he heard the park-gate swing to and fro on its hinges after he had passed it for ever. Amidst all his griefs, however, his kindly heart did not forget the feelings of others; and knowing that the old woman at the lodge would be waiting for him, he mastered himself sufficiently to look out for a moment as he passed; and waying his hand, he threw out a little sum of money as a farewell remembrance.

When every thing of home was gone, he dropped on his knees in the carriage, and leaning his head on the seat, gave vent to his great grief. His spirit was young and unsubdued; and for a time bitter murmurs rose in his heart against the cruelty of a fate, which not only separated him from all whom he loved, but made even the thought and remembrance of them misery to him! On her, the dearest of all, he dared not let his thoughts dwell for a moment; principle as well as feeling shut her loved image for ever from his mind; and he could not, at that distracted moment, form even the wish, or hope, that the time might ever come in

which he could think of her, and not be miserable.

It was too much wretchedness, however, for him to be at enmity with God, as well as cut off from all earthly affections; and his heart soon softened towards the powerful yet gracious Being whose compassions fail not, and who drew his soul to Himself for comfort and peace. After deepen and more fervent prayer than he had been able to offer up for many days, he felt his spirit much relieved, and his heart calmed. He would, he thought, try to live for others more than he had hitherto done;—he would look more to the end for which he was created, namely, the glary of God; and would strive to be more like his blessed Lord, in patience, and exertion;—and in these great and heaven-guided resolutions, he obtained somewhat of tranquillity.

When he joined his ship, he found it was to sail with sealed orders, but he cared not for that; there was but one spot in the

world for him—the rest was a vacant wilderness; and when at the proper time, the orders were examined, and it was found that the ship's destination was the Mediterranean, it seemed almost surprising to him that others should rejoice so much, at being sent to that always favourite station, when it was a matter of such total indifference to him. He felt that this was wrong; but such a coldness had again crept over his heart, that he walked the deck, almost like one in sleep. He strove to animate himself, and tried to talk, and listen to the conversation of others; but before half a sentence had reached his ear, his mind was again far away.

The ship had a fine passage out, and soon reached Gibraltar; and the officers had leave to go on shore, and examine the peculiarities of that curious place. Henry landed with the others; and while wandering with listless steps over the rock, he suddenly remembered that Mrs. Montague's husband was stationed there. He determined instantly to find him out; and leaving the others, he directed his steps back towards the town, inquiring for the military quarters. Having been directed to them, he soon discovered Captain Montague amidst a group of officers; and going up to him, with a sailor's frankness, he introduced himself, saying, that, "as he had had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Montague very lately, he thought he would be glad to hear a good account of her."

The young man coloured up painfully, and instantly taking his arm, walked away with him. One or two of the more thoughtless of his companions called after him, saying,

"You'll let us have the interesting news, Montague," &c.; but he took no notice, and continued on his way in silence, till he was out of sight and hearing of them.

"You saw her lately?-In Cornwall?" he asked, in a low voice.

"And the child, how was it?"

"Much better.

"Thank God! They said it was dying."

"Yes," said Henry, "my mother feared at one time that it could not live.

"Your mother! You are not?—can you be—Mr. Ashton?"

"That is my name," said Henry, smiling.

His companion grasped his hand without speaking a word, while every feature quivered; then quitting him abruptly, he walked up and down in great agitation. In a few minutes he returned, and again taking Henry's hand, said,

"How can I ever thank you for what you have done—for saving

me from being a murderer.

Henry, who knew nothing of Captain Montague's history, (though from several little things which had reached his ear, he had judged him not a very attentive husband,) was rather startled by this address; but taking no notice of the latter part of it, he answered that he had merely done what any sailor would have done in his place; adding, good-humouredly,
"You land-fighters think a great deal more of these things than

we do. The water is nothing to such fish as we are."
"But Mr. Stanhope informed me that it had been a most desperate

risk for you; and that you had been severely injured by your exertions.

"Ah! that was only by my own folly. I need not have been

hurt, had I taken care.

"I cannot express to you what I feel, Mr. Ashton," again exclaimed Captain Montague, "for I am the greatest wretch on earth: and my cruelty and neglect had nearly consigned those I should have watched over, and loved best on earth, to a watery grave.'

"Of that," said Henry, much surprised, "I know nothing; but if you have formerly, as you say, been unkind, you are happy in having it now in your power to make the future a different scene.

"I will leave nothing undone to atone for my past conduct." "Atonement is out of our power, Captain Montague, either to God or man," said Henry, gravely; "nothing we can do can affect the past."

Captain Montague's eye sunk under the remonstrance of his young companion—whose senior he was, however, by several years

but feeling that his intentions were sincere, he soon answered.

"True, nothing can undo the past; but I trust the future will be

very different."

"Be it so," said Henry, kindly; "and I shall be much mistaken if you find it hard to obtain forgiveness. Mrs. Montague seems to be one of the sweetest persons possible; and it is a dear little child.

Captain Montague sighed, and was silent a moment, then said, "I had written to you, Mr. Ashton, to try and express my thanks; but probably the letter had not reached you before you sailed from England.

"It had not," replied Henry; "but thanks were not needed. I came off without knowing where I was bound, or I should have been happy to have brought out anything for you which Mrs.

Montague might have wished to send.

Captain Montague thanked him, but looked confused, for he knew that his wife would not have thought of writing to him at that time; though when he despatched Henry Ashton's letter, he had written a most kind and affectionate one to her, full of remorse

for his past conduct, and of loving promises for the future.

The report of the loss of the vessel in which Mrs. Montague had sailed, had reached Gibraltar, unaccompanied by any particulars, several days before Mr. Stanhope's letter arrived, mentioning her safety, and that of the child; and during that fearful interval, he had had the weight of their blood upon his conscience; which dreadful feeling had left so strong an impression on him, that, when he was relieved from it, it seemed as if all other sensations were absorbed in joy and gratitude; and his affections, turned back into their natural channel, seemed to flow in a fuller tide than they had ever done before. After a few minutes' silence, he continued.

"I have applied for leave of absence, for I long to return to England; but I fear I shall not be able to get it for some weeks yet; and perhaps I may see you again before that time. I shall be most happy if I go, to take home anything you may have to send; or to do anything in my power to serve you. Will you dine with us

this evening at the mess?"

Henry accepted the invitation; and Captain Montague then walked with him about the place, pointing out all that was most worthy of observation—glad indeed to show any civility to one to whom he felt so deeply indebted. Henry was much pleased with him, and with several of the officers whom he met at table; and taking leave kindly of them all, when diamer was over, he returned to his vessel.

This meeting with Captain Montagne seemed for the time to relieve his spirits a little, for it drew his thoughts away from himself; but when again on board, and following the monotonous routine of a sallor's life, his sense of misery seemed almost deepened

upon him.

He had never before been in the Mediterranean; and had his heart been at ease, how would be have enjoyed its lovely climate, and its beautiful sheres! But now, as he looked into the clear depths of its blue waters, he only seemed to long for repose within their bosom. He seemed incapable of peace, and to be driven from every subject on which his thoughts could rest; for every avenue to feeling was filled with the objects that should be avoided. His very prayers had been so fall of her! for he was one whose spirit had hitherto sought rather to bring the blessing of God down on

his earthly treasures, than to raise itself up to Him.

Yet it was not the feeling merely of disappointed affections, or of separation from what he loved, which brought this deadly blight on everything; it was the fear of sin, the dread of guilt upon his soul, which made every thought of home so terrible to him. His young, romantic heart, would rather have delighted otherwise in neurishing up its regrets, and dwelling upon the recollections of former happiness; but his awakened conscience, and high principle, would not allow of his doing so new; and not having strength to sope with the evil, and subdue it, he found his only refuge was in endeavouring to shut out memory altogether. The life which he led unhappily presented nothing to fill the space thus left so vacant; and all that he felt therefore in general, was a cold, almost unendurable sense of utter desolution.

There were none on board with whom he had ever sailed before; and if any of his former shipmetes had seen him then, they would scarcely have recognized in his pale, melancholy countenance, the features of him, whose once bueyant mind, and bounding heart, had made all bright around, and often infused its gladness even into the

weary night-watch.

Among all his new companions, there was but one who excited any interest in him; and that was Mr. St. Clair, the first-liestenant. He was a middle-aged man, with a grave but pleasant countenance; and though he was one who spoke but little, yet that little was invariably kind and conciliating. A haugh or joke seldom indeed passed his own lips; but no officer on board was more tolerant of the langhter and jokes of others. Even when the "sky-larking" of the half-crazy 'mids,' passed almost all

bounds of endurance, and called fonth hard words and sewere looks from others in the ship, his indulgent smile, and kind excuse, were ever ready.

"There's a great noise below there, Mr. St. Clair," the captain

would exclaim.

"Young spirits, sir, young spirits; all the better when work

comes," would be the kind-hearted answer.

Yet when in passing along decks, his "Have a care, young gentlemen," was heard, it was invariably treated with respect; and the "Ay, ay, sir," was never more cheenfully returned than

to him; while quiet would be for a moment restered.

The light-hearted beings over whom he exercised this 'mild control, used among themselves to call him St. John St. Clair-John being his christian name; but the appellation was given in all kindliness, for he was greatly beloved; and the strong religious opinions which suggested the name bringing with them no harshness, were telerated for his sake; and in many instances indeed, became, through him, reverenced for their own.

Under circumstances of less intolerable suffering, Henry Ashton would often have gladly conversed with him; but it was impossible for him to talk much on indifferent subjects, and the source of his affliction was one which he could lay open to no human eye, nor could be seek comfort under it from any human veice. Scarcely indeed, to Heaven could be, at that distressful time, look for consolation. "Il étoit triste de la tristesse, qui étoit alors le fond de sa vie," ("He was sad, with that sadness which was then the ground-

work of his life,") and all his emergies seemed gone.

After cruising about for some time, the ship touched at Malta; and when there, Mr. St. Clair received a letter from a friend of his who had formerly sailed with Henry, and who made particular inquiries after him; asking if he were still the life of the crew, as he had formerly been. Surprised at receiving a character of him so anlike what his present appearance warranted, Mr. St. Clair watched him more closely; and he seen became convinced that it was trouble of beart which had converted the once gay and highspirited young miles, into the silent, melsneholy being who then trod the decks with so abstracted an air. This conviction roused all his kindly feelings; and made him anxious if possible to assuage the sorrow of so young a heart.

When Henry's turn, therefore, came for keeping the night-watch. he lingered some time on deck, watching for an opportunity of quiet conversation with him. Henry, unaware of his object, took no notice of him, but continued his monotonous walk up and down in silence; till at length, full of his own and thoughts, he stopt and leant over the gangway, his face buried on his arm. A strong but kind hand laid on his shoulder, soon roused him from his reverie. He started, and was rather surprised at finding it was Mr. St. Clair's: for he had scarcely exchanged a syllable with him, excepting on

matters of duty, since he had been on beard.

"These night scenes waken melancholy thoughts, Mr. Ashten." said the first-lieutenant.

" Not more so then sunshine," replied Henry, gloomily,

"Not if we like holding communion with the Father of our spirits," said Mr. St. Clair; "but otherwise darkness is generally felt to be a dreary thing."

"All times are much alike, I think," replied Henry.
"To me, I confess," said Mr. St. Clair, "these tranquil hours, when most of the poor fellows are below in their hammocks, are particularly delightful; the unusual quiet makes one more mindful of 'Him, ne'er seen but ever nigh.'"

Henry was silent, and again leant down his head.

"Has the thought of him no charm for you, Mr. Ashton?" continued his kind companion.
"It used to have," answered Henry, without raising his head.

"You have not the look of one whom sin has separated from his God," said Mr. St. Clair, in a tone which would have unlocked the closest heart.

"No," said Henry. "I have sins enough certainly, but I have no fears of God's anger; though I cannot just now enjoy His

love.''

His young heart was touched by Mr. St. Clair's manner; and with that yearning for commiseration, so natural to all, especially to the young, when affliction is new and bewildering to them, he longed to pour forth all his miseries. But that was impossible. His troubles did not belong to himself alone—the most sacred feelings of others were involved in them; and those he could not betray.

"Prayer will bring God's light back into your heart, young man," replied Mr. St. Clair, in a softened voice; "no sorrow can withstand His gracious presence there. You have found that I

daresay at times.

"I have never known sorrow till now."

"Then you must have had the life of one of a million," sighed his companion. "But nevertheless the burthen is not the lighter because our shoulders are unaccustomed to bearing it. I don't seek your confidence as to your earthly trials,—you can tell them to your chod; and it is but poor pleasure to hear the record of sufferings which make one's heart bleed, while one cannot raise a finger in help. But a little word of God's peace will sometimes cheer a drooping spirit, if Satan's power is not too hard upon it. You seem,

"I am happy to see, to have some hope beyond this world."

"I had—but everything now seems gone!"

"Oh! that must not be," said Mr. St. Clair with kindly warmth;

"you must rouse yourself, and not let the evil one gain so much advantage over you. Remember,—doubting of God's mercy is a sore sin; and so is, rejecting His consolations."
"I used to think," said Henry, "that sorrow would always raise

the heart to God; but I find it far otherwise."

The recollection of his conversation with Lady Constance when he was walking with her on the shore, on the first day of his arrival at Llanaven, rushed over his mind at that moment, and completely overwhelmed him. He remembered so well his own words, "Joy on the one side, sorrow on the other, lift the soul to God;" and as he felt how little that was now his own experience, and the memory of that delightful hour flashed across him, his spirits completely gave way, and a deep burst of grief broke for an instant the silence of the night.

Mr. St. Clair felt a painful compassion for this young and sorrowing heart; and spoke words of kindest sympathy. After a

few moments Henry became more composed.

"I am very weak," he said; "but I trust I shall be able to look more to God than I have done lately, and then I shall be strengthened."

Mr. St. Clair remained with him during the whole of his watch. They walked up and down the deck together; and in the course of their conversation, Mr. St. Clair adverted to circumstances in his own life which had shown forth the power of God to sustain under trial and affliction; and as Henry Ashton expressed a wish to know what they were, Mr. St. Clair gave him the outline of a life which did indeed show that God is "a very present help in time of trouble." Henry as he listened felt grieved and shocked at the rebellion of his own heart; and fervently, though secretly, imploring the pardon and strength of his Heavenly Father, he found a peace of mind to which he had long been a stranger.

From that time he took great delight in the society of his new friend; and though the source of his sorrow was one which he could not ever touch upon to others, yet he felt his faith so animated by Mr. St. Clair's example and conversation, that he was enabled with some success to combat its terrible power in his own

heart.

His ship was stationed for some time at Beyrout; and Henry obtained leave to go on shore and visit some of those places in Syria which must ever afford intense interest to the truly Christloving heart; for though

> fast as evening sunbeams from the sea, Thy footsteps all in Sion's deep decay Were blotted from the holy ground,-yet dear Is every stone of hers, for Thou wast surely here."

When he saw the dreadful degradation of the ancient people of God, ground down as they were under a second Egyptian bondage, and tyrannised over in every way—his heart burnt within him! Devoutly did he pray that the Lord would soon arise, and appear in behalf of his afflicted people; and his ardent spirit recovering somewhat of its old enthusiasm, made him earnestly desire, that if human means were in any way to be instrumental in the promised restoration of Israel, his arm might be amongst those permitted to uplift itself in the cause. Vain wish! Yet doubtless not forgotten by that God, who has said, as regards this, His beloved nation: "Blessed is he that blesseth thee!"

\* The first-lieutenant's story was found too long an episode to introduce in this work. (It is now published alone. 1854.)

#### CHAPTER XLI.

"The almost infinite power to suffer which is bound up in our mysterious being."—Christian Ladies' Magazine.

"Cherchez auprès de Dieu la ferce que vous ne trouverez en nul autre."—

(Seek from God the strength you will find in none other.)

HENRY ASHTON continued to write frequently to his mother, though it was ever a task to him to do so. To Lady Constance of course he wrote no more, nor could he master himself sufficiently to continue his correspondence with his brother; but he sent many kind messages to them both, in his letters to Lady Ashton, and endeavoured in every way, as far as truth would allow, to prevent

her from suspecting the real cause of his unusual silence.

After remaining for a few months at Beyrout, his ship was to return to Malta; and she was on her way back, when a frightful accident occurred, spreading sudden death and anguish around. Henry, and Mr. St. Clair had been conversing together for some time on deck one day, while the men were practising at the guns, when a violent shock was felt from the explosion of a cartridgebox near them, which tore away and scattered in all directions a considerable part of the bulk-head by which it stood, killing two unfortunate men on the spot, and severely wounding several others. Mr. St. Clair providentially escaped with a slight graze; but Henry Ashton, who had been standing quite close to the spot, was instantly struck backwards-fragments both of metal and of wood having entered his side and chest, carrying portions of his clothes also with them into the fearful wounds. It was thought indeed, at first, that he was dead, for he lay motionless on the deck, with a ghastly pallor on his sheek; and the surgeon under that impression passed him by, and naturally gave his attention where he thought it would be of more avail Mr. St. Clair also thought that all was over; but restraining his feelings with seamanly self-command. he likewise went to render assistance to the unfortunate men who were wounded. When everything had been done for them, however, and the bodies of those who were dead were about to be removed, a slight contraction on Henry's brow, as they were bearing him away, proved that life in him was not quite extinct. The surgeon then instantly attended to him, and entered into a minute examination of his wounds; and while he was doing so, Mr St. Clair watched his countenance with the most intense anxiety: and his heart sunk within him when, after a time, the other shook his head, saying,

"There is life certainly, but I see no hope; it is impossible he can recover; feeling is almost gone, or he never would have endured what I have been doing, without having betrayed evidences

of extreme pain—his side is full of splinters.

He was carried carefully to his berth, where every attention was

paid him, and from time to time the surgeon was able to extract from some of his many wounds splinters of wood or metal, and portions of his dress; but it was some days before anything like consciousness returned. Mr. St. Clair was unwearied in his kindness, nursing him with the utmost tenderness, and devoting all the tione he could spare from his duties to watching over him; and great was his delight, when, after days of almost hopeless anxiety, are at last opened his eyes and endeavoured to utter articulate sounds. His weakness, however, still continued almost like death; and the utmost he could do was to whisper occasionally one word at a time. The surgeon still gave no hopes of his life, for he said it was impossible that his constitution could stand what he must have to undergo before all extraneous matter was extracted from his wounds.

By the time he reached Malta his consciousness had quite returned, but with it also the most exquisite sense of pain; and the noise and bustle of the ship became intelerable to him. "Home," was ever on his lips, and he implored that he might be sent there. He felt that he could not live, and the trials that had formerly seemed so great, faded away before the near view of eternity. He could now think of Constance and his brother with deep but calm affection; and longed only to see them once again, and then to lay his head on his mother's breast—his mother, towards whom

his heart yearned so painfully!—and die.

The "Oriental" was not at Malta when his vessel arrived; and as there was a ship of war just sailing homewards, it was thought best for him to go by that, as he would then have the advantage of the surgical attendance on board. His mind was much relieved when he found he was to return home; and he often expressed to Mr. St. Clair his deep sense of God's goodness in arranging all so

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "how eternity changes one's view of things! Sin now seems the only evil."

"But sin is washed away from your soul, is it not?" asked the other.

"I trust so," he replied; "but I regret its existence all the more;

and my late rebellion has been terrible.

"You seemed to have much to bear," said Mr. St. Clair.

"I had," replied Henry, sighing deeply; "at least I thought so then, but now I am thankful for it. It has loosened my tie on life; and I have now no wish but to go to Him whose love and mercy has pardoned, and will receive, me."

"But mere disappointment in the things of life is not the best frame of mind in which to die, Mr. Ashton," said his friend; who felt most anxious that his ground of hope should be clear, and that love to Him who had died for his sake should be the acting

principle of his mind.
"I know that," said Henry, "and it is not so with me; but had all been bright on earth, the pain of parting would have been

greater.

"You are at peace with God, then?"

A smile, the first Mr. St. Clair had ever seen page over

Henry's sad and suffering countenance, lighted up his full blue eyes, and was his only answer.

"Trusting only to the merits of Christ?" continued his friend.

"Only," murmured Henry, raising his hand involuntarily in the fervour of his feelings; though the next moment anexpression of extreme pain convulsed his features, for the slightest motion

agonized him.

His removal from his own ship to the frigate in which he was to return home, was attended by the most excruciating torture, and the surgeon scarcely thought he would live through it. Mr. St. Clair supported him the whole time, and not a single murmur escaped his lips; though the unbending contraction of his brow. and the frequent, irrepressible sounds of anguish which burst from him, showed how much he had to endure. When lowered into the boat on his hammock, he put out his hand as if to search for something.

"What is it?" asked Mr. St. Clair.

"My desk," he said.

It was the one in which he had been used to keep Lady Constance's picture, and his other treasures—remembrances of herand he had forgotten for the moment that all had been removed; but recollecting it the next instant, he added, "It does not signify, I care not for it.

"Everything is in the boat with you," said Mr. St. Clair.

"I shall need nothing long," replied Henry.

Mr. St. Clair turned away to hide the tear that filled his eye, at the thought that indeed, in all probability, the fine and noblelooking being before him would soon be beyond the reach of human

comforts, or of human sorrows.

He accompanied him on board the frigate, and made everything as easy about him as he could; and earnestly did he wish he were able to return home with him, but that could not be; and as the vessel was getting under way, he was forced to go. He bent over the poor sufferer, and in solemn, affecting words, commended him to God; though Henry could only answer by a kindling glance of gratitude, and a slight pressure of the hand, for his strength was almost exhausted.

The vessel had to touch at Gibraltar on its way home; and, as it lay there, Captain Montague, who had just obtained his desired leave of absence, and had intended returning to England by the next steamer, hearing that Henry Ashton was on board and in a dying state, entreated the captain of the frigate to give him a passage home with him, in order that he might, if possible, be of comfort and service to one to whom he owed so much. His request having been granted, he went immediately on board, and took his station by Henry's side; and it was impossible for anything to exceed the devotion with which he watched and tended him.

Henry soon felt the comfort of his kind cares; but he greatly missed the sustaining power of Mr. St. Clair's fervent piety, and was thus left wholly to the resources of his own mind God, however, did not desert him, but poured strength and light into his soul; showing him his sins in the strongest colours, but supporting him at the same time with His own gracious promises of pardon; so that, in fact, the time so apparently destitute of spiritual comfort, was to him richer in heavenly joys than any former period of his life had ever been. He learned to depend simply upon God, and found strength every moment in close communion with Him; and happy as his former years had been, he experienced now, when tortured in body, and separated in heart from all the earthly objects of his affection, a peace and "rest which belongeth only to the people of God." He longed continually to be able to speak of these things to his attentive but thoughtless companion, who, though full at that time of all kindly feelings towards him, seemed wholly indifferent to the love of God; but it was such pain to him to speak, or to make the slightest exertion, that he was forced to remain silent; and could only pray, therefore, for one who seemed so little to feel the value of prayer for himself, but whose unceasing kindness, night and day, filled him with a deep concern for his welfare.

Life indeed seemed at times almost ebbing away from his enfeebled frame. Many splinters had, from time to time, been extracted from his wounds, but each succeeding operation seemed to leave him weaker than the last; so that the surgeon dreaded any further attempts, lest the exhausted sufferer should die under his hands. Yet in this weak and almost lifeless state Henry Ashton was permitted greatly to glorify God; for the few words he ever voluntarily spoke were those of bright and heavenly joy, and of perfect acqui-

escence in his Heavenly Father's will.

Patience and resignation are indeed often shown by those who have no solid ground for hope as regards the next world,—natural gentleness and amiability often preserving the mind from murmuring under pain and sorrow. But it belongs to the true Christian alone, to feel the brightness of assured hope at such times; and to be enabled to justify by his clear, full testimony, the unfailing truth of the "Rock of his Salvation."

## CHAPTER XLII.

"It is not that which is apparent, not that which may be known and told, which makes up the bitterest portion of human suffering—which plants the deepest furrow in the brow, and sprinkles the hair with the earliest grey. It is the grief which lies fathom deep in the soul, and never passes the lip—that which devours the heart in secret,— \* \* that which springs from crushed affections and annihilated hopes."—Phantasmaoria.

"So be it, Lord! I know it best,
Though not as yet this wayward breast
Beat quite in answer to thy voice;
Yet surely I have made my choice!

So \* rather let me die Than close with aught beside to last eternally."—Keble.

LADY CONSTANCE had found her return to Llanaven extremely trying, and for a time every wound in her heart seemed opened afresh; but she determined to gain the mastery over her feelings, and not to give way to wandering thoughts. She therefore resolutely set herself much active employment,—attending her schools with diligence and perseverance; and she soon found that in the peace of God, and His great consolations, were still ence to her. She was glad to see that Lady Ashton and Mrs. Mordaunt appeared pleased with each other; and her hopeful spirit made her look forward to the day when her kind cousin would be of one mind and one spirit with them. In Philip Mordaunt she felt great interest, and there really did seem in him some awakening of the heart; so that she began to hope that the visit which had in same respects been so irksome to her, might prove in the end of much good.

The captain of the ship in which Henry Ashten had gone out, knowing that the Oriental steamer, though later in its departure from Malta than the frigate, would yet reach England first, had written to Lady Ashton by that conveyance, informing her, in the gentlest manner possible, of the dreadful event which had taken place; and saying that her son was returning home at his own earnest request, and would probably arrive within a few days of the time when she would receive that letter; beseeching her to be prepared for the worst, as the surgeon had expressed it as his

opinion that his life hung by the slenderest thread.

This terrible amouncement reached Lady Ashton just as all her guests had departed from Lianaven; and it may well be conceived with what feelings it was received. She was walking in the garden with Lady Constance when the letter was given her; and after reading a few lines—without cry or groan, she sunk upon the earth. Lady Constance in great alaum hastened to raise her, and called for help, but they were too far from the house for her to be heard; and Lady Ashton after a few minutes opening her eyes again, and fixing them on her with a piercing look, as if she thought to read in her countenance a confirmation of all her hepes or fears, faintly murmured,

"Is he still alive?"

Lady Constance, whose whole thoughts and attention had been solely devoted to her, asked in the utmost terror, "Alive? Who?"

"Henry!" exclaimed the almost distracted mother. "Oh, Constance! read—and tell me at once! Oh, tell me at once!" And she

buried her face in her hands.

Lady Constance took the letter, but for a moment she could discern no distinct word; though, feeling even through her dreadful agony the necessity of self-command, she exerted herself to be calm; and passing her eye rapidly over the page till she came to the assurance of Henry's not having been killed, she threw her arm round Lady Ashton as she lay by her side, exclaiming,

"He may still be alive!" and then mingled her burning tears

with those of her afflicted friend.

"Constance," said the latter after a time, raising herself up,

"what has happened? for I scarcely know."

Constance struggling again for composure, endeavoured to read the letter aloud, but every word came forth almost singly, and was tered as with a spasm; till at last when she read of Henry's extreme danger, she threw herself into Lady Ashton's arms, and wept in uncontrolled, uncontrollable anguish. Yet her sufferings at that moment were almost entirely for Lady Ashton; she knew how detingly she loved her sons—how every feeling was bound up in their loved idea; and this dreadful stroke seemed almost insupportable. At length Lady Ashton exclaimed—suddenly discongaring herself.

engaging herself,
"We must be going, Constance; we must not leave him, if—
oh, my God!"—and she clasped her hands in anguish—"if he be
still alive!—we must not leave him alone, with no one to receive
him or attend to him when he lands. Order the carriage instantly. You will come with me? He may be even now at Fal-

mouth. Oh! how could I lose a moment?"

These words instantly brought Constance's thoughts back upon herself; and a torrent of conflicting emotions rushed over her mind. Was she to go to meet Henry? Was she to go to him, from whom, if living, she ought to fly to the ends of the world?

What would he think? What would he feel?

Yet how could she bid Lady Ashton go alone to meet her dying —her perhaps dead som? How bid her sustain the anguish of the shock,—the torture of suspense, alone,—with no one to speak the her, none to comfort her? How could she say, "I will not go with you to the seene of trial?" What excuse could she frame for such apparently unnatural conduct? What she should do—what she ought to do—she knew not; and she felt almost on the verge of madness, for in her extremity she forgot to apply to the Fountain of Wisdom. Her course was, however, soon decided by Lady Ashton's returning to her, and saying,

Lady Ashton's returning to her, and saying,
"Would you like your maid to go as well as mine, Constance?
I thought perhaps she might be useful. She is futting up your things, but you had better see that all is right. The length of our stay must be uncertain, so take all you want. You have

ordered the carriage, my dear, have you not?"

"Oh!" said Constance, pained to the heart at having in her distress forgotten to de so, and colouring deeply, "how could I be so oruel—so forgetful!" And flying to the house, she hastened to repair her neglect.

The servants, however, knowing the state of the case, had prepared the carriage, in case it should be wanted, and were only waiting for orders to come round; so no time happily was lost.

Wher Constance next met Lady Ashton, she threw her arms

round her neck, and said, "Can you forgive me?"

"For what, my dear child?"

"For forgetting what you wished me to do."

"I an sure you would not have done so, had not your heart been too ful of us and our troubles," replied Lady Ashton, with that gentle kindness which never deserted her; "but you will come with me, my child, and help me at this cruel, cruel moment."

Laly Constance could not refuse; yet unable to consent, she drooped her head on Lady Ashton's shoulder, almost in a state of snearsibility. Her silence surprised and pained Lady Ashton, who

aid in a disturbed and somewhat reproachful voice,

"Do you shrink from the sad task, Constance?—Ah! if it be hard to you to see him suffer, think, my dear, think what it must be to me!" Her voice failed, and she burst into tears.

"Oh! no," said Lady Constance, almost distracted; "I shrink from no pain. My God knows how willingly at this moment I

would die to give you happiness."

"I know all your affection, dear Constance," said Lady Ashton; but the young heart dreads witnessing pain and sorrow; and I will not ask you to go with me, if you feel averse to it."

"There is nothing I would not do for you," replied Lady Con-

stance.

"Thank you, my dear," said Lady Ashton, kissing her with renewed love. "And my poor boy, too—your brother I might almost say—he has also a claim on your affection; and you will, I am sure, gladly be of use and comfort to him."

She again kissed the miserable girl, who was incapable of speaking; and telling her to hasten her preparations, she left her in a

state of misery not to be described.

Indecision was however at an end; she had no choice, and she must go. Mrs. Montague having heard of the affliction which had occurred, had instantly offered to come and stay with Lady Florence; and her kind proposal having been gladly accepted, the unhappy mother, and her still more unhappy companion, set off on their journey to Falmouth, there to wait for news of Henry.

They had not long to be in suspense; for after only one night of restless anxiety, the early dawn showed them a frigate which had arrived during the darkness, lying in the Falmouth Roads. Lady Ashton instantly rung and sent her servant down to inquine what vessel it was; and the man soon returned, saying that it was the ——which had just arrived from the Mediterranean, and which was lying-to, in order to land an invalid officer. This news filled Lady Ashton with overpowering joy; it was the frigate in which Henry was to return, and she could not doubt but that he was the officer mentioned. She went directly to inform Lady Consance of the happy intelligence, and to beg her to dress quickly and come down with her to the shore.

Constance would gladly have been spared the latter trial; but ahe could not refuse, and was soon ready to join Lady Ashton. When about to set out, however, a sickness came over he which made it seem impossible for her to proceed; she paused, and saked if it would not be better for her to stay behind, and make any preparations which might be necessary; but Lady Ashton expressing

a wish to have her support, she could say no more.

When arrived on the shore, they saw a man-of-war's loat approaching; and as it drew near they plainly distinguished that some person was in it lying down and supported by anothe;—and their hearts felt convinced it must be Henry. Lady Constance could not bear to stay amongst the group of idlers who were beginning to collect about the spot, and begged Lady Ashton to go to some little distance; but the latter, who saw no crowd—or anyhing in existence excepting Henry—could not move; till Lady Constance in an agony, suggesting that the sight of her at the first

moment might overpower him, and be too much for his strength during the exhaustion and fatigue of landing, at length induced her to remove a little way off, and leave her servants to receive him at the first moment.

The boat neared the shore; and at length Henry's form became plainly visible to those who watched his return with such intense anxiety; but the gentleness with which the men rowed, and with which they finally let the boat just float to the shore, on the surface of the -happily calm-sea, told a tale of the sufferings they were so careful not to increase, which sent despondency and anguish again into their hearts. Lady Ashton could scarcely restrain herself from rushing to meet her son as she saw him lifted on his hammock from the boat, but Lady Constance longed rather to fly and hide herself from every eye. She felt as if all the world were watching her, and reading the agony which struggled in her heart. When Lady Ashton had seen Henry safely taken out of the boat, and being carried to the hotel—for he could not bear the motion of a carriage—she turned back, to go and receive him there herself, and Lady Constance mechanically gave her the support of her arm. They walked on quickly, but in silence; and having reached the hotel, they prepared a couch for Henry to be laid on as soon as he arrived. But when Constance heard the sound of the men's steps who were carrying him in, she could endure to remain no longer; but telling Lady Ashton she would leave her alone for a time with him, she quitted the room, and had scarcely escaped by one door before he was brought in at the other.

When he was laid on the sofa he remained perfectly without motion; and as his face was covered with the handkerchief which had been put over it to save him from the prving curiosity of the crowd, terror seized Law Ashton lest he should at last have diedeven at the very moment of their meeting. She stood breathless, and without power to move or speak; and never would she have had courage herself to have uncovered the features which might even now be rigid in death; but Captain Montague, who had accompanied Henry, gently removed the handkerchief; and Lady Ashton then relieved from her terrible fear by seeing life still in his countenance, though agonized at heart by witnessing the ravages which suffering had made on his appearance, sunk on her knees by his side, and pressed her lips to his death-like cheek. He opened his eyes, and seeing who it was, a deep sob rose from his breast,

and every feature became convulsed with emotion.

"My mother!" he exclaimed with difficulty. "Oh! how I have longed for you! longed,—once more to see that dear, dear face!"

Lady Ashton could scarcely answer—the mixture of joy and sorrow in her heart was so great; but she spoke broken words of tenderest love, and over and over again kissed the pale and faded cheek which had so lately bloomed with health and happiness. Henry held her hand, and seemed as if he could not bear for a moment to take his eyes from her loved countenance; but weariness and pain soon forced him again to close them. He entreated if possible to be removed to Llanaven directly; and Lady Ashton, who had already ordered arrangements to be made to enable him

to lie down in the carriage, rose to see if all was ready. On opening the door she again observed Captain Montague, and returned for a moment to ask Henry who he was. On being in-formed, her kind heart rejoiced at the thought of the happiness his return would afford his poor wife; and hearing of all his attention to Heary during the voyage, she went immediately, and in her own gracious manner expressed the gratitude she so truly felt for his kindness. Captain Montague, knowing that in all probability Lady Ashton must have heard from Mr. Stanhope of his conduct to his wife, was excessively confused at seeing her, and would gladly have escaped from her thanks; but having said something about his contrition for his past conduct. Lady Ashton, who knew of the affectionate letter he had written, smiling kindly, said, "that all was forgotten; and that she was sure he would never again so act, as to bring back the remembrance of former troubles. then gladly availed herself of his offer to go and see that everything was ready; and begging that the carriage might be brought round as soon as possible, she returned to Henry. After having sat by him for a while, she said,-

"I must go though, and tell Constance to get ready to return."

"Constance here!" exclaimed Henry; with a start which brought
spasms of pain over him from head to foot, and forced from him

sounds of extremest anguish.

"Yes," replied Lady Ashton, after she had done what she could to relieve him, "she came to be a comfort to me, though I think she would gladly have been spared the trial; she is always so feeling, as you well know."

Henry remained silent, for his spirits were overcome; and he groaned within himself to find what power the things of earth

still had to trouble him.

Lady Ashton left the room, and went to tell Constance that they were to return immediately; and begged her to come down and see Henry. Lady Constance instantly complied; for she had fortified her mind by prayer, and was determined not to give way to her feelings. It required, however, her utmost self-control not to mink to the earth when, on entering the room, she saw how fearfully he was changed; but being mercifully enabled to retain somewhat of the exalted frame of mind which her late communion with God had inspired, she proceeded, with scarcely a pause of hesitation, up to the sofa where he lay. He, however, could not so command his feelings—the knowledge that she was acquainted with them adding greatly to the difficulty of the task; but having caught sight of her for a moment, he shut his eyes, and averted his head, while great drops of weakness and agony poured from his closed lids. She spoke to him, however, calmly; and he just gave her his hand, and withdrawing it again immediately, remained silent and exhausted; and Lady Constance, soon making an excuse for returning up stairs, gladly left the room.

"Why," she thought, as in uncontrollable misery she sat down in her own chamber, "why is this world such a scene of suffering? Why should not all be happy?" But she soon subdued this questioning and faithless spirit; and with a heavy heart rose to make

parations for their departure.

# CHAPTER XLIII.

\* Each on his cross by Thee we hang awhile, Watching Thy patient smile; Till we have learned to say, "Tis justly done, Only in glory, Lord, Thy sinful servant own."—Krble.

WHEN all was ready, the melancholy party set off, and Captain Mentague, having procured a horse, rode forward to Llanaven, to announce their approach; being naturally, of course, most anxious also to see his wife and child. The journey to the others was trying in every way; for though the carriage went at a foot's pace, and Lady Ashton had caused the board which supported Henry's mattress to be slung from the top, yet still every jerk or motion brought on such violent pain that they were obliged continually to stop. When at last they had passed through the park-gate, and Henry again heard it swing to and fro after them, how distinctly did he remember the feelings which he had experienced when last he had heard that sound; and, amid all that he was enduring at that moment, he was enabled to thank his God that the severity of the blow under which he had then so nearly been crushed, was in some degree mitigated; and that he could now almost look on the loved being before him, and yet remember that Heaven had greater happiness, even than her affection, to bestow.

It was now near the end of October, and the day was so calm that searcely a solitary leaf floated to the ground, though the touch of an infant's hand would have brought a bright profusion showering down. A dult mist shrouded the half-despoiled trees, adding, by its grey shadowless hue, to the heavy oppression of the scene; and a mournful silence hung over everything, to which the stillness of melancholy thought which reigned in the bosoms of those who were returning so slowly and sadly to their once joyous home, responded

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When they arrived, they found the servants waiting in the hall, and Florence, with Captain and Mrs. Montague, there also. Through all her own griefs, Lady Ashton felt a sensation of extreme pleasure at seeing the happiness painted on the countenance of the latter, though that bright look soon gave place to tears of deep regret, as Henry's pale, weak form was borne into the house. Lady Ashton had given orders to have the library prepared for him, as it was on the ground-floor; and thither accordingly he was at once conveyed. It was some days before he was sufficiently received from the fatigue of his removal to be able to leave his bed; and even when he could do so, he preferred remaining quietly in his own room, as that saved him from the pain of being obliged to see Lady Constance. He still believed that he should not live, and he was most anxious that the peace of mind he now enjoyed should not be disturbed by earthly thoughts. Even when, after a time, others began to indulge in faint hopes of his recovery, he still endeavoured to shut out the idea of such an event from his own.

ness of his own resolutions, and dreaded a return to the ungracious, rebelling frame of mind which had formerly given him so much distress.

Several trifling operations took place soon after his return home, which he bore better than could have been expected, and as he then really seemed to rally a little, Lady Ashton urged him to allow himself to be carried into the adjoining drawing-room, thinking that society would help to raise his spirits, which appeared to her so greatly depressed,—for calm and quiet in him looked like melancholy. But in that she was mistaken; his mind was not sad when he was left to his own thoughts, or when he listened to her voice reading his favourite books; and often would he lie for hours at night, sleeplessly enjoying the comforts which his pardoning God poured into his heart. But the slightest allusion to Constance agitated his excitable mind, and brought back for the time all the weight of his former intolerable anguish, and he fain would have kept for ever out of her presence; for the more he recovered his strength, the more did the thought of her regain power over him. It was natural that it should be so, for that which softened the pang of death to him, made life burdensome and dreary; but his conscience, more alive than it had ever been before to the evil of sin and of ingratitude to God, made him fear that it had been disgust of life rather than desire of the presence of his Heavenly Father which had induced his former resignation under the stroke which seemed likely to consign him to an early grave; and had he had the smallest idea that he could have recovered, he would rather a thousand times have borne all his illness and suffering alone, and unsoothed by the voice of affection. than have again thrown himself into Constance's society. But he had thought that he had but to reach home, and die,—and his young warm heart yearned to see those again whom he loved, and to have his mother's hand to smooth his pillow and to close his eyes.

Lady Ashton's desire for him to join the others in the drawing-room, therefore, troubled him greatly, and long did he resist complying with it; but at last he feared exciting her suspicion, and thinking it selfish also to keep her so much in his room—for she could not bear to be away from him—he yielded to her request; though could she have known the trial to which she was exposing him, she would have been the last to have inflicted it. He, therefore, one day desired his servant to wheel him in on his sofa while all the rest were at dinner, in order, by that means, to have time to recover the little fatigue of removal, and the excitement of going for the first time into a room so peculiarly fraught with remembrances of former happiness, before the others came in; and when they entered, the pleasure which most of them expressed at seeing him again among them, and his little agitation at receiving their congratulations (for Captain and Mrs. Montague were still at Llanaven), served to hide the trouble which he felt at first again

seeing Constance.

The evening which ensued, passed heavily, for talking was in every way painful to Henry; and his being there in his present weak state, put a check upon the conversation of the others, who spoke in a subdued tone as if fearful of disturbing him. At last Lady Ashton wishing to enliven the scene, begged Constance to sing; but that she could not do. The remembrance of the many times she had sung with Henry, made the sound of music oppressive to her at all times; and now,—before him, and in the room too in which they had so often sung together,—it would have been impossible for her to have commanded her voice to steadiness, or perhaps even to have repressed the outward signs of a sorrow which was continually swelling in her heart. Besides she knew the effect which her singing would have on Henry's feelings, which were always so susceptible; and she was most anxious to avoid any thing which would increase the force of trials which she could estimate but too well; she therefore excused herself, though not without difficulty, and after another

half-hour, the party separated for the night.

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When Henry had been conveyed back to his own room and was left alone, his spirits wholly gave way; his mind had been forced back to earth, and spite of the many ejaculatory appeals to Heaven which he had made during the time he was in the drawing-room, he had been most miserable. He had indeed found relief at the moment of prayer; but the next instant the waves of trouble seemed to close in upon him again, and overwhelm his strength. It had been one never-ceasing strife between duty and inclination; and never having been accustomed to exercise much self-control, the effort, so new, was almost more than he could sustain. During that night he scarcely closed his eyes; and instead of the cheerful heavenly frame which he had of late so often enjoyed in those quiet hours—so peculiarly delightful to the Christian—his pillow was wet with the ceaseless tears which in his state of weakness he could not repress, and his breast heaved with sobs, which tortured his wounded frame, yet which nothing could subdue. He felt inclined murmuringly to question the mercy of that Providence which had preserved in life one so torn both in heart and frame; and impatiently asked why suffering so terrible should be appointed for him. Yet throughout all, his heart clung to God, and he continually implored His forgiveness; and that He would not cast him off, but would again send peace and strength to his soul.

He was not so well the next day; but thinking that perhaps it was best after having gone through the first trial to endeavour to inure himself to being with Constance, he did not decline that evening going again into the drawing-room; and when there, he exerted himself more than he had been able to do before, to shake off the weight that oppressed him, and to join in the general conversation. Again Lady Ashton asked Constance to sing, but again she excused herself, and engaged in chess with Captain Montague, taking her station out of Henry's sight; and another heavy evening passed.

A few days afterwards the Montagues went to their own cottage, and then additional trials commenced; for Constance had no longer the resource of having others to attend to, and the little home party was drawn again more closely and intimately together. Captain Montague's society was also missed, for he was very agree-

able and conversable, and his liveliness had often proved a great resource, when no one seemed inclined to speak; for even Florence's spirits had been subdued by the sight of Henry's pale check and languid eye, and she spoke and moved as if afraid of her own voice

and step.

Lady Ashton, knewing how fond Henry had ever been of the society of the two sisters, proposed that they should now all sit with him in the morning in her little bouder,—which being not to the library, she had given up to Henry's use; and as no one dared to object to this arrangement, they returned again apparently

to their old intimate style of companionship.

Daily and hourly trials now arose, and seeing Henry's evident constraint, Lady Constance was in continual fear lest his feelings should at some unguarded moment burst forth before others; or he be tempted to speak of them when with her alone. And her fears were not unnatural, for she judged of him only by what she had seen him in former times; and did not know how much the power of affliction had been sanctified to him, nor how sincerely. in all great points, he was regulated by high and Christian principle. He would sooner have died than have renewed the subject of his love to her, now that he knew she was engaged to another; and that other being his brother, brought affection also in aid of godly feeling to subdue the strong temptation. He perceived her fears, however, and determined by one painful effort to set them at rest: and as he could not find an opportunity of speaking with her alone, he had determined to write; when one day as she was sitting in the boudeir with him and Lady Ashton, the latter rising. said.-

"I am going out, Constance, but shall not ask you to go with me this rainy day, for you have a little cough, and are better at

nome."

"Oh! no," replied Lady Constance; "I should like to go."
"No, stay and finish your drawing; it will be much better for

you."

She had risen notwithstanding, to follow Lady Ashton out of the room, when Henry, determining to speak to her, made her a sign to stay. Her heart sunk with terror; but she could not refuse his mute appeal, so sat down again to her drawing.

"Constance," he said, when his mother had left the room, "I

wish to speak to you."

He stopped and remained silent for some minutes; at length,

with an effort, he continued,

"I feel that you do not trust me—that you do not yet know me, and I wish to relieve your mind of the fear I see perpetually express it; and for that reason it is that I have asked you this one to stay with me a moment. You need not fear me, Constance, or imagine that I would ever again speak as I did when I thought I might do so. We are tegether indeed in presence, but I may truly say that never for an instant do I forget the gulf that lies between us, and I should not have returned home home I imagined it pessible I could have lived. But when dying, I thought I should like—to see—I could think of you all then calmip—

He was unable to proceed, till having conquered his agitation.

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"You will be glad I am sure to know that God has been most merciful to me, and given me more strength and comfort: far than I deserved; and I trust that in time ..... But I only now wished to assure you that you need never fear my forgetting what is due to you—and to my dearest brother; and indeed," and a glew of pride flushed his cheek, "I should say—to myself. Were I with you for centuries, no word would ever pass my lips, but what was

fitting for me to speak."

A feeling of bitterness unconsciously tinged his manner, as he uttered the last words; and Lady Constance felt in part relieved by it, as it helped to subdue the emotions of tenderness which had arisen within her. With that strange inconsistency of the human heart, however, which makes us desire at the same mement for things most contrary, though she would have given worlds that Henry had never loved her, or she him, - and though anxious beyond measure to overcome her own feelings, and ceaselessly striving to do so-yet when she heard him speak of becoming reconciled to losing her—a pang not to be described shot through her heart; and bitterness also crossed her spirit as she thought, "Is it for one who can so lightly forget, that I am suffering all this?" Yet she felt she was unjust to him, and deeply sinful towards God in harbouring such feelings for a moment; and her soul, humbled to the dust, poured itself forth silently, in supplications for pardon and strength, so earnest, so engrossing, that for a moment she forgot where she was,—and with whom she was. Henry's voice soon, however, roused her again, as he said in a tone from which all bitterness was gone.

"I will not detain you now, Constance, or ever again allude to this subject. It is best it should be forgotten; and God, who never tries us beyond what He gives us strength to bear, will, I feel sure, when this trouble has done its work, remove it from me. I have been very sinful, very murmuring, but I am not so much so as I was, and that makes me feel that God has not left me to myself, as I too well deserved.—Forgive my having spoken to you even this once; it was merely that you should not live in fear be-

cause of me-for I saw that you distrusted me, and-

Lady Ashton at that moment re-entered the room, ready for walking. She stopped suddenly at the door, surprised at the expression in Henry's countenance, for the effort of speaking as he was doing had imparted a sad sternness to his look, mest unusual in him; and his contracted and rather frowning brow, told of a displeasure which seldom rested on his features. She had, however, too much wisdom and good feeling to make any observation, and recovering herself, she crossed the room to fetch what she wanted, and merely making some indifferent remark, again went out.

Lady Constance rose as soon as she was gone, and would gladly have left the room without speaking, but she felt that by doing so, she would be betraying her own feelings too much; so she continued for some time busied in putting by all her various drawing materials, hoping to be able to acquire tranquillity of voice and manner; but she knew not what to say, and the longer she put off speaking, the more impossible did it seem for her to begin. She arranged and rearranged her paints and pencils, as Henry lay with his hand covering his eyes; and she was about at last to leave the room in silence, when he looked up, saying, "You are not angry with me, Constance?"

"Oh, no!" she replied, hurriedly, with her hand on the door. But then, with sudden self-control, returning a few steps into the room, and resting her hands on the back of a chair, to prevent her trembling from being perceived, she continued with calm dignity.

"No, Henry, I am not angry; I am much obliged to you for speaking as you have done; it will give me much more ease than Thave hitherto had. I feel that I did you injustice, and I sincerely trust that you may soon be able quite to forget everthing that is painful."

Henry could not answer, but again covered his eyes with his hand; and Lady Constance, thinking it best not to prolong a need-

less intercourse, turned away and left the room.

# CHAPTER XLIV.

"Why art thou thus? Have the full chords of kindly love, which once Sent forth sweet music through thy heart, been hushed? Or has the world unstrung the lyre? or struck Sad discord from its trembling strings?"-MS.

 Nature on us, her suffering children, showers The gift of tears—the impassion'd cry of grief When man can bear no more; To me a God Hath given strong utterance for mine agony, When others, in their deep despair, are mute!"

MRS. HEMANS.

"Yes, 't will be over soon! This sickly dream Of life will vanish from my fevered brain; And death my wearied spirit will redeem From this wild region of unvaried pain."-KIRKE WHITE.

LADY ASHTON, while pursuing her solitary walk towards the village, whither she was bound on some charitable errand, pondered with feelings of great discomposure on the strange expression she had observed on Henry's countenance. It has been said before that she was of a singularly unsuspicious temper, and was never in the habit of looking beyond the things which met the eye; but she had for some little time past had vague ideas that all was not as it had formerly been between Henry and Constance. brusque manner before his departure for the sea-Constance's coldness to him, and unaccountable desire at that time to leave Llanaven, where previously she had been so happy—her disinclination to go to Falmouth—and her subsequent reserve of manner -all had at different times struck her with surprise; but the slight impression they had made at the time had quickly faded away, and she had nearly forgotten some of the circumstances, when the scene she had just witnessed—where not only Henry's countenance, but Constance's heightened colour as she bent over her drawing, had caught her attention—brought them all back to her recollection, and seemed to afford a key to what had before been so mysterious. Not having the faintest idea that Henry was attached to Constance, and believing that her heart was wholly given to Sir Roland, the only solution of the difficulty which occurred to her mind was, that some serious disagreement had taken place between them, and cooled the affection of those who had formerly seemed to love each other with the fondness of brother and sister; and knowing that the fault could scarcely rest with Constance, she felt a dread lest she might have heard something to Henry's disadvantage, unknown to her-something which had caused him to lose her esteem and affection.

Harassed by this painful thought, she hurried back as soon as she had performed her kind mission at the village, and, with the single-minded fervour of her character, determined immediately to speak to Lady Constance on the subject. She could not brook the idea of blame resting unjustly on Henry's hitherto spotless name, and she resolved if that were the case to clear him to Lady Constance and all the world; while at the same time knowing his rather ungoverned temper, she thought he might really in some way have offended, and if so, she felt it would be best to try and show him his fault at once, for "a word spoken in due season, how good is it!" At any rate, she wished, if possible, to restore peace and good feeling between the two beings whom she loved so much, and whose mutual alienation was the first painful tone of discord which had ever sounded in her tranquil and happy home; and bent on this kind object, she went directly on her return to the house, to Lady Constance's room, and finding her there, entered

immediately on the subject.
"Constance," she said, "has anything unpleasant occurred between you and Henry? for he looked so exceedingly discomposed when I last went into the drawing-room, and you also seemed so little at your ease, that I could not help fearing you had had some little quarrel—though it seemed hardly possible. Tell me, my dear, was it so?"

Constance, in the most inconceivable terror, scarcely heard a distinct word of what Lady Ashton said; but making out sufficient to prove that she had no suspicion of the real state of the case, she felt in some degree relieved, and was just able to command herself sufficiently to answer,

"Oh! no, there has been no quarrel between us."

"What is there, then, my dear? for I see plainly that there is something which is not pleasant. Now, dear Constance, tell me truly, I beg of you—have you ever heard anything against Henry?
any report against him?"
"I have you ever heard anything against Henry?"
"I have you ever heard anything against Henry?"

I? Against Henry?" exclaimed Lady Constance, her cheek

glowing with indignation, and forgetting at the moment, all her

fears; "never! Who ever spoke but in his praise?"

Tears of affection rose to Lady Ashton's eyes, as she answered, "Then, why, my dear child, if there has been no quarrel, and nothing has occurred to change your opinion of him-why have you, for some time past, been so cold in your manners to him, so -though I do not wish to pain you so almost, unkind? Nowwhen he is suffering and languid—incapable of taking any exercise, or of moving from his sofa—scarcely able even to bear the exertion of reading to himself—you never offer to do anything for him, or to amuse him in any way, but leave him often either quite alone, or as at this moment with only Florence, and will not ever play or sing to him, though you know how exceedingly fond he is of your doing so."

Constance, in a tremulous voice, murmured that "Florence often

sung to him, and that he always liked hearing her."
"But still," continued Lady Ashton, "there are many things you used to sing together; and even sometimes if I have asked you, Constance, to sing some particularly favourite song of his, you have refused. I do not like to say a word to you, my dear child, or to reproach vouin any way, for I know that the young cannot be expected to be as considerate as those who are older, and who have seen more of the troubles and afflictions of the world, -but still I have, I comfees, sometimes felt it hard, that you should have seemed to enter so little into our feelings.—that you should have been so wholly unmoved, when my heart has been torn with anguish.' tears flowed fast as she spoke.

Lady Constance took her hand, and pressed it to her lips, while her tears—bitter, burning tears—fell upon it. She could not speak, and her heart could only, in silent agony, appeal to Him, who knew its weakness, and who gave its strength, saying, "Thou

God knowest.'

Lady Ashton embraced her affectionately, saying, with a smile-"After all, I believe I must carry my complaints to Roland, though I much doubt whether I shall obtain redress even from him; for I am afraid he will be but too much inclined to forgive your forgetfulness of those who are present, when it proceeds from the engressing thought of one who is absent, and that one-himself.

"I am sure," said Lady Constance, in a voice breken by sobs, "I would not willingly neglect any one; I have never meant-

never intended to be unkind.

"Well, my dear love," said Lady Ashton, again kissing her, "I have been myself, perhaps, unkind in speaking so strongly, but Henry's agitated countenance disturbed my mind so much, that I could not rest till I had asked you about it; for I really fearedknowing you are not naturally capricious—that he might in some way have given you cause for displeasure; particularly as you never once wrote to him, or he to you, during his last absence as sea, though you used to do so frequently in former times. However, I trust that this little cloud, whatever it may be, will quickly pass away, and that Roland will be soon here, making all bright again with his dear, delightful countenance."

Lady Constance felt really ill after this conversation, and her spirits seemed completely to fail under the many and continual trials to which she was subjected. At times she almost doubted whether it would not be best to tell Lady Ashton at once the state of her feelings, and seek her counsel how to act; but the shame of the confession overcame her, and the thought of Roland and his deep love determined her to strive again to subdue her rebellious heart. But it was a hard struggle, with Henry and his suffering countenance perpetually before her; and she soon found that fresh

sorrows were preparing to try her fortitude still further.

It was known that several splinters still remained in Henry's side, though for some time they had given him but slight unessiness. Gradually, however, they had changed their place; and some of them, pressing upon the more sensitive and vital parts. not only gave him the most excruciating agony, but placed his life in extreme danger. He was emaciated to the utmost degree, and his once joyous countenance now wore the traces of ceaseless pain. He bore up against it as long as it was possible, but at length he found he could no longer endure the fatigue of sitting up; and he nearly fainted one evening from excess of suffering. While his mother was making some arrangements with the servants, by which he could be conveyed back to his room, in an easier manner than usual, he beckoned to Constance and her sister to come to him. He took their hands, and thanked them both for all their kindness and affection to him. He felt, he said, that he might see them again no more; and implored of them both to pray for him, and to thank their Heavenly Father that he was so early to be taken from a

world of sin and sorrow.

"Constance," he continued, in a lower voice, "you know what reason I have to be glad that my life will not last long; but pray for me that my patience fail not, and that my faith may be strengthened. I am a great sinner, but I thank God that He leaves me not hopeless, nor comfortless. I know in whom I have trusted; and unworthy as I am, He will, I cannot doubt, redeem my soul from death!—Constance, Florence, my dear, dear sisters," he then exclaimed, with deep emotion, "may the God of all mercy

and love be with you both."

His head dropped on the cushion as he spoke; and his mother and the servants approaching, he was carried, more dead than

alive, to his chamber.

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He continued all night in a most alarming state; and when the surgeon who had been summoned, and who sat up with him, we able to examine his wounds by the next morning slight, he found that unless one or two of the ragged portions of netal which were causing such agony were removed, death must speedily ensue; and though the operation of removing them would be attended with very great pain and risk, yet it would, he declared, be the orally chance for his life.

Henry himself had no wish to live; he seemed to have parted tranquilly with life, and all its hopes and fears, and to be calmly waiting for the Lord's pleasure; but he offered no opposition to anything which it was thought advisable should be done, and only desired that his mother's wishes should be attended to on every point. He was told at length, that as every effort ought to be made to preserve life, it was thought right for the operation to be attempted; but he was gently warned at the same time, that it was but too probable that his strength might sink under the trial, and that he might therefore not live to see another day.

that he might therefore not live to see another day.

"I am ready to go," he answered; "and ready, also I trust, patiently to stay, if God sees that further trial is necessary for me."

He begged to speak to his mother alone before the operation took

He begged to speak to his mother alone before the operation took place, as he could not endure that she should be with him at the time; but she said that nothing should induce her to leave him, and that she would support and attend him through all his sufferings.

Seeing she was resolved, he did not oppose her; but taking her hand in his, and pressing it fondly to his lips, he laid his head upon her shoulder and told the surgeon that he was ready for him; adding with a faint smile of inexpressible affection,—

"You see I have the best of all supports; a heavenly Father's,

and an earthly mother's love!"

Lady Ashton did not write to Sir Roland when first she received the letter informing her of the dreadful accident which had befallen Henry, for she thought that if all were over, she ought not to derange the course of the important business he was transacting, merely for the selfish gratification of having him with her in her sorrow; but as soon as she found that Henry was alive, and, as it was then thought, in a hopeless state -she sent off an immediate express to Lord Nforming him of the dreadful event, and begging him to forward the news of it instantly to Sir Roland wherever he might be. A messenger was accordingly despatched after him with all possible haste, but did not reach him till he had arrived at St. Petersburg, where he had gone to obtain the Emperor's final agreement to the business he had in hand. The news of his brother's danger completely overwhelmed him; and instantly entreating a private interview of Nicholas, he informed him of the event, saying that it was his earnest desire to return instantly to England: and beseeching him therefore graciously to waive all further ceremony, and without delay to sign the document in the completion of which he was engaged. This request was instantly complied with by the Emperor, who at the same time expressed, in the kindest terms, his regret that Sir Roland's visit at his capital should be so soon brought to a close, and his concern at the melancholy nature of the event which occasioned his departure; and Sir Roland having now finished all necessary business, immediately set out for—; and delivering the documents about which he had been engaged, into his uncle's hands, he begged him now, as no further difficulty remained, to conclude the affair without him, and to let him instantly proceed to England; and this being of course agreed

to, he set off on his melancholy journey home.

The anxiety of his mind would not allow of his stopping a single hour for rest, either on his journey from St. Petersburg to ——, or from thence to England; and harassed and almost worn out as he had previously been by incessant travelling, and the anxiety of important business, nothing but the state of feverish excitement he was in on his brother's account, could have enabled him to undergo the excessive fatigue to which he now exposed himself. He scarcely ever closed his eyes even in the carriage, so racking was his state of suspense; and if he did so occasionally, it was only a restless and momentary sleep that he could obtain. The thought even of Constance could not turn his mind from the one painfully absorbing subject which filled it; and he could see nothing before him but the brother to whom he was so strongly

attached, dying-perhaps dead!

When at length he arrived in England, and after many hours' travelling began to meet with the old familiar things which reminded him that he was near his home, his agitation became almost insupportable; and that deadly sickness of heart came over him, which those but too well know, who have had experience of such trying moments. He could almost have turned away from the entrance to his own park; and could scarcely prevent himself from stopping the carriage when he came within sight of the house, so much did he dread what he might have to hear. He felt as if he could not have survived hearing of his brother's death; and nothing but ceaseless, though almost unconscious, prayer, gave him power to remain in the least tranquil. He covered his eyes as he drove up to the door, lest he should see by closed shutters, or mourning garments about, the evidence that all was over; and, sinking back in the carriage, he had become nearly insensible from intense anxiety, when old James—who well knew his strong attachment to his brother, and who had for some days been continually looking out for him-catching the sound of his wheels, came to the carriage-door almost before it had stopped, and with a joyful voice exclaimed—though his starting tears seemed to belie his statement.

"He's better now, Sir Roland; better, sir, now."

### CHAPTER XLV.

"And new to thee he comes; still, still the same,
As in the hours gone unregarded by.
To thee,—how changed,—comes as he ever same."

ROGERS.

"Oh! hear me, look upon me! how my heart,
After long desolation, now unfolds
Unto this new delight,

" Oh, give me way,

" The eternal fount
Leaps not more brightly forth from chiff to cliff
Of high Parnassus down the golden vale,
Than the strong joy bursts gushing from my heart,
And swells around me to a flood of blise
" My brother!"

MRS. HEMANS' Translation of GORTHE'S Iphigenia.

OLD James's account of Henry Ashton was perfectly true. His constitution had sustained the painful operation which he had had to go through, better than had been expected; and though still extremely weak, he had been able for some days past to rejoin Lady Ashton and her wards in the boundoir, when Sir Reland returned home.

The latter, when he had heard his servant's joyful intelligence, still remained in the carriage for several minutes, being nearly so much overcome by the revulsion of feeling which joy had brought with it, as he had been before by excess of anxiety. James, however, not equally inclined to silence, spoke to him again, and sir Roland then rousing himself, get out, and grasping the old man's hand, entered the hall, and passed onwards towards the drawing-room door.

It was open, and Lady Constance was standing there alone, arranging some flowers at the table. The sound of the carriage had not reached her ear, and when she turned and so unexpectedly aw Sir Roland—who at the sight of her had for a moment stood still, checked by strong emotion—the flowers fell from her hand, and uttering an exchamation of joy, she found herself pressed to the noblest heart that ever beat in the breast of man! The sight of that well-known and long-loved countenance had banished at the first instant of surprise all the present from her mind; and old-accustomed affection, flooding her heart, swept before it the recollection of the many reasons she now had for dreading his presence—but only for a moment. The next breath she drew, brought with it confused and horrible feelings of remorse, shame, dread, and anguish; and no defined idea could she form, but the earnest wish that she might die before full consciousness returned upon her.

Sir Roland, finding that she could not support herself, placed her on the sofa, and sat down by her; but the sound of his voice—that voice so unlike all others—murmuring rapid words of happiness and deep affection, roused her, and in an instant all the horrors of her situation rushed over her. What had before seemed but as

a fearful dream, was now a dread reality; and her soul shrunk from the precipice on which she stood. She could not endure Sir Roland's expressions of confiding happiness; and longed to throw herself at his feet, and confess all her faithlessness—all her unwerthiness of his love and beseech him to hate, and to forget her. But she could not speak—could scarcely think; and though her eyes were tearless, yet covering her face with her handkerchief, she sat trembling in every limb, while he endeavoured by the kindest

words to calm and cheer her.
"I know, dear Constance," he said, "how much you must have had to go through; but it is all, I trust, over now, and nothing but joy appears before us. Henry will, I fully trust, now get well; and think what happiness it will be then, to be all united."

Still she could not speak; and Sir Roland might perhaps have felt suspicion rise in his mind, had it not been for her first joyful, animated greeting which had set his heart completely at rest, and filled it with a happiness he had never known before; for delightful as may be the communications which the pen can convey, there is nothing like the speaking countenance—the radiant eve—the "soulfull voice"—to carry the conviction of affection from heart to heart. He had felt this,—and no doubt had entered his mind; and he would only therefore attribute Lady Constance's present distress, to the excitement of everwrought feelings. His mother's entrance at that moment prevented any further conversation between them. and his heart remained filled with the most blissful emotions.

Lady Ashton was much affected at seeing him; and it was some time before she could speak. Her distress called forth these tears from Lady Constance's eyes which her own misery could not cause to flow, but which gave some relief to her oppressed spirits; and when she saw Lady Ashton more composed, she gladly escaped from

the room.

Sir Roland was most anxious to see his brother, and after a few minutes' conversation with Lady Ashton, he asked her if he might not do so. She said she would go and see if he was then able to receive him, as he still from time to time suffered excessive pain; and though all immediate danger was over, yet his life could not even then be considered safe. After a short time she returned, and Sir Roland with a trembling heart followed her into his brother's

"I will leave you together," she said, smiling; "and shall hope

to find Henry all the better for this happiness.

Sir Roland could scarcely control his smotion at the night of his brother; and he advanced to the couch where he lay, with the lightest possible tread, for it seemed, as if any emotion, or noise, must destroy the weak emaciated being before him.

"Could that be Henry?" he asked himself. "That, the being whom he had left, the very image of health, and strength, and

happiness?"

Scarcely a trace indeed remained of what he once had been. He was much grown since Sir Roland had seen him; and the change from boyhood to man's full proportions is always great; but it was suffering and sorrow which had altered him the most, and de-

stroyed almost every vestige of his former self. With the eagerness of strong affection he had looked towards the door as his brother entered, but the sight of him then seemed to blast his very soil; and suddenly pressing his hand upon his eyes he turned his head away. He did not speak or move, as Sir Roland with swelling heart stooped to kiss his pale forehead, for the conflict within hm was terrible. Affection for his brother struggled in his bresst with wounded feeling, and with a sense of wrong, which—though he felt it was unreasonable and unjust—yet he could not overcome; but above all, the sense of the injury he himself had inflicted on his brother, and his remorse for it, overwhelmed him; and he could not bear to raise his eyes to one from whom he felt he had stolen earth's best treasure. He longed to throw himself in his arm, and tell him how he loved—how he had injured him; and he strove repeatedly to speak.-

> "but he felt A gushing from his heart, that took away The power of speech."

Sir Roland, pained by his silence, knelt down by him, and sail

in a troubled voice,-

"Speak to me, Henry, or at least—somehow—show me—that you are glad to see me once again. Oh! I have suffered so much for

you.

Henry's heart could not resist the appeal; he turned, and throwing his arm round his brother, he pressed him convul-sively to him, while passionate, scalding tears burst from his eyes.

Both were silent for a time; but at length Sir Roland, en-

deavouring to command his voice, said,

"This is a sad meeting, my dearest brother; but all will soon be well again. I trust."

Henry shook his head, and exclaimed vehemently,

"No, never—never! No—I can never—"
He checked himself, fearful lest by come unguarded word be might betray the secret of his feelings; but Sir Roland, who naturally attributed his expressions to doubts of his own recovery.

replied in a cheerful tone.

Oh! yes. There may still be uncertainty; but you are so young, and have borne your sufferings so well hitherto, that there is every ground for hope; and at this moment I cannot bear to admit a doubt into my mind; I seem sure that God will grant you to our ceaseless prayers."

"Pray not for me—at least not for my life," said Henry, de-siringly. "It is a hurthen—a burthen to me—and to all." he spairingly. "It is a burthen—a burthen to me—and to all,"

added indistinctly.
"Do not say so, Henry," replied Sir Roland, much pained; "de not sink under this trial! It is not like you to do so—not like the lion-heart you used to have."

"I am in nothing like what I used to be," murmured Henry; but I am wretched,—and there would be peace in the grave."

He felt possessed by a mad desire to pour out his sorrows to his

brother, as if he forgot that of all persons in existence, he was the one from whom he ought most sedulously to conceal them; but he had in former times been so accustomed to go to him with every trouble of his heart, that now to see him by his side—to feel himself supported on his breast—and yet to hide his thoughts from him,

gave him a feeling of almost bewildering pain.

"Happier thoughts will come when strength returns," said Sir Roland, who-though grieved at his brother's want of patience and submission, yet possessed too much of the spirit of Him who 'breaketh not the bruised reed,' to speak to him harshly or reproachfully. "Do you not remember the lines we used both to be so fond of?

> 'Oh! come that day, when in this restless heart Earth shall resign her part; When in the grave with Thee my limbs shall rest. My soul with Thee be blest! But stay, presumptuous-Christ with thee abides In the rock's dreary sides; He from the stone will wring celestial dew, If but the prisoner's heart be faithful found, and true.'

And will not you, Henry—the 'prisoner of the Lord,' 'be faithful found, and true?' "

"Oh! yes," replied Henry, his heart soothed by his brother's voice, and by the words he had so often heard in former happier days, "oh! yes, I am not always so faithless, but the sight of you

seems almost to to destroy me."

"You are so weak, that I dare say emotion is most painful," said Sir Roland; "but you will soon be yourself again. To find you here at all, is such excessive joy to me—such a relief after all the racking anxiety I have had,—that I can hardly, perhaps, feel enough for the sufferings you still have to endure. It is a comfort to know too, that you have been here so long;—not left to the rough mercy of sailors, but tended by most gentle nurses. It were a pain almost worthy to be called pleasure, to be sick, and nursed by my mother. and Constance.

Henry started from his brother's arms, and threw himself im-

patiently upon the pillow of the sofa, murmuring inaudibly, "Such nursing was not for me."

"Do your wounds pain you much now?" said Sir Roland. after a minute, rising from his kneeling posture, and sitting down by

his brother's side.

"Some do," replied Henry, gloomily,-"but not all," he added, in a milder tone—for he saw that his brother was hurt at his manner, and he felt ashamed of yielding so much to the power of his wayward temper.—"At one time, I could not move without agony," he continued; "but, thank God, since the last terrible operation, I have been much relieved.—Forgive me," and he held out his hand to his brother, though he could not yet bear to look at him; "forgive me, dear Roland, for my impatience.—You will. I fear, in that at least, recognise my old disposition; and indeed I am afraid you will not think me much improved in any way since last we met; but I have had much to try me, and—but I trust you will not again see me so childish and petulant.—I was not so a little while age; and I cannot tell you at times what happiness I have had in thinking of God, and enjoying the comforts He has poured into my heart. I have lain awake some nights for hours and hours,—separated in heart from all earthly ties, but filled with peace and joy in thinking of the Lord, in feeling Him present with me, and in looking to that time—which I then thought so near—when I should be with Him for evermere. But now—to feel how earth again grapples my weak heart—to see how impatient I am—how forgetful of God—how makind to the best and dearest—"His voice failed, and Sir Roland, much affected, said,

"He who has once strengthened, will strengthen again, Henry. He 'who is touched with the sense of our infirmities,' will restore you all your lost peace.—My poor, poor brother, would I could

take your place!"

"God forbid you should ever have to bear what I have!" exclaimed Henry with energy, fixing his large expressive eyes for the first time on his brother's countenance; "God keep such sufferings ever far from you, Roland." And at that moment he would have given worlds to have known that Lady Constance's affection was wholly given with her faisth. "But how pale you look," he continued, "have you been ill?"

"Oh! no," replied Sir Roland, "but you have; and anxiety about that, and the fatigue of rapid, ceaseless travelling, may pechaps have made me look pale for the moment. But one good night's rest, with a heart happy as mine new is, will soon set all

that to rights."

"Roland," said Lady Ashton, who then came into the room, "I think perhaps Henry had better be quiet now; he cannot beer much fatigue, and you can come to him again in a little while."

"Must be go?" said Henry, who, having got over the first emetion of meeting, seemed almost to lose ell pain and sorrow, while looking at his brother; "I was just beginning to enjoy having him with me."

"He can come again soon, but you must remember he too wants

refreshment."

"Return soon then," said Henry, reluctantly parting with his

brother.

"I will," replied Sir Roland, looking kindly back when he got to the door. Henry's eyes followed him, and all the old leve of their boyhood beamed again in their countenances.

It was many days before they met again, and then with what changed feelings!

### CHAPTER XLVI.

"Oh! there are griefs for nature too intense,
Whose first rude shock but stupifies the soul;
Nor hath the fragile and o'erlaboured sense
Strength e'en to feel, at once, their dread control.
But when 'tis past, that still and speechless hour
Of the sealed bosom and the tearless eye,
Then the roused mind awakes with tenfold power
To grasp the fulness of its agony!"—MRS. HEMANS.

"I have known fearful heart-struggles; but this Makes all seem nothing."—TALFOURD.

WHEN Ledy Ashton and Sir Roland had left Henry, they went into the dining-room to luncheon, where they found Florence, who was enchanted to see Sir Roland again, but Constance was not there. Sir Roland felt disappointed, but said nothing; and luncheon being finished they left the room, and Sir Roland going into the drawing-room, found Constance there busily painting, and went immediately and sat down by her.

"Have you painted many things since I left you, Constance?"

he asked.

"Yes," she replied; "I took a great many sketches in Soot-

land."

"You seemed to like your tour then very much," said Sir Roland; "though I rather wondered," he added with a smile "at your courage in undertaking it; and never could quite make out what was the charm which drew you forth from this place, to go among strangers; but I was delighted to find you enjoyed yourself so much."

"It was very delightful," said Lady Constance. "Would you like to see some of the drawings I made there?" And she gave him her portfolio, though in doing so her eye evidently avoided his.

He perceived it—and a cloud dimmed the happiness that had been so bright before. He turned over the drawings; but his mized wandered from them to her whose hand had traced them; and often did he look troubledly at her as she sat by him, with a check deadly pale, and with a composure in her air which was wholly unnatural. He felt a chilling, inv fear creep over him; but he tried to shake it off, telling himself it might only be the first embarrassment of renewed intercourse which made her so reserved. Still it pained him, though he continued to endeavour to draw her on to conversation.

"Your cousin, Philip Mordaunt," he said, "seemed an agreeable person by your account. I hope he will come and pay you a visit again soon, that I may make his acquaintance,—and Mrs. Mordaunt also. You seem to have been a great favourite with her, Constance; though it must have required all your gentle, yet earnest piety, to overcome so settled an aversion to anything serious as she

formerly had."

"She was always very kind," replied Lady Constance; "but latterly, certainly, particularly so."

"You did not much like her other sons I think, did you?"

"Not so much as Philip. He was by far the cleverest and most agreeable; and so very kind-hearted.'

"When does he expect to be married?"

"In about two years, I believe, when Miss Leslie comes of age." "Where you glad to return home, or did you regret leaving the

## \*Land of brown heath and shaggy wood?" "

"Oh! I was both glad and sorry," answered Lady Constance, rather more cheerfully, and for a moment lifting her eyes from her

paper, though still unable to look towards Sir Roland.

"I do not think the keen air of the north has made you more blooming than you were, dear Constance," he said, as he looked at her beautiful pale countenance, which he was now able to observe more distinctly than he had before done; "you look quite ill." ill.—Have you not been well?"

"Yes-no-that is," she said, colouring and smiling faintly, "I do not think I am so strong as I was; but it is nothing.

Sir Roland watched her countenance with a troubled mind; for every instant served more and more to convince him that there was some secret source of discomfort within her which she strove to hide—something which made her more embarrassed and reserved with him, even than she had been before his departure from England. Remaining by her was most painful to him, yet he could not bear to go: so again he spoke:

"Henry was gone, I think, before you went to Scotland, was

he not ?" "Yes."

"He seemed to have but short notice given him, poor fellow! It must have been a great disappointment to him to have to go off in such a hurry."

Lady Constance was silent.
"What did you think of him when he first came home? It is impossible for me to judge of him now, he looks so dreadfully ill! But was he as handsome as he used to be :- His countenance was so fine and animated.'

He waited for an answer; but for some time Lady Constance

could give none. At length she said,

"He was looking well I think."
"Is he as tall as I am?"

" I should think he was."

"Where was it that his terrible accident took place? I did not clearly understand about it from my mother's letter; and have scarcely had time to speak to her about it since my arrival."

"It was in the Mediterranean," replied Lady Constance, endeavouring to speak calmly, "but I do not know exactly where." "Dreadful it must have been!" exclaimed Sir Roland; "though it is an infinite mercy he was not killed as those other poor fellows

were. I had known very little of his movements for some time

previously, for he was grown very idle, and had not once written to me since he left home; but I suppose some of you heard continually."

"Oh! yes," replied Lady Constance, though she scarcely knew what she was saying, and bent lower than ever over her drawing.

Again the conversation flagged; and Sir Roland at length wearied with his attempts at keeping it up, and pained to the

heart by her coldness of manner, rose, saying,

"Well, Constance, I will not trouble you with questions any longer, for you seem tired of answering them. I must, I see, go and read one of your letters, if I would find her who was to be

glad of my return."

The blood rushed over Lady Constance's cheek and to her temples, as she heard these words, spoken in a voice of deepest sadness, and for a moment she could not speak; but feeling the necessity of overcoming herself, she said, though not without much hesitation, "Oh! no, Roland—stay here."

"Do you really wish me to stay, Constance?"

"Oh! yes-I wish-"

"Then why are you so cold?" he asked; "why wound me so to the very heart? Why—when your letters breathed, at least kindness and affection,—when your first look and word of welcome was such as to animate every hope, and fill me with joy—why should you now be colder a thousand times than you ever were before? Remember, I beseech you," he continued in a voice which trembled with strong emotion, "that mine are not feelings which can endure, or which deserve, to be lightly trifled with."

Constance could not answer; and Lady Ashton at that moment entering the room, and asking Sir Roland to come with her for a little while, as she wished to speak to him, happily relieved her from the terrible necessity of doing so. He rose to go with his mother, but stopped an instant to say, as his eyes were fixed on

her with intense scrutiny.

"I promised to go soon again to Henry. Shall I then return to

you—or not?"

"Yes," murmured Lady Constance; as she again bent down her head,—though not before the troubled expression of her countenance had been but too visible. He stood for an instant rooted to the spot, in utter astonishment at her agitation, though still no suspicion of the real case entered his mind. His mother however again calling him, he was forced to go.

"I am sorry," said Lady Ashton, when they were in another room, "to take you from Constance; it must be such a delight to you to be together again after such a long absence; but you shall soon go back to her, only I wanted so much to know what you thought of Henry. A fresh eye can often judge so much better than one accustomed constantly to see a sick person. Did you find him worse than you expected?"

"I scarcely know," replied Sir Roland. "I had feared so greatly to find that he was gone, that his being alive at all was an unspeakable relief to me. I cannot but hope that he may recover,

for at his age the constitution is generally so strong. But what troubles me most is the excessive depression of his spirits,—so wholly unlike what he used to be. It makes me fear that there

may be more internal mischief than we are aware of."

"I do not think that," replied Lady Ashton, "for if so, he would not have improved as he has done; and he is certainly better than he was. I cannot at times help fancying that he must have some grief which preys upon his mind, for I have observed this depression as well as you. Often have I sat for hours with him, without his speaking one word; and though he would lie with his eyes closed, yet I know he was not asleep, for heavy sighs would often break forth, and his eyes would be suddenly perhaps-ardently lifted up to heaven for a moment—then closed again. It has often made me very unhappy to see him."

"But is it likely, my dear mother," said Sir Boland, "that he should have any deadly grief, and not tell you of it? He would surely find it a comfort to speak to you of anything that made him unhappy. Have you ever said anything to him about it?"

"I have not liked to do so," replied Lady Ashton, "for he must know his own feelings best; and if he is not free, or willing to confide in me, I might only pain him by speaking to him on the subject. He cannot doubt my readiness to hear all he wishes to say: but he seems to have grown recovered with every one."

say; but he seems to have grown reserved with every one."

"His manner to me when first we met was wholly inexplicable," said Sir Roland; "he neither looked at me, ner spoke to me. I thought it might be that he was overcome for the minute; but when he did speak it was with a gloom and despondency which grieved my very heart. But perhaps after all it may only be weakness and confinement to the house which affects him; for it has often been observed, I believe, that those whose spirits are in general the highest, are apt to sink most in times of sickness. I will try and get a yacht for him; it will enable him when it is fine to get out a little, for I am sure he could not now bear the motion of a carriage. I will see about one directly."

"I am glad you have thought of it," said Lady Ashton; "for I know he would like to go out, but the carriage tortures him. But you are looking very ill, too, Roland! What makes you so pale?

Are you not well?"

"I am as well as any one can be, who has not laid his head upon a pillow for nights and nights," answered Sir Roland, smiling sadly; "and who has had, moreover, such anxiety as I have had; but rest will soon restore me. You are not looking well either, my dear

mother,—nor any of you, I think."

"Constance is not looking well, certainly," observed Lady Ashton; "nor has she been the least like herself of late. I cannot to say the truth, help thinking that something has occurred between her and Henry, which has caused disunion and unpleasant fealing; for they seem entirely estranged from each other, and both seem uncomfortable. Constance will never be even in the room with him, if she can help it; and I imagined at one time that she must have heard semething against him, and asked her if she had; but she said 'Ne,' and speke very kindly of him. Se then I said I

supposed I must blame you for taking up all her heart and affections, and leaving none for those who were about her. But I do not know why I should pour out all my little troubles to you, only that it is a relief to have some one to whom one can speak openly; and you may be able, better than I can, perhaps, to find out what causes this discomfort, and to make all smooth and happy again. I do not though, I am sure, mean to accuse Constance of unkindness,—to me she has ever been as the most attentive and affectionate of daughters; it is only towards Henry that she seems so cold."

These words of Lady Ashton's awakened feelings in Roland's mind, which she little dreamed of; and lit a fire within his breast which no earthly power could have quenched or controlled. He scarcely breathed as she spoke, and his very existence seemed to hang upon her words; for he felt the sudden and deadly conviction enter his soul, that it was not hatred, or dislike, which had arisen between Lady Constance and his brother, but feelings of a far different nature. It might be, indeed (and his mind eagerly caught at the idea), that perceiving an unhappy attachment in Henry towards her, Lady Constance had kindly and conscientiously done all in her power to repress it,—and if so, her heart might still be his; but every thing tended to destroy even that faint hope, and despair began to lay her numbing hand on all his faculties. It was well that it did so at that moment, as it enabled him to sit with apparent calmness while his mother spoke.

He was, however, thoroughly determined at once to know the worst, even if it cost him his life; and calmed by this desperate resolution, he proceeded to ask Lady Ashton, in a quiet voice, when it was that she first perceived this alienation between Con-

stance and his brother.

"I cannot exactly recollect," replied Lady Ashton; "but it was

before he went away."

"Do you think it influenced her at all in her wish to go to Scot-

land?" asked Sir Roland.

"I cannot say. She certainly urged me very eagerly to let her go, when it seemed likely that he would be remaining here, but when he was gone, she said she should prefer staying at home; but I thought that was only from a kind wish not to leave me alone, so I insisted on her going, as she had really seemed to wish it. But it might certainly have been that she only desired to be away from him. And yet why should she desire it?"

"That is what we are trying to discover," said Sir Roland, with deadly calmness. "You said you asked her about it, I think; but

I have forgotten exactly what answer she made."

"She said that there had been no quarrel, and that she had never heard anything against Henry; and I remember that she spoke warmly, and said, 'No one ever mentioned him but with praise.''

Sir Roland compressed his lips, which were white as death; and

for a moment his brow contracted.

Lady Ashton continued, "I am afraid I was harsh to her, for she cried very much, poor child! and said she never meant to be unkind to any one."

"Oh no! oh no!" exclaimed Sir Roland, starting up and walking up and down the room; "she could never mean to be unkind

to any living soul!"

"I know she would not willingly have been so," said Lady Ashton, gently; "but it seemed so strange, as I told her, that when Henry was ill, and wholly dependent on others for amusement, she would never sit with, or sing to him, or, indeed, speak to him, if she could possibly help it. She seemed, too, to take so little part in our affliction! I could not understand it-nor do I now,-for she was always so amiable and considerate; and was so even then to me—in all but slighting Henry. But I dare say it will all come right in time."

'Never!" thought Sir Roland, with a despair which cannot be

described.

"Now you are come," continued Lady Ashton, "I feel as if everything must go well, it is such a joy to me to see you here again.—But I will not now detain you any longer from Constance. or from poor Henry, who was so anxious to see you; and I am sure you will soon reconcile them to each other, if there has really been any misunderstanding. Go now, dear Roland, back to the drawing-room, and I will go to Henry, and tell him you will be with him soon; and, if you can, get Constance to go in with you."

"Reconcile them!" thought Sir Roland, when his mother had left the room. "Yes-that will not be difficult. And yet it may be only that Henry likes her—not that she loves him. If so, she might have shunned him—and rightly. But why then should she be so cold and distant with me? If she were indifferent to himwhy cruel to me? And yet, how her countenance lit up when she first saw me. And her exclamation of joy-how true - how natural—it seemed! Oh! this is a dreadful—dreadful hour! But it must be borne—must be endured;—and I must—will know my fate."

He left the room determined to seek Lady Constance, and to implore her instantly to clear up every difficulty. His mind was on the rack; and the strong control he had placed upon his feelings

in his mother's presence began almost to give way.

He passed through one drawing-room, and was approaching the door of the other, which was partly open, when he saw Lady Constance standing with her head resting on the chimney-piece. He paused, for her attitude was one of sorrow and suffering, and his heart melted within him. All his own miseries—his wrongs—her coldness—all vanished before the thought of her distress; and. after a moment, he was about to enter hastily-to entreat her to confide in him—to let him have the joy of, any how, making her happy.—when she suddenly raised her head, and the expression of anguish in her countenance, as it was reflected in the glass by which she stood, again arrested him. His very breathing stopped, as, looking upwards with tearless eyes, and clasping her hands in agony, he heard her exclaim,
"Would he had never returned!"

He felt a sudden bewilderment, as in a dream. The very ground

appeared to tremble beneath his feet, and it seemed as if his senses

had given way!

"Constance to wish he had never returned! She—for whom he was ready to resign every happiness! She, to wish him exiled—dead! She, whom he had imaged to himself as the gentlest and sweetest of human beings—to wish him swept from the face of the

earth, so that her will might have free course!"

His first impulse was to rush in to her, and upbraid her for her treachery-her falsehood. But he had sufficient power over himself, even at that fearful moment, to control so violent an outbreak of his passionate nature; and hastily throwing up the window which opened to the ground, he rushed out upon the lawn, and with hurried steps pursued the pathway down towards the shore. Regardless of the chill and biting wind, and of the cold, sleety rain which fell on his uncovered head, he went on-on-as if only desirous of flying from home and its miseries; till at length, reaching the grassy spot, where, twice in former times, he had sat with Constance and spoken of their engagement,—he suddenly stopped. The remembrance of that time—of the hopes and fears—now all turned to despair—which had then agitated him—of his devoted love and desire for her happiness, who now requited his devotion by ingratitude so deadly—quite overcame him, and he fell almost lifeless on the turf. No burst of anguish came to relieve him-no tear flowed to ease his burning brain; but his soul, completely unhinged, became the unresisting prey to every terrible and tumultuous feeling. Usually so self-controlled, he lost all power over his thoughts; and, excited almost to madness, it seemed as if all the demons from the depths of hell had risen with fury to take possession of the soul from which they had so long been exiled. Grief was too gentle a feeling to find a place there at that terrible moment; and passions, of whose very existence he had till then been ignorant, fought within him for the mastery. Jealousy, hatred, revenge—all in turn maddened him; till, writhing under their deadly influence, in the frenzy of despair, he exclaimed, "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?"

In an instant the storm within him ceased.

## "The soul that seemed forsaken, felt its present God again,"

and calmed, though not comforted, he rose from the earth.

Slowly did he retrace his steps back to the house, and painfully, for his limbs had stiffened with the chill and damp of the cold earth, and drenching rain; and his whole frame, previously exhausted by long fatigue and anxiety, began to feel the shivering lassitude of approaching fever. With difficulty he got home, and when there, immediately went to his own room, and sent word to his mother that, not feeling well, he should not go down to dinner. She went to him, and was much alarmed at his altered appearance, and the quickness of his pulse, and wished to send for the physician; but he refused to allow her to do so, and said that rest would do him good, if anything could, but that he must be alone, and try what perfect quiet would do.

"Do not think me unkind dearest mother," he said: "but I have pains so terrible, that speaking, or even raising my eyes, is intolerable to me."

"But then. I beseech you, let me send for advice," she replied, as

she burst into tears.

Sir Roland strained her to his breast, and held her long there, for he felt she was now his only earthly comfort; but no word or tear escaped to give one moment's ease to the feelings which suffocated him.

At length Lady Ashton said that she would leave him for awhile that he might rest, and then she would return to him again. Refreshments were sent up to him, but they went down again untouched; and his fever increased so rapidly on him, that he wrote his mother a message begging her not to return to him that night, as he felt he could not talk. He added a few words of deep affection; but they breathed so sad a tone, that Lady Ashton's heart sank within her, for they sounded to her affrighted fancy as the

passing-bell of every earthly hope and happiness.

Rest, indeed, Sir Roland required; but rest he could not get, nor even could he seek it; and for long hours through the night, Lady Ashton, whose room was next to his, heard his ceaseless, though unequal tread, as he paced up and down his chamber; while sounds from time to time reached her ear, which seemed poured forth in the bitterness of anguish. She was much alarmed, and repeatedly went to his door, but did not like to go in, as he had begged her not do so. At length, anxious beyond endurance, she knocked. The sound of his steps instantly ceased; and all was still as death. She feared to knock again, and waited in silent terror at the door. In a few minutes, however, the weary steps of restless moving were again heard, and summoning courage, she knocked a second time. Sir Roland asked, "Who was there?" and she answering, he instantly unlocked and opened his door.

"What do you want with me, dear mother?" he said. "Why

are you up so early?"

"My dearest Roland," she replied, "why are you up? you who require rest so much?"

"Rest!" he exclaimed, "rest! Ay! rest would be, indeed, delightful."

Then why will you not lie down, and try to sleep?"

"I cannot - I cannot," he said, vehemently; resuming his

agitated walk.

"My dear son," exclaimed Lady Ashton, in extreme distress, for the wild expression of Sir Roland's eye, and the hollowness of his voice terrified her, "what has happened?—what is the matter

with you?"

He made some incoherent answer, which instantly convinced her that the fever whose sustaining excitement could alone have enabled him to endure the wearying fatigue of his continual agitation. was beginning to affect his head; and perceiving the necessity of prompt and decisive measures, she left the room, saying she would return in a few minutes, and sent off instantly to Dfor the physician, whilst she desired Sir Roland's servant to go to him, and endeavour by all means to persuade him to go to bed.

Sir Roland, now the maddening train of thought, which had throughout the night been whirling through his brain, was interrupted, became calmer; and submitted quietly to all that was required of him. But though he consented to lie down, and his wearied limbs seemed to rest with almost deathlike weight upon the bed, yet he found no repose of mind. He could not sleep; and continued ceaselessly to talk to himself, though the words he uttered were not often intelligible. When the physician arrived, he pronounced it to be brain-fever, and ordered that he should be kept as quiet as possible; and having blooded him and prescribed everything which he thought necessary for the moment, he told Lady Ashton he would go home to make some needful arrangements, and would then come back and remain all the next night with Sir Roland, about whom he was forced to confess that he felt extremely uneasy.

In the evening he returned, and found, as he had feared, that the fever had increased rapidly, and that the danger was very great. He sat up all night with Sir Roland, who never obtained an instant's repose, his mind continuing to ramble wildly, from subject to subject without an instant's intermission; and his violence becoming so great that he was with difficulty at times prevented from throwing himself out of his bed. He continually started up and asked, "Where he was? and why he was detained there?" saying, "He must get on, or he should arrive too late," that, "he must see him again;" with other such expressions, proving that his brother, who had been so long the object of his anxious thought, continued to be so still. He continually talked of him, sometimes as ill—then as at sea—then as by his side; and would at other times go back to the days of their boyhood, and speak of games and pleasures they had had together.

Sometimes his mind seemed to catch a glimpse of what had just occurred, and he would speak in heart-rending tones of misery, and cruelty, and hopes destroyed, and happiness gone. Then all would seem bright, and he spoke in light and joyful tones, as if talking cheerfully to those he loved. Towards his brother he ever seemed to feel the kindest affection, unshaded by doubt or displeasure, but when he spoke of Lady Constance, which he often did, it was with every variety of feeling; and at times his mind seemed as if it touched on some point respecting her, which was insupportable to him; and when that was the case he grew excited, and violent shudderings came over him.

"I cannot believe it," he would sometimes exclaim; "it was not her—it is false, she never wished it,"—with other words of horror, or dismaying grief. Lady Ashton sat by him all that night, and many other nights and days of hopeless watching, and throughout all that time no instant's rest, or sleep ever visited his eyes. He knew his mother sometimes, and would then press her hand to his lips, and speak in tones of love, which overcame the spirits which could bear up against all else. At other times he was wholly lost, and would gaze from face to face of those around him. with an air

of total vacancy; but in general he continued talking wildly, and at times violently, and almost ceaselessly rolling his head from side to side upon his pillow in the restlessness of pain. As he grew weaker, the fever abated, but still he never slept, which was most alarming; as obtaining rest, the physician declared, was the only chance of his recovery. But the wretchedness of his mind seemed to preclude all possibility of it; for if he remained more than usually tranquil for any little time, such pauses were invariably followed by starts of horror and wild exclamations, as if some vio-

lent struggle were going on within.

Lady Ashton rarely left him, for she feared every moment might be his last; but occasionally she went down for a few instants to Henry, to tell him how his brother was, and to see how he himself went on, for he had again been suffering much pain, and his anxiety about his brother was intense. On one occasion, indeed, when it had been thought that Sir Roland was on the point of death, he had insisted on being carried up to him; but when in the room he was so overcome that he fainted away; and the emotion, together with the pain of moving, did him so much injury, that he was never again permitted to try the dangerous experiment. His eager mind suf-fered dreadfully under the suspense he had to endure, and his feelings were excited to an almost unendurable degree. He accused himself of being the destroyer of his brother's happiness, and perhaps of his life; for he could not divest himself of the idea, that Sir Roland's illness had been produced by some unhappy discovery of his feelings for Constance, or of hers for him, working on a mind and body already exhausted by anxiety and fatigue on his account. He was miserable beyond expression, and he implored of God to take him, and not his brother. The thought of Constance became dreadful to him, and he was thankful that now, in his mother's absence, she never came into the room where he was. So completely had circumstances altered his estimate of things, that could he at that moment have been offered the free gift of her hard. he would have rejected it with horror, feeling it almost as the price of blood; and earnestly, and with all the vehemence of his true heart, did he implore of the Almighty, not only to spare his brother's life, but to grant that Lady Constance's full affections might be allowed to flow back into their rightful channel, and to bless, with all life's happiness, the heart that so truly loved her, and that so well deserved her love. He thought not of himself—or rather in the warm devotedness of his feelings, he imagined that to see his brother happy again, would be happiness enough for him; and that

he could then go forth a wanderer—but not desolate.

Day after day passed, and to all Lady Ashton's anxious inquiries of the several physicians who were then in attendance on Sir Roland, the only encouragement she could obtain, was the poor assurance that "where there was life there was hope;" but to her sad mind it seemed evident that both life and hope were fast

departing.

Exhausted to the last degree, Sir Roland now scarcely spoke or moved, save that the restless motion of his head still continued. accompanied by low moaning sounds. But even these faint signs

of life, and of suffering, gradually grew fainter and fainter, till they wholly ceased; and he lay at length with the cold calm of

death stamped on his rigid features.

Lady Ashton, and the physician from D—, who had never left the house, were sitting by his bedside. The former had her arm under Sir Roland's head; and feeling the burden—to her so precious!—gradually becoming heavier and heavier, and finding all motion cease, she looked in alarm at the deathlike countenance; and overcome by her terrible apprehensions, was about to give way to the expression of her agony, when the physician, perceiving her fears, made her an earnest sign not to speak or move, whispering that it was sleep, not death, which had at last visited the weary eyes of the sufferer.

# CHAPTER XLVII.

- "Oh! gentle sleep, whose lenient power thus soothes Disease and pain, how sweet thy visit to me Who wanted thy soft aid."—ORESTES, Translation.
- "So near—and yet so distant! Oh, 'tis worse
  Than leagues of exile o'er the stormy sea!
  On me the fabled Titan's penal curse
  Hath lighted. From my lips insulting flee
  The draughts of bliss, the fruits of extacy."—MS.

"Pregar, pregar, pregar, Ch' altro ponno' i mortali al pianger nati?"—Alfieri.

"To pray, to pray, to pray, What else can mortals do, born but for tears?"

"Am I resigned to die?
It is not so;—that cannot be the word
That speaks the Christian's feelings when he hears
The distant sound of his Redeemer's foot
Hasting to fetch him to his Father's throne;
When the first beam from Heaven's unclosing gate
Falls on his path to light him to his home."

LADY POWERSCOURT.

It was some time before Lady Ashton could believe that the marble-like repose that rested on the countenance of her son was other than the sleep of death. Not the slightest heaving of the breast could be perceived, nor could she discern the throbbing of a pulse. Nature was so utterly spent, that if indeed a spark of life were still left, it seemed to have retreated to the very depths of the heart, doubtful whether to flicker up anew, or totally to sink in darkness. At length the physician, who had sat all the time with his finger on the pale arm which lay so motionless on the coverlid, looked up with brightening eye, and nodded smilingly to Lady Ashton, intimating that all went on well; and soon the bent brow relaxed, the mouth assumed its natural beautiful expression, and the faint, but regular sound of childlike breathings were distinctly heard. Then first did Lady Ashton give herself up to the blessed

power of hope! then first did her heart melt within her, at the oyful thought that her son might still be spared to her. For long hours she sat there scarcely daring to breathe-supporting his head upon her arm, indifferent to the fatigue and uneasiness of her constrained position, and dreading only lest anything should

occur to disturb slumbers so life-giving.

How did her heart lift itself to God! "Bless the Lord, oh! my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name," were words for ever rising to her lips. As she gazed on the features of him who now lay, quiet and weak as an infant, in her arms, her mind rapidly recalled the various stages of his existence. She pictured him to herself as he was brought—her first-born—to her longing arms, and felt—as it had been yesterday—the

> " Mother's prime of bliss, When to her eager lips is brought Her infant's thrilling kiss."

Then early childhood, when everything is so new, so delightful! How well did she remember it all, and all the sweet unfoldings of existence, which make "life's early dawn" so very lovely. Boythrough her mind; and delightful it was to trace him through them all, and feel that there was no circumstance of his life she could have wished blotted from her remembrance. As she dwelt upon these things, and looked on the pale, still countenance before her, the tears, so long unwept, streamed from her eyes; and she felt that had he indeed died, she would have been able to exclaim, like the noble father of a noble son, "I had rather have my dead

son than any living son in Christendom."

But of all the fond recollections with which her memory was so happily, and sweetly stored, none were to be compared, in her mind, with the remembrance that through all the long days and nights of fever and delirium, through which she had then been watching over him—when his mind, freed from the restraints of reason, and caution, and habit, was likely to have opened all its stores of various feelings—not one syllable had ever passed his lips, that could have sullied an angel's, or wounded a mother's ear. In his lightest moods he had spoken but in words of cheerfulness and affection; and his deeper sentiments had ever been the noble gushings of his heart, and the emanations of the true and ardent picty which was the habit of his soul. The wild and violent passions which, during the first burst of his distracted feelings, had rushed in and overwhelmed his whole being, had been entirely cast forth by that mighty Power which in former times had

# "Lashed the vexed flends to the forming deep;"

and his mind had been, during all the hours of irresponsible existence which he had passed, as pure, as holy, and as spiritual, as his own devoutest aspirations could have desired. God had, as is seemed, "given his angels charge concerning him;" and they had kept, from his mind every thought that could have sullied or injured his bright profession, and from his lips, every breath that could have done "despite unto that Holy Spirit, whereby he was

sealed unto the day of redemption."

Nor let this be considered as a mere fancy of the brain. Imagination in its highest, happiest flights, would never have dared to image forth a thought so beautiful, so sublime—as that Heaven's hosts could minister to wretched, fallen man!—could never have borne up the mind to such soaring heights, nor have brought Heaven thus down, in aid of our necessities. No! the winged words of truth alone could have suggested or sustained this high and bright idea!—could have taught us that the redeemed soul is the peculiar object of the watchful care of God: of Him whose eyes neither slumber nor take rest, but who, when His blessing has been sought for in waking hours, "giveth it His beloved alcepting;"\*—making His angels ministering spirits to keep it from harm.

It has been the happy lot of many who have had to watch by the couch of pain, when those that were stretched on it have been the children of God, to witness seenes like this—to see that the Heavenly Master does indeed thus acknowledge and sustain his servants, even when the mental powers are wholly suspended; when outward consciousness, reflection, and memory—are utterly lost. His Spirit then testifies with the spirit of the sufferer, "that he is one of the sons of God;" and speaks through him, to its own honour, and glory. Often, when the moanings of pain have come ceaselessly from the unconscious breast, the words of prayer and holy truth, and they alone, have had power to still them; and when the shricks of bodily agony have rung through the ears, and tortured the hearts of every being within hearing of the fearful sounds—these too have been hushed by the same blessed power; and in speaking thus, we have no hesitation or fear in appealing for the truth of what is said, to the testimony of those who have had blessed opportunities of judging from what has passed before their own eves.

In Sir Roland's case resort was of course had continually to the throne of grace, both for him and with him; and not only did Lady Ashton perpetually drop "words of holy balm" into his wounded spirit, but the minister of the parish, an excellent and kind old man, who had been there for many years, and had known Sir Roland from his birth, also continually came and prayed by his side, and spoke delightfully, and in more cheerful accents than the poor mother could always command, of heaven's brightness,—of

"that flowery land, whose green turf hides no graves."

Sir Roland's wandering glance at such times would become arrested, and his eye would dwell upon the countenance of the good old man, though evidently gathering no intelligence thereby, of who he was; and he would drink in eagerly the words, that for a time stilled the unhappiness, which, though borne with deepest resignation, yet evidently oppressed his spirit. When the voice ceased—then the restless glance would roam again round the

<sup>\*</sup> German version.

chamber, and the signs of uneasiness would return; but when the voice of prayer was heard again—then all was peace once more.

Lady Ashton had ever drawn comfort from the "fountain of living waters," even when her earthly happiness had seemed the fullest. Where, therefore, should she fly, when her trials were so great, but to the same source of heavenly strength? Happily she had not now "her faith to seek;" but had for long years known Him who was now sustaining her soul, and saying to her, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

This most delightful passage, and many others of equal comfort from the Scriptures, were continually realized, and brought to her aid; but God, who often blesses the smallest things to the best and kindest purposes, caused also one little line of earthly poetry to present itself perpetually unbidden to her memory. A worldly spirit might have discerned in this nothing perhaps, but a happy accident, but Lady Ashton's Christian heart, which loved to trace every—even the slightest "good gift, to the Father of lights," felt that it was He, who kept in her thoughts continually the word of comfort which so much strengthened her.

She had lately been reading the "Sacred Melodies" of one, for whom it had been well had he never written in a strain less pure and noble; nor polluted the world, as he has too often done, through the medium of his silvery numbers. One line of those melodies it was, which presented itself thousands of times in. a day, to Lady Ashton's sleepless mind. The beautiful words.

#### "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

sounded perpetually in her heart, and never failed to bring with them comfort and joy. She felt the truth of them; and experienced that Heaven was even at that trying moment sustaining her soul in peace; and thus was a little word, flowing from a pen too frequently dipped in earth's worst colouring, made an instrument of blessing in the hands of Him, who "chooses one thing and rejects another." Thus also does He often give lessons, in his marvellous long-suffering and patience, by which the worst may be encouraged to forsake the ways of his iniquity, and to turn, while yet there is time, to Him who "discerneth the evil from the good."

Oh! that men would but consider from whom they derive their powers! Oh! that they would but remember that He who gives talents, says, also, "Occupy till I come!"—that they could but know the blessedness of working—speaking—writing for Him, who alone at the last day can say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" Could they know that joy, never again would they be found ranked with the worst enemies

of God!

There is a story somewhere recorded, of a sentence of equal rigour going forth against a man who had committed murder, and one who had written a work of evil tendency;—both were con-

demned to be burned to death! The writer of the work exclaimed against the injustice—the inequality of the sentence, but received this just reply:—"That the sentence indeed was unequal, for that the one delinquent had merely destroyed the temporal life of a single human being, and that with his existence would cease his power of doing like mischief again; but that he—the writer—had done that, which might destroy the miserable souls of thousands; and that, moreover, his evil deeds, far from perishing with him, would continue to flourish and increase, when he was silent in the grave!" "Shall I not visit for these things! saith the Lord."

With what just horror should we not regard the man who could deliberately poison the springs and streams around a populous city, sending death into the heedless bosom of all who drank? "Of how much greater condemnation think you not he is worthy," who poisons the springs of virtue in the heart, tainting the young mind with all that is hateful—degrading—contemptible! and nourishing the vice of age with that which is hurrying it to a

fearful doom!

And do such writers think they are esteemed and honoured in the world? Do they suppose that because a public—careless of the food it devours—living on excitement—loathing the trouble of thinking for itself—and rejoicing in the rescue of one hour from the ennui of a blased existence—reads their works, and passes on the praise which others bestow, rather than pause to consider its own verdict—do they suppose that, therefore, the public honours and esteems the beings who thus cater to their worst feelings, and speak to the most degraded part of their natures? Let them not

deceive themselves, for such is not the case!

It is said of Cæsar, that "he loved treason, but hated traitors:" and such, let us rest assured, is a most common feeling. Those who are truly Christians hate the sin, though they may feel for, if they cannot love the sinner—of them we are not speaking; but the people of this world, how much soever they may be-to use the words of our Church—"far gone from original righteousness," have yet enough of the image of God left within them, to make them contemn those, who are ready to prey, as well as play upon their vices; and who are—unwittingly perhaps—risking all, to serve them in their base and degrading pleasures! Yet if the lingering struggles of their better nature prompt them to despise those—who are indeed so despicable—should they not consider, that the encouragement they give to such iniquity, ranks them amongst the followers of him who is, first the tempter—then the accuser of mankind? Let them remember that those who read, or circulate that which is evil, partake of the guilt of him who first put it forth!—for were there no readers—writers soon would fail.

It has been well said, that "the impression which a book leaves on the mind, is the best criterion of its tendency." By that then, let those who read them, judge of the works we have been considering. Again, I speak not to the true Christian—for works of this nature, whether in prose or in poetry, form not their chosen libraries—but I appeal to the consciences of all promiscuous

readers of modern—or indeed of any—books, and entreat them to ask themselves—and to make their souls answer to the inquiry—whether the work—whatever it may be, from the perusal of which they may have just arisen—has led their hearts to God, or from Him—has leasened, or increased their horror of sin—has cultivated the high, and pure, and ennohing emotions of their souls, or nourished the degrading views of an evil nature? Let them remember the folly—to use no stronger term—of acting by one rule when they know—for they all do know—that they must be judged by another! Let them remember that there is no neutral ground in this world—no halting space between God and Satan; and let them, therefore, with open eyes, "choose whom they will serve," remembering that our Lord has said, "He that is not for me, is against me; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad."

Hour after hour did Sir Roland's deep, deathlike sleep continue, and hope in Lady Ashton's bosom began almost to be tinged again with dread, lest his exhausted nature might not have power to rally, but might gradually sink away from sleep to death. The physician, however, from time to time whispered words of encouragement; but though his assurances soothed her anxiety for a moment, yet when again alone watching the quiet slumberer. sickening fears would come over her. At length a deep sigh heaved his breast, and a few moments after, Sir Roland opened his eyes. The weight of illness hung heavy upon them; but they had lost their vacant, wild expression, and consciousness beamed from them once more. He turned his head, and so relieved Lady Ashton's arm; and seeing her, he smiled faintly—and again he alept. His slumbers, however, did not this time last long, for he grew restless, though he had scarcely strength to move a hand Seeing Lady Ashton still by him, he looked at her with the deepest affection, just murmuring, "My dearest mother," then by tranquil as before. He did not, however, sleep; but his mind remained in a dreamy state, unable to think, and conscious only of what passed immediately before it at the moment.

Lady Ashton sat by him for a few moments in a state of happiness too great for words; then rose and busied herself in preparing for him a cooling drink. He watched her as he lay quietly on his pillow; his eyes following every motion of her hand, though his mind was unable to bear even the slight exertion of thinking of what she was doing. He drank what she gave him, and again laid down his head, and watched her motions; and when she st down quietly by him again, his eye was caught by the slight waving and fluttering of the window-curtain, as it was agitated by the draft from the partially opened window. He watched by the gentle motion seemed to soothe his senses. The again, and for many hours he slept—a quiet, tranquil, and refresh

ing sleep.

Immediate danger, it was then hoped, was over, but the excessive weakness in which the violence of the fever had left him, felt to

Sir Roland like the sinkings of death; and not aware of what had brought him to that condition, he naturally imagined he was in the last stage of existence. Yet this thought brought with it no trouble to his soul; on the contrary, he dwelt on it with joy and delight. The late painful circumstances which had occurred, seemed completely obliterated from his mind, and all his old and happy impressions remained unchanged. He spoke of Constance as his, both in heart and faith—of his brother as in their happiest days; and yet, he was willing to die—willing to leave all, and go

to his heavenly Father's home.

When Lady Ashton heard him speak in this manner, her mind again misgave her; but the physician assured her that, though if any relapse took place, his strength must immediately give way, yet unless that occurred, there was much to hope. He confessed that, when Sir Roland had first slept, he had felt a fear that all might not be well, as in some cases, patients had been known after such repose, to regain their reason for a few transient moments, then instantly sink into the grave; but that danger was now past; and though life in Sir Roland's state must necessarily be exceedingly precarious, yet, he repeated, that if nothing unforeseen occurred, he felt confident that he would finally recover. He advised Lady Ashton, however, to leave Sir Roland's mind in its present happy and spiritual state, as it was one much more favourable to his recovery, than the idea of returning life, with all its re-awakened and exciting feelings could possibly be. She therefore took no pains to make him believe he was recovering, but left it to the Almighty Father who had brought him up from the gates of death, to strengthen his mind gradually to receive the truth-to feel that he should live—that he was destined for a longer period than he then thought, to struggle with the mixed and wearving stream of this world's interests.

It was delightful to Sir Roland to contemplate his great change, and his thoughts seemed already more in heaven than on earth. He could not speak much, for his weakness was very great; but he reposed for hours in blissful anticipation of his summons home. He thought with deepest affection of Lady Constance,—for his mind, but partially recovered, still arrayed her image in all its former bright and lovely colours,—but he was enabled to give even her up for higher joys; and he longed to depart and to be with God. Yet he earnestly desired to see her once again, and asked his mother if he might not do so. She consented, and brought

her into the room.

At sight of her a burst of natural feeling swept across Sir Roland's breast, and he felt that life would be still worth preserving; but, turning his eyes towards heaven, he implored that his mind

might be kept steadfast, and fixed on things above.

"Constance," he said, taking her hand as she knelt down beside him, "I have wished to see you thus once more, to bless you for all your love—all your kindness to me. I have not been to you all that I could have wished,—at least, I was not once, though I had begun to hope that my long, long love had found some little answer in your heart. But all that is over now—and love cannot save

from parting. You will not cease to pray for me, my dearest, whilst I am here, and you will praise God on my behalf when I am gone? You will do that, will you not?"

Lady Constance could answer only with her tears.

"Do not grieve for me, Constance," he continued; "God has been very merciful in weaning me by this illness, and this deadly prostration of strength, from the fulness of my earthly affections, and by filling my heart with love to Himself. But still to see you near me—to feel what life might have been with you!—But this is folly, weakness, unfaithfulness, and I must not let earth steal again into my heart. I dare not keep you with me, your tears trouble me. Oh! Constance, look to Him who will be with you in all your sorrow, as He is with me at this hour."

She could but murmur words of grief and of affection, as her tears still flowed beyond all power of repression. He became

agitated, and murmured,-

"My dearest—dearest—leave me—go from me before my weak heart begins to fail. I longed to see you once again, but now go,

go-oh! leave me."

She rose from her knees; but it seemed impossible for her to leave the room. She could scarcely support the idea that she should see him no more; and her great affection for him, added to the overwhelming sense of the wrong she had done him, made his words of love and trust strike like daggers to her heart. Again she longed to tell him of her faithlessness, to hear him pardon and forgive, though anger and reproaches would have been more tolerable than his undoubting confidence. Yet she could not disturb his dying hour with feelings so terrible as her confession would awaken; but lost in the anguish of the moment, she stood by his side without power to speak or move.

He gazed on her with looks in which the pity of an angel blended with earth's natural affections, till the latter beginning fast to gain

the mastery, he exclaimed,

"Oh! Constance, try me not too much; leave me, for this is indeed a bitter hour. And yet, oh! my Father," he said, taking her hand in both of his, and lifting it up for a moment towards heaven, "Thou knowest how I have loved her, and Thou canst support me. My God—bless her!"

Lady Ashton fearing the effects of any lengthened emotion now drew near, and when Sir Roland saw her by him, he placed Lady

Constance's hand in hers, saying,

"Take her from me, mother—take her from me—and be to her

the same as if she had really been-"

He could not finish, and Lady Ashton gently drew her away, Sir Roland's eyes following her as she left the room. When she was at the door, she turned; and seeing him still looking at her, she felt as if she could not leave him. She stopped irresolute, and was about to return, but he shook his head, and made her a sign to go; and Lady Ashton, with gentle violence, drew her from the room.

When the door had closed upon her, Sir Roland, lifting his eyes

to heaven, murmured forth,

"And now, 'Return unto thy rest, oh, my soul."

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

"Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain,
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!"—ROGERS.

IT would be impossible to describe what Lady Constance went through during all the events which we have been recording. She was conscious how much the affectionate kindliness of her letters must have tended to induce in Sir Roland's mind an idea of her attachment to him, and she felt therefore how doubly severe must be the blow, if at last she were constrained to tell him that she could not fulfil the engagement she had formed. Yet she had done all with the best intentions, and had hoped to bring her heart sincerely to return his love. But the sight of Henry, in his danger and suffering, had revived tenfold those sentiments in his favour which she had striven so much to subdue: and though never willingly yielding to them, yet she could not but be conscious that they held a power over her, which was wholly incompatible with the idea of forming other ties. She naturally supposed that when Sir Roland returned, he would claim her hand; and she felt how much her first involuntarily joyful welcome must have nourished the idea that she would be willing to bestow it on him. But she felt that she could not do it!—Yet how should she tell him so? how tell him to go from her, a miserable, broken-hearted man? how tell him that she loved another? These were her first troubles: but soon Sir Roland's illness brought on more distress. Her heart melted towards him; and she felt as if she could have given life and all it possessed to restore him to health and happiness. Henry, she never approached, and the thought of him was as terrible to her as the idea of her was to him; but she was ever at hand to assist Lady Ashton in anything that could conduce to Sir Roland's comfort; and during the time of his fearful illness, she took her constant post in his dressing-room, ready at all times to do what might be required. Often, during his state of insensibility, did Lady Ashton claim her help even in his own apartment; and as at times she gazed on his countenance, and recalled the fine feelings which had so continually animated it, she asked herself, "if there was aught on earth she loved as she did him." One mental glance at the chamber below, however, answered that question but too fatally.

She never expected to see Sir Roland again after their sad parting; and every shadow of happiness seemed fled from her bosom. She was told, indeed, that there was no hope; but her spirit was depressed, and she could feel none. All earth appeared to her one dark scene of tears and misery. That once joyous house was indeed become one of mourning and suffering; and besides all that the world could see and judge of, she had her own deep griefs to bear in her lonely heart, and desolate indeed she felt.

Sir Roland was much shaken by his interview with her, but he soon recovered his tranquillity, and heavenward feelings; and,

a shade of disappointment even would sometimes cross his mind, as the light of a fresh morning stole into his chamber. "Still here!"

he would sigh; "still, still here!"

Gradually, however, he felt his strength increase, and the idea rose in his mind that he might live. That thought brought with it at first, restless and uncomfortable feelings, for his mind seemed unhinged, and the bright and glorious region he had fancied almost his own, seemed to recede from his view, and to give place to things which troubled and agitated his heart. After a time, however, he felt,—as it was natural that one so young, so loving, should feel,—that the thought of being restored to all that life so brightly promised him was indeed delightful; and flattering dreams of earthly

happiness, floated again before his ardent mind.

Lady Ashton had been careful always to follow, and never to attempt to lead the train of his thoughts, being fearful of overstraining his mind; and perceiving that his illness had swept before it all remembrance of the anxiety he had previously felt on his brother's account, she never spoke to him on the subject. She gathered from his questions that he imagined him still well, and still at sea; and he seemed to have lost all recollection, both of the fearful accident he had had, and of his being actually then in the house. This circumstance alarmed her anew, for she thought that his mind might have been seriously injured by his illness; but the physician told her not to be uneasy on the subject for that it often occurred, after such severe illnesses as Sir Roland had had; but that as strength returned, so would also the full powers of thought and memory.

It was well, indeed, for Sir Roland, as far as his recovery was concerned, that his mind remained for a time clouded; for had the recolection of all the circumstances which had at first occasioned his illness, returned suddenly upon him when in that state of weakness,

-life as well as happiness must have been destroyed.

He had hitherto spoken but little; and had seemed anxious rather to keep his mind on high, than to let it become entangled again, with earthly thoughts. But now his busy heart prompted many a question; and in speaking to his mother one day he asked her where Henry then was. Lady Ashton not being aware of any thing which could make the knowledge of his being at home painfully agitating to Sir Roland, told him with a smile, that his brother was not far off, and that she hoped he would soon see him. led to other questions, and Sir Roland's mind began to open a little as to the real state of things. At first, however, he could remember nothing clearly; but a vague feeling of uneasiness took possession of him, and he wearied himself in the endeavour to discover what there was to trouble him. Gradually, however, the truth broke upon his mind; and his thoughts then became every instant darker and darker. Wave after wave of terrible remembrance rolled over him; and again his senses sunk under their overwhelming force. A violent accession of fever and delirium took place, and the physician himself began to despair of his life. Youth, and strength of constitution however, surmounted the danger again, and again he began to rally; but his weakness after this second attack

was greater even than at first, and the full conviction of his misery -which returned on this occasion with renewed consciousness-

served fearfully to retard his recovery.

How different were his feelings now to what they had been on the former occasion. Then, though all seemed bright in life, yet the joys of heaven appeared still brighter, and he was willing to leave all below for everlasting happiness above. Now, all seemed dark: and the troubles of earth instead of making Heaven appear the more desirable, came rather like a heavy cloud between him and God. He implored for resignation—for peace—for rest—for death;

-but for a time all comfort seemed denied him.

When the mind is happy, there is perhaps no period of existence so exquisitely delightful as the recovery from sickness. of danger past, the buoyancy of the heart, the enjoyment of each recovered power, as day after day restores us to something we had lost! The air from which we have been long debarred, feels so reviving, the flowers are so sweet, the song of the birds so exhilarating,—everything seems to have a charm and beauty it never possessed before; and the very weakness of the frame instead of diminishing our happiness, rather adds to it, by making us the object of peculiar care and love. But oh! how desolate was return-ing health to Sir Roland! how valueless the life that was again forced on his acceptance! True, he had the tenderest care and love about him, and earth's luxuries were spread on every side, and he tried to feel the thankfulness which he expressed to God; but the aspect of everything seemed changed, and his heart was completely cast down. The loss of Lady Constance's affection, and of the bright happiness it had seemed to offer him, would of itself have been sufficient in that hour of weakness, to have sunk his spirit entirely; but that now seemed to form but the slightest portion of his sorrow. It was the being compelled to dethrone her from the high place she had ever held in his estimation—the being forced to feel that she was no longer worthy of the empire she had so long maintained over him—that caused his bitterest sufferings. At times he could not-would not-believe it; and determined, spite of all appearances, still to consider her blameless and true. But at other times the conviction forced itself upon him, that she had deceived and betrayed him; written to him in words of affection-received him with warmest tokens of love - then-wished him exiled-dead! Of her love for Henry he felt no doubt, and he could still honour her for the self-denial, which she seemed latterly to have exercised as regarded him. "But why had she ever permitted herself to love him?" Vain question! often asked—ever left unanswered. "Or why had she not openly and at once told him of her wishes, and given him the happiness of making her happy?" Ah! it is easy for the generous heart thus to speak: to tell another to destroy its peace, and teach it "brokenly" to "live on;" but it is not so easy for that other, if equally generous, to speak that which shall annihilate the hopes of affection, and tell the loving heart that it loves not in return.

It was most natural for Sir Roland, who had not traced this unhappy affair throughout, to think that Lady Constance had not acted well by him—that she had deceived him; and the very effort that she had made to force herself to love him, bore in his eyes the appearance of hypocrisy and untruth. And what could she have meant by it? "Could she intend to marry him, yet love his brother? Impossible!" "No!" his heart would at times exclaim "let appearances be what they might, he would not distrust her, or doubt the purity of her intentions."—But still—that terrible sentence, "Would he had never returned!" rung hollowly through his soul, and forbade its having one moment's peace. He determined, however, if possible to chase away thought, till he was strong enough to endure the excitement of speaking to her, and of hearing all from herself. He would ask her of those things which now so perplexed his harassed spirit, and he felt she would ever be true in word, even if her heart had strayed away from him; and comforted by that conviction, he strove to commit his way to God.

Oh! what a repose it is when the heart can really go to Him with all its troubles!—pour out the fulness of its sorrows and perplexities, and receive in their place, comfort, and wisdom, and grace! No earthly friend can feel for us as God does, for none like Him can see the griefs that lie shrouded in our inmost souls:

"Not even the tenderest heart, and next our own, Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh.

And well it is for us, our God should feel Alone our secret throbbings; so our prayer May readier spring to Heaven; nor spend its zeal On cloud-born idols of this lower air."

When Sir Roland's recovery from immediate danger had relieved Henry's mind on his account, his thoughts returned but too much to their old channel. He felt particularly desolate; for his mother was continually with Sir Roland, and Constance never entered his room. Florence, indeed, was unremitting in her cheerful en-deavours to amuse him, and proved a most kind comforter, for the late sad events had drawn forth much of strength and energy in her character; and instead of being the childish, giddy little creature who used to fly about all animation and spirits, she was now grown thoughtful and quiet, and full of affectionate attentions to every one. She was much grown, and began to lose the appearance of childhood, and to assume that gentle dignity of look and manner, which is so peculiarly beautiful in early youth. She had ever been lovely as a child, and her countenance did not now belie its early promise. Lady Ashton, in the secret of her soul, had long hoped that when she grew older, she and Henry would become attached to each other, so that she might have assembled around her all those whom most she loved on earth. But Henry's unfortunate love for Constance shut his heart completely, for the present, from every one else; and Florence, with all her beauty and affection, was to him but as a sister. He pined to see Constance again; and often, as he heard her light step pass his door, or as the sound of her voice reached him from the next room, he longed to send her sister to entreat her to come to him, if only for one moment. But

he always resisted the temptation; and, true to himself and to her, he never even left his room, though he would have been occasionally able to do so, for fear of meeting her,—of needlessly trying the hearts of both, or of renewing those feelings which he knew ought to slumber for ever. Yet to feel her so near—with only a slender door between them, and not dare to withdraw that slight screen,—was misery to him in the extreme; and he wished himself in the midst of deserts or oceans, rather than in such a state of continual trial.

Sir Roland's situation, though equally painful, was very different from that of his brother. He had to act—Henry had merely to suffer. Ordinarily the latter is the more painful position of the two, for the mind is left—unrelieved by active exertion—to prey upon itself; but in Sir Roland's present state, the having to act and speak was most trying; and the bare thought of it, bringing on accelerated pulsation, affected his head so seriously, that he knew not how he should be able to encounter the great exertion. He found, however, that it was impossible he should recover till his mind was more tranquil; so determined, let it cost him what it might, to put an end to his painful uncertainties, and to change a position which daily became more and more insupportable.

Lady Ashton, ever bent on the gratification of those around her, when Sir Roland was sufficiently recovered to go out of his own room, had begged Lady Constance to come with her to him for a short time; and she, terrified at the idea of going, yet afraid to refuse, reluctantly complied. When she entered, her unexpected appearance startled Sir Roland so much, and his agitation was so great that he could not speak to her. She approached him timidly, and held out her hand; he took it—at first coldly—but then feeling his heart melt within him, he put it from him with a shudder, and silently turned away his head. Lady Ashton, whose heart overflowed with kindly feeling at the thought of the happiness which she had hoped her appearance would give him, was surprised and distressed at witnessing the apparently different effect which had been produced. She took no notice, however, of what she had observed, but exerted herself for a little while to converse; and then left the room, thinking that the constraint which lay upon them might, perhaps, arise from a wish not to show their feelings before her.

When alone they sat for a length of time in perfect silence. Each had much to say to the other; but it was of so terrible a nature, that neither of them could enter on it at that moment. Sir Roland had not been well enough hitherto to think on the over-exciting subject sufficiently to enable him to decide what would be the best plan to pursue; yet he felt it would be far best to speak to Henry first, and not to agitate Lady Constance's mind till he was positive as to his brother's wishes.

She was much surprised at his manner—so different from his earnest tenderness at their last interview; but conceiving it impossible that anything should have occurred since then to alter his real feelings, and not knowing how his mind had then been clouded, she thought it was weakness and debility alone which caused him to be so silent, and therefore, exerted herself to speak.

"Is your head quite free from pain new?" she asked.

"Not quite:"

"There is too much light in this room for you, is there not?" And she rose to let down the blinds.

"Do not trouble yourself," said Sir Roland, looking at her for

a moment, as she stood by the window.

She turned back to see if the shade fell properly on him, and caught his eye; but the expression of it was so sad and troubled. and his whole countenance so changed, that terror struck to her very heart. He, in whose mind affection could scarcely be restrained even by the sense of the bitter wrongs he had endured. turned away; yet in her timid glance there had been a sweetness—a truth and simplicity, that made him feel it was impossible she could ever really have harboured an unkindly thought towards him, even though she might not return his love.

"Will that do better?" she asked, in a trembling voice.
"Yes!" he answered: "anything will do for me." Then fearing he had spoken with irritation, he added: "Thank you very

much: it is a great relief."

He looked at her again for an instant, and his heart could scarcely resist pouring itself out before her. But he felt that he must be sure, beyond all possibility of doubt, of Henry's feelings, before he could speak to her of her own; and, therefore, he again restrained himself, though with difficulty, and said, hurriedly, while every limb shook.—

"It is an effort too great for me to talk to you now. Constance:

but in a few days, perhaps, you will let me do so."

She sat down unable to sustain herself. There was a tone of displeasure in his voice which quite overcame her; and she was wholly at a loss to imagine what could have occasioned so sudden a change in his feelings. The thought of the conversation, too. demanded as it was in a manner so cold, so formal—filled her with

apprehension, and she could not speak in answer.

Displeasure was, however, far from Sir Roland's mind at that moment. It was the great effort he was making to suppress his feelings of tenderness, and to keep back from his lips the words he so longed to speak, which alone gave the appearance of it to his manner. All hope for himself, indeed, was past; but it was impossible to look at Lady Constance and suspect her of feelings of hatred and cruelty: yet still her terrible words rung through his brain, and he felt that he must have an explanation, and be at peace with her; must have her restored to her bright place in his esteem, or his heart would break.

They both remained in painful silonce, till Lady Ashton's reentrance in some measure relieved them. She was again struck with the embarrassment of their manner; and involuntarily looked from the one to the other in the greatest surprise. She said nothing, however, but sat down quietly to her work; yet her mind telt deeply distressed. It seemed to her as if a spell had fallen upon the house, and had converted it, from the home of peace and love it used to be, into an abode of discord and misery. She had long traced the expression of wretchedness on the once beaming countenances of Henry and Constance, and now Sir Roland, too, seemed affected by the same blighting influence. Butshe did not like to probe the feelings which appeared so much to court concealment, so determined patiently to wait either for the passing away of the discomfort, or at least for the voluntary explanation of it. Yet it made her miserable at that moment; and she could scarcely restrain the tears of grief which swelled to her eye, at the thought of the wretchedness of those she loved so much.

Amxious to divert the thoughts of all from the painful subjects which seemed to occupy them so exclusively, she begged Lady Constance to fetch her guitar and sing to them; but Sir Roland

hastily exclaimed,—
"Oh, no, not that!"

"Will it he too much for you?" she asked.
"I could not bear it," he answered, hastily.

She sighed, for his manner was so wholly unlike anything she had ever seen in him before, that she felt perfectly miserable. Lady Constance, too, was oppressed by dread; and soon found some excuse for leaving the room.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

"Do not crush me with more love Than lies in the word 'pardon.' "—TALFOURD.

"'Tis sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language; —on earth it is called Forgiveness!"

LONGPELLOW, from the Swedish of TEGNER.

SIR ROLAND was possessed of property in several parts of Cornwall; and at about sixteen miles from Llanaven he had another beautiful residence, though wanting the ineffable charm which Llanaven possessed, in having the ocean for its boundary. Lady Ashton having some business to transact at that place for Sir Roland, proposed driving over there early the next day, and Constance, glad to escape from home, even for a single day, asked to accompany her. The offer was of course accepted, and Florence also expressed a wish to go. Lady Ashton, however, fancying ner sons would feel lonely, said she thought she had better remain at home; but Sir Roland, begging he might not be considered, it was finally determined that both the sisters should go.

Sir Roland felt that their absence would enable him, without fear of interruption, to obtain his dreaded interview with his brother; and he determined that he would not weakly put off the trial, though he searcely knew how he should speak, or what he should say, for he had nothing but his own strong internal conviction to act upon. He knew not even whether Henry was acquainted with his engagement to Lady Constance,—whether he had ever spoken to her on the subject of his attachment; or whether his evident

melancholy were produced merely by her having shown that she

would not permit or encourage it.

"Yet," he thought, in the latter case, "why should his manner have been so cold and constrained towards me at our first meeting. If he had had no reason for uncomfortable feeling towards me, would it not have been more natural that in his grief he should have rejoiced at the sight of one, whom he well knew would sym-

pathise with him in all his troubles?"

Still he would not admit the idea of Henry's having acted in any way dishonourably, or of his having pursued his own wishes, when aware of his claims. In short, his mind was in a state of the most painful perplexity; and he could not close his eyes during the whole of that distracting night. He knew but too well that his every prospect of happiness was doomed to extinction; yet it was agonising to think of hearing the dreaded words which must end it for ever. His mind at times began almost to wander, and he feared lest the strong excitement he was under might again bring on his fever. He prayed earnestly that his senses might be preserved, at least till he had spoken that which, if it destroyed his own hopes, would secure the happiness of those to whom he was so much attached; and he continued in ardent, importunate prayer through much of that long, long, weary night; till at last his soul found a peace which, even in the happiest days of life, had never been bestowed. God does indeed impart "to the still wrestlings of the lonely heart," His own sovereign peace and strength; and when Sir Roland rose in the morning, it was with a calmed and tranquil feeling, which he would have thought it impossible to have attained.

When Lady Ashton and her companions had set out on their expedition, he instantly sent down to know if his brother could set him; determining to give himself no more time for harassing thought, but to force himself at once to go through the dreaded trial which lay before him. He knew that, however great his sufferings, the Lord would impose nothing but what he would give him strength to endure; and that the longer he put off the painful

duty, the more difficult its performance would become.

"It can but last a few years," he repeated to himself, to still the tremors of his mind while he was waiting for his brother's answer;—"life can but last a few, few wretched years, and then

there must be peace."

He lifted up his heart to Heaven in prayer for composure; yet he felt a dead faintness come over him (for he was still very weak.) when his servant returned and said, that "Mr. Ashton would be very happy to see him;" but determining not to give way, he instantly rose, and, taking his man's arm, he slowly descended the stairs.

Knowing that Henry was still confined to his sofa, he entered the room, purposely, by a door which was behind him, that he might avoid being seen on his first entrance; and then leaning on the back of a chair for an instant, he directed his servant, by a sign, to place another for him near the end of the couch against which Henry was leaning, in order that he might be enabled still

to keep out of his sight.

Neither of the brothers spoke till the servant had left the room; but when he was gone, Henry put out his hand to Sir Roland, and the latter clasped it in silence, for his breath came thick and short, and he could not speak.

and ne could not speak.

"Thank God! you are here once more," at length exclaimed Henry. "I had feared never again to see you."

"Yes, I am better," said Sir Roland, kindly; "and you?"

"Oh! I am well enough," replied Henry; "you are now the one to be thought of. I little imagined when last we parted how much we should have had to endure before we-met again."

"Nor I," said Sir Roland, in a voice so choked by emotion, that

Henry, surprised, turned round towards him, saying-

"Roland, you are still, I am sure, very ill; why did you venture down here so soon?"

"I am, indeed, still ill," replied Sir Roland; "but I knew I should never be better till I had spoken to you, Henry, and therefore I determined to come."

"Spoken to me!" said Henry, in sudden apprehension.

"Yes, I must speak to you," replied Sir Roland, becoming

calmer, now that he had entered on the subject.

He paused a moment,—Henry's agitation was extreme; but he felt not a doubt as to the subject on which his brother was about to enter; and imagining he was come as a successful riyal, to speak with blameful indignation, his proud heart rose up against him.

"And what have you to say to me?" he asked, fiercely.

"Much," said Sir Roland in a stern voice; for his brother's

manner was not such as to conciliate him.

It must ever be a hard struggle for any man to feel kindly towards another who has obtained the place-refused to him-in the heart of the being he loves better than his own life! And Sir Roland was but man—young—devoted—and about to part with hopes which had been his for many a year—hopes—which had seemed the sum of earthly existence to him—part with them too, in favour of one, who at that moment seemed to meet his noble and generous advances with a harsh and repellent spirit. He was soon however enabled to overcome the emotions of anger within him; and reflecting that Henry could not know of his intentions towards him, animated and softened too by his own generous feelings, he continued in a milder tone,

Yes, I have much to say to you; and you must bear with me patiently, Henry, for mine is a tried and wounded heart. However, I did not come to speak about myself, but about you. . . . .

You love Constance, Henry!"

Henry was silent. His heart beat with desperate emotion, and

his breath came audibly.

"I do not ask you if you love her," continued Sir Roland, with increasing agitation, "I know—I feel that you do. But I do ask you as a man—a lover—a brother—does she love you?"

Henry still could utter no sound.

"Answer me," continued Sir Roland, endeavouring to speak calmly, though his features worked convulsively, for he felt as if the reply he expected to receive must kill him.

Henry at length replied, but almost inaudibly.

"She never said she did."

"For God's sake, do not trifle with me," exclaimed Sir Roland, with a vehemence which terrified his brother. "Tell me at oncefor you must know—does she love you?"

"I thought so once," replied Henry, in a voice which seemed to deprecate his brother's anger, "but she never said so, and I have

no right therefore to say she did."

"Said so! No!" exclaimed Sir Roland, "how should she say

so to you, when-He suddenly checked himself, for not knowing whether his brother was informed of his engagement or not, excited as his own mind was, he could yet feel for him; and not till after a deadly pause of several minutes, could he bring himself to say,

"Henry, i do not know whether you know it, but Constance is

engaged to me."
"I know it," replied Henry, with a haughty look, fire flashing from his eyes; "I have long known it—else I had not brooked

your questioning."

A storm of passionate feeling swept furiously through Sir Roland's breast; but its very violence warned him not to speak till it was past. He dropped his head upon his hand, and his better nature struggled for the mastery; his heart was full to overflowing, and he strove to pray, though his mind could form no petition. At length he looked up, and said calmly, and in a tone of such deep anguish, as struck his brother to the heart,

"I did not come here to intrude needlessly into your feelings, Henry, though now I find I had more right to do so than I had thought. No tongue but your own should have dared to tell me that you permitted yourself to love, and sought a return, when you knew of my engagement; that blow Fate had reserved as the

last, and the severest."

Henry's whole soul repelled this accusation, and he was about vehemently to exclaim, that his brother wronged him—that he was guiltless of all meditated wrong against him—but his proud heart would not bend, and he maintained a determined silence.

"I came," continued Sir Roland, finding that Henry would not speak—"though I confess with different feelings from those which harrow me at this moment—to seek your confidence, for your own happiness' sake—to learn as much as you would tell me of your own sentiments—and as far as you knew them, or felt justified in

speaking of them—of hers.

He was unable to proceed, and Henry, torn by contending emo-tions, still remained silent. His mind was in a state of utter hewilderment; he could scarcely believe in the existence of such noble intentions as his brother's words seemed to imply; he could not believe that he had come to sacrifice his own love-to destroy his own happiness, in order, if possible, to secure his,—it accured beyond the power of human nature so to act.

"No," he thought, "he only comes to warn me that I have no hope; to tell me not to waste my heart's affections vainly.
annot intend to give Constance up! No one could do that!"

"Will you not answer me, Henry?" said Sir Roland, after a time, hurt and displeased at his brother's apparently ungrateful silence. "What boots it," said the other, with sullen gloom, "to repeat what you know already! You tell me I love Constance—I can tell

you no more!"

"You might at least tell me in a more gracious—a more feeling manner," said Sir Roland, in a voice of deep emotion; "you cannot suppose it to be a matter of indifference to me, either as

regards your happiness or my own."

"What would you?" exclaimed Henry, distractedly, dashing his hand to his forehead, "Constance is yours—yours by promise by engagement! I know she is yours, and I have no wish, no right—Oh!" he added, bursting into a passion of tears, "I need not change the word, for, God knows, I have no wish to separate you!"

Sir Roland pressed his shaking hand on his brother's shoulder

with the earnestness of affection, and said-

"Henry, listen to me—listen to me quietly; and I beseech you answer to what I shall ask. You seem to say, that you have allowed yourself to love Constance, though you knew of our

engagement."

"No," exclaimed Henry, vehemently interrupting him, and springing from the sofa, regardless of pain or weakness; "no, Roland, I deny it; I never knew or dreamed of your engagement till I had spoken of my love; and then she told me. "No," he continued, in violent excitement, "I take God to witness for me, that I would sooner have torn my heart quivering from my breast-sooner have committed any other crime under heaven-yes, any other crime! than have wilfully, knowingly, sought to gain Constance's love from you!"

Sir Roland was greatly affected.
"I believe you, Henry," he exclaimed; "I fully believe you—it is your nature. Forgive me for believing the contrary for a moment. But I have been so tortured of late, I scarcely know whom to credit, whom to doubt! Your own words alone could have shaken my trust in you; but I understood you wrong. And now, my dearest brother—for such through all trial you must ever be !tell me—as you value my peace and your own—have you reason to believe that Constance prefers you?"

"Roland," answered Henry, turning round, and leaning from the couch till one knee bent before his brother; as he seized his hand forcibly in his own, "you shall know all. But oh! how ill you look" (for he then first saw his brother's countenance), "and I have been the cause of it." And he leant his head down on his

brother's hand.

"Nothing comes but by God's permission," said Sir Roland, kindly; "but tell me all, and then I shall be easier."

"I will,—and you will judge us kindly."

Sir Roland's lips quivered for an instant, with pangs too great for speech, and then became pale and motionless as death.

"I came home," continued Henry, "and found Constance—such as you know her to be. On that first day, I spoke words, partly foolish; words of-of-what I felt, though it was but a light feeling then. She checked me, and forbad such expressions again. Never from that time did I say or do a thing to make her think I loved her, more than I did Florence. There was something in her manner that made it impossible for me to pass the barrier she chose to place between us. But still I knew of no reason why I should not let my feelings have their way, and I gave them full scope within me. Roland, we were together from morn till night; walked together-read together-sung together-till it seemed impossible to live asunder. I saw she did not observe my feelings, and that she was not aware either that she-

He stopped; his feeling nature made it impossible for him to say

what must be so torturing to his brother.

· "Go on," said Sir Roland, leaning his face on his hand; "go on."

He continued: "I should never, I believe, have spoken—but on the day of the wreck here—which you have heard of—I thought I might perish and see her no more,—and then I could not help speaking. She answered not a word. I did not see her again for many days, for I had been much hurt; but at last we met, and she was cold, and bade me never speak again as I had done; but she looked pale, and so ill and miserable, that I saw-I fancied at least that-" again he stopped, but Sir Roland waved his hand for him to continue.

"I thought, in fact," he said, "that it was not anger or indifference which made her speak as she did; but I was ill, and at first I believe she dared not tell me all; for I was violent and intemperate, and—maddened by her conduct. At last, the night before I went to sea, she told me that she could never be more to me than she was then, for that she was—engaged to you. I appealed—yes, Roland, I confess—that at that distracted moment I appealed to

her heart! She answered-

"What? What?" exclaimed Sir Roland, almost frantic, as his

brother hesitated to proceed.
"She told me," continued Henry, his eye falling before his brother's searching glance, "that she was bound by every tie to

you!"

"My precious Constance!" ejaculated Sir Roland, in a voice of the deepest tenderness, while covering his face with his hands, his tears for the first time gushed forth. His soulbent beneath the mighty grief that lay on it, and for a time all was silent, save the

full heavings of his troubled breast. At length, he exclaimed, "Yes! bound to me by every tie but the one—the only one I

value. That gone—she is free as the unfettered winds!"

A throb of such eestasy passed through Henry's heart as he heard these words, as sent the blood giddily through his brain; but the next instant he abhorred himself for the selfishness which could make him feel joy at that which was worse than death to his brother; and he felt that he could never bear to profit by his unbounded generosity. A sickening fear also came over him, lest Constance

now might really have learnt to prefer his brother. He himself had been absent from her for some time, and the constant endeayours he was convinced she would make to subdue her feelings, added to her ever strong regard for Sir Roland, might, at last, he thought, have enabled her affections to return to their allegiance. His heart sunk within him at the bare idea. And "yet," he thought, "how have I prayed, and wished it might be so-but

He felt humbled to the soul, and silently, with earnest heart, did he implore that his brother's example might not be lost upon

"Henry," said Sir Roland, after a long silence, "you have not told me all. Go on, let me know everything, that I may see my path clearly."

"I have little more to say," replied Henry, throwing himself back exhausted on the sofa. "I went to sea the morning after that evening; I sent her back all I possessed of hers—I have nothing left—and I never wrote to her again."

"Nor to me," observed Sir Roland,—"I wondered at it then,

but do so now no longer."

"No, I could not write to you," continued Henry, "my heart was full of remorse and misery; I could not speak to you about it, and dreaded even thinking of you. Never either would I have returned home, had I not believed that I was dying; and then, I thought that I could give her up, and desired so cravingly to be with my mother. She went with her to Falmouth to meet me; and though for a moment, I confess, my heart bounded at thinking it a proof of her interest in me, yet I soon saw it was no wish of hers that had brought her there; for she was cold and distant, and rarely spoke to me. I have seen her alone but once since my return, and then only for a few moments."

"And what was then said?" asked Sir Roland, in a voice which

struggled vainly for calmness.

"I merely wished to tell her not to fear my ever renewing the subject—as I saw she apprehended it—for that worlds would not induce me to do so: and she replied that she was glad I had given her that assurance, as it relieved her mind. We have had no fur-

ther intercourse together."

"You have acted nobly, Henry," said Sir Roland, with a deep sigh; "and she has had feelings that were but too natural, and has fought against them, it should seem, in a way that unassisted nature could not have done. I cannot blame you—either of you and I thank God for it. It now only remains for me to ascertain

her wishes, and then—they shall be fulfilled."
"You cannot mean," exclaimed Henry (still scarcely believing that Sir Roland could intend to resign Lady Constance to him),

you cannot mean that you can give her up?"
"To you?" said Sir Roland, calmly; "certainly, if she wish it;:

and I feel no doubt about it.'

"Oh! but there is a doubt," replied Henry, warmed with generous feeling; "she ever loved you so much, and has been so cold and distant with me."

"She would not have been distant, had she not dreaded being nearer, Henry. No, no, try not to deceive me into a vain and hopeless hope. She loves you, and you know it . . . so do I. But we must not quite dispose of her," he added, with desperate calmness, and endeavouring to smile, "without her own consent. Must I ask her what she wishes? or will you?"

"Oh! not I-not I," said Henry, shuddering; "her answer

either way would kill me."

"Oh! no," replied Sir Roland, "joy never kills! and if grief could kill—I should not now be here. No!" he exclaimed, and his manner grew excited,—"if mortal agony could destroy—it would have been done by this uprooting of a love which remembers no beginning—and can know no end."

All Henry's feelings were roused by this burst of passionste

despair in his brother, and he carnestly addressed him:
"Roland," he said, "hear me; and I beseech you weigh my words, and do not lightly throw away a happiness which may still be yours. It is long since Constance and I were together; the foolish feeling we might for a moment have had, will soon have passed; she reveres and admires you beyond all earthly things-I know she does," for Sir Roland shook his head; "she has spoken of you as if you were almost more than human! She must love you if she were long with you, and you will remain here with her when I-for I shall be soon well enough—am gone again to sea. I shall be happy in your happiness, and -

"Do not so deceive yourself, Henry," said Sir Roland, much affected by his brother's generous burst of feeling. "We may, indeed, be comforted in the loss of our own happiness, by ministering to that of those we love; but in this world we must live in ourselves, we cannot wholly live in others."

"But when you were ill, Roland, the thought of Constance was terrible to me; and I would have given worlds to have seen you well and happy with her; and earnestly did I pray that it might be so; therefore it is possible you see that change of circumstances may bring change of feeling, and-

"But how did you feel when I was out of danger?" asked Sir Reland, again interrupting his brother; "did you then feel so indifferent to your own happiness? Did you not then find that another change of circumstance could bring another change of

feeling ?"

Henry was silent.

"I know all your arguments, Henry," continued Sir Roland; "for I have used them all myself-but vainly. No, do not trust for comfort to any excitement of mere human feeling, it is too ephemeral; but there is comfort to be found, and I shall find it, I doubt not.

"But still I implore you," continued Henry, earnestly, "do not speak to Constance now-not yet. I do not-I say it in truth-I do not know her feelings now, even if I ever did, -and I shall soon be gone. Do not speak of me to her, nor perhaps of your engagement yet, and I feel sure that soon-very soon-you will see that she loves you, and then all will be well."

"I will not affect a vain generosity, Henry," replied Sir Roland, "or say, much as I love you, that under some circumstances, I might not perhaps have made the trial you so nobly suggest; for I do think that viewed alone, my feelings deserve perhaps more consideration than yours. Yours—dating as you have said they do-only from last year, however strong, are not like mine, rooted in the very depths of my being,—woven into the very 'substance of my life!' Our hasty engagement was not the beginning of my love. Henry! From the time we were all so much together, before you went to sea, I was conscious—child as she then was—that I felt for her, what I felt for nothing else in life—that she was to me as a thing apart from all the world."

"Why did you not then let me know your feelings?" said

Henry, in great agitation.

"Yours would have been a young and giddy spirit then to have confided such feelings to," replied Sir Roland, kindly; "and perhans I was always over-inclined to keep them to myself. I spoke to her father before I went abroad, but he thought her too young, and bid me say nothing to her. Fatal-fatal precaution !- at least

fer me."
"But why did you not let me know, at least when you were engaged!" asked Henry. "I have often wondered why that was

kept from me."

'I will tell you," said Sir Reland :- "Our engagement was formed, as you know, under circumstances of great distress; formed hastily, against my wish; for I carnestly desired more time to be given me for trying to win her affection. But, however, it was formed then; and my mother, with proper feeling, thought it best that it should not then be talked of. You, we should instantly have told, but knew not where to direct to you at first, and afterwards I did not like to have it mentioned to even. you; for I saw-and miserable it made me-that our engagement seemed to check, instead of increasing her former love for me, and I determined she should be free to act as she wished. You see, therefore," he added, kindly, anxious to reconcile his brother to himself, "that you have not taken her affection from me, Henry, for it was never mine. You have only filled that heart which I could not satisfy; and I feel, therefore, that it is the will of God. that you, and not I, should-

"No," interrupted Henry, "I cannot think it; you are suited to her in every way. Oh! if you could but know how ill I acted towards her when she refused me; how violent—how intemperate I was you would know how totally unworthy I am of having her happiness committed to my care."

"And yet she loved you through all," said Sir Roland; and a thrill of anguish darted through his heart; "while she never looked but with coldness upen me, who could not have said one harsh word to her. The heart speaks but too plainly there, Henry; so cease this generous strife against yourself.

Henry was silent for a few moments, for his heart was filled with sweet yet bitter feelings. At length he said, "But why, Roland, would you not let me be told of your engage-

ment when I returned home? That would have saved all our

misery.'

"It might have done so," replied Sir Roland; "and had I been here at the time, I should undoubtedly have told you instantly of it; -not from any apprehension, but because my regard for you would have made me desire to show you all confidence. But for the reason I have told you, I begged my mother not to mention it to any one till my return; and not in the least expecting you home, I did not think of excluding you from that generally expressed wish, and so my dear mother did not like to tell you.

"But you knew that I was here long before I returned to sea."

resumed Henry; "why did you not write to me then?"
"Oh! it matters not," replied Sir Roland, his pale cheek flushing at the remembrance of the struggle he had had at ——, and the deep affection which had dictated his decision.

"I will not ask if you do not wish to tell me," said Henry, rather hurt; "but it has perplexed me often when I have thought

of it,—so I wished to know.

"It was merely," answered Sir Roland, "that I knew you had been together for a long time, and I thought it possible—judging from your first letter especially—that—in short I felt it best to leave all in the hands of God—and He has decided—as is doubtless

Henry for a time could make no answer. Generous as were the impulses of his own nature, he had never even imagined such selfdenying devotion to the happiness of others, as he now saw in his brother. He felt an admiration for him beyond all bounds: and his heart throbbed with anguish as he reflected that he had been the means of destroying his happiness.

"God will be your reward, Roland," at length he said; "but

your words have made me very miserable.

Sir Roland grasped his brother's hand, and he felt that their

hearts understood each other.

"Yet once more," exclaimed Henry, "I must be each—entreat—implore of you, if you do not consider me wholly unworthy to be called your brother—defer your—her decision, at least till I am gone—till you have been long together! I exact this of your regard, Roland. I shall soon be able to rejoin my ship, and then .

"I did tell you, my dear brother," said Sir Roland, "that under some circumstances I might possibly have followed your generous wish, but I cannot now, -I could not do it; and perhaps it were best at once to tell you why. In the active life which your pro-fession affords, you might in time have found relief of mind; but, my poor fellow! they have told my mother, that though your health may be entirely restored, and your strength to a certain degree, yet that you never will be able with safety to undertake again the arduous exertions of a sailor's life.'

Henry shaded his face with his hand, and strong emotion shook him; for fond as he was of his home, and enchanting as was the prospect, however uncertain, of being united to Lady Constance, yet he was devotedly attached to his profession; and the idea of being cut off from it for ever, struck like despair to his heart.

"I would not have told you of this now," said Sir Roland, who saw with regret the pain his words had given his brother, "had it not been to prove to you how impossible it would be, even if I wished it, to follow your most disinterested suggestion; but I do hope that the prospect of happiness at home, which I can now offer you, may reconcile you to your great privation. Do you think, that I, crowned with every blessing of situation, could bear to see you cut off from following the profession in which you have always so much delighted, and deprived of all happiness here also? Never!—No, if Constance really loves you, she shall undoubtedly be yours."

Henry pressed his brother's hand vehemently to his lips.

"This is too much," he cried; "too much—I cannot bear this,

when all I could ever have hoped for, was forgiveness!"
"Let that rest now, Henry;" said Sir Roland, hurriedly. "Tomorrow I will endeayour to settle everything, and then you will be happy, I-think. I am afraid," he added, after a pause, "that I have been intemperate and unkind, but you will feel for me, and forgive me."

"If you would not make me utterly miserable," said Henry, "do not speak in that way, when you have been everything—everything that is excellent and noble, beyond all power of belief!

It is I who have been ungrateful—violent—unjust! Yet, I am blest—and you—Oh! Roland! I cannot endure to think of it!"
"Try to look at these things, Henry, as all guided by a Master Spirit," replied Sir Roland. "He it is, great and good, 'who giveth to every one his portion in due season; and when trial has done its work with me, its heavy weight will doubtless be removed. Do not fear for me, Henry; my love for Constance can never indeed cease, for it is myself; but God will in mercy change the nature of it, and make it the same tranquil, deep affection which I feel for you. He himself will be my portion, and he is the only satisfying one. It is the remembrance or the forgetfulness of that, Henry, which converts miseries into blessings, or blessings into miseries. And now, my dear brother, may God, the God of our Father, bless you! We have mutually, perhaps, had something to forgive, but the deep heart's love has never failed, and never must. Now I will leave you, for we both need rest, and I shall find it best, perhaps, alone. My mind is much relieved, for anything is better than uncertainty, and thank God, all—yes, all unhappy displeasure of feeling towards you is gone; and I find you still the same warm, generous being you ever were.—God bless you!"

Henry wrung his brother's hand, for he could not speak; and

Sir Roland, rising slowly, left the room.

He passed into the adjoining drawing-room, and sat there for some time, in that quiescent state which so often succeeds violent emotions. His mind took a tranquil survey of all that had occurred, as if it had been the record of events long since past, and in which he had no concern. He could even bear to remember

that it was in that very room that he had heard those words of Lady Constance's which had so distracted him at the time and which still lay so chill upon his heart; yet he felt no disturbance. A vague sense of uneasiness was all he was conscious of; each acute sensation being lost in the dull, deadening torpor through which, though he could see events clearly, he could not feel them. After a time, ringing for his servant, he zeturned up-stairs to his own apartment.

When Lady Ashton came home she went directly to visit him. and he told her, without emotion, that he had been down to see Henry, which had much fatigued him; and Lady Ashton having no idea that there could exist any cause of excitement between them, naturally supposed that his evident lassitude and exhaustion proceeded solely from the unusual exertion he had been making: and with a tranquil mind, therefore, she left him, begging him

to go early to rest, as sleep would refresh him.

Sleep, however, was far from his eyes, and for hours he tossed upon his feverish bed. His mind wandered from object to object, vet though none tortured, none gave it repese, for his soul had not yet wholly pierced through the mists of earthly trouble to the unclouded presence of God. At length, finding this state of mind intolerable, he involuntarily exclaimed,—

"Why art thou so heavy, Oh! my soul; and why art thou so

disquieted within me!"

The answer was sent in the power of the Spirit:-

"Trust thou in God, for thou shalt yet give Him thanks, which is the help of thy countenance and thy God."

His mind waked from its dreamy state, and he sunk into real

repose.

#### CHAPTER L.

" His bearing is so altered. That distant I scarce knew him for himself. But looking in his face, I felt his smile, Gracious as ever, though its sweetness wors Unwonted sorrow in it."-TALFOURD.

" Vain, vain, the things we tell ourselves—all vaint! Hope flutters on, on wounded pinion still, With a deep life we have no power to crush. The fatal blow must by another's hand Be dealt. The ruthless lip of those we love Alone can teach us that we are not loved, Alone can tear Hope's quivering grasp away. And bid us, hopeless, loveless, lifeless, to live on."-- HR.

"Thou hast taught My soul all grief, all bitterness of thought! 'Twill soon be past-I bow to Heaven's decree,

MRS. HEMANS.

Which bade each pang be ministered by thee," Norwithstanding the great fatigue he had undergone, Sir Roland rose earlier than usual the next morning. His energetic mind could never endure weakly to postpone the duties which he knew must be fulfilled; and in his present most trying and difficult situation, he felt that the sooner everything was decided, the

sooner should he be enabled to regain his peace of mind.

When he had finished his almost untasted breakfast, he sent his servant to request Lady Ashton to come to him. She accordingly came, and when he had answered all her kind and anxious inquiries, he told her that he wished much to speak to Constance alone, and that he would go down for that purpose into the little drawingroom, and there wait till it suited her to join him; requesting at the same time that they might not be interrupted.

There was nothing extraordinary in this request, considering the position in which he stood, as regarded Constance, but it was made in so troubled a voice, and there was so unsettled an expression in his countenance, that Lady Ashton felt convinced that something most painful had occurred. She would not ask, but her anxious look was read by Sir Roland, who kindly replied

"You shall know all, my dearest mother,—but not now. Pray

for me—pray for me, for I am most miserable!"

Lady Ashton approached him, and putting her arm round him, stooped to kiss his pale brow. He leant his head against her for a moment, but though he felt her tears fall upon his cheek, yet no drop came to ease his own burning eyes. His spirit was wound up for endurance, and he dared not indulge one softening thought. After a few minutes, he said.—

"I must ask you to leave me now, dear mother, for I have need to strengthen, not to melt my heart, which your dear love does.'

Lady Ashton, full of dismay and anxiety, left the room, and going to Lady Constance's apartment, told her of Sir Roland's wish to see her. Constance had expected soon to receive this dreaded message, but now that it arrived, the sickness of a fainting fit came over her. Recovering herself, however, she got up, and was about to leave the room, when she caught Lady Ashton's eye fixed in sorrowful inquiry upon her face. She turned to her, and throwing her arms round her neck, exclaimed—
"Oh! do not hate me, though I have brought such misery into

vour home."

Lady Ashton kissed her affectionately, though she felt more than ever perplexed; but she could not then detain her from Sir Roland, so said,—

"Go, my dear, go, and comfort Roland if you can; he seems so

very wretched!"

She left the room, and descending the stairs, found herself at the door of the apartment where she was to meet Sir Roland. There she paused, trembling from head to foot. It seemed impossible to open the door, or go into the presence of him whose happiness she had so wholly destroyed. The apartment was next to the one in which Henry was; and as she stood in timorous indecision, she caught the sound of his hollow cough, followed by an exclamation of excessive pain. This nerved her at once, for it roused all her deep interest in him, and made her feel the stern

necessity of ending her unhappy engagement to Sir Roland. Not that she dreamed of marrying Henry! that could never have entered her mind, and would have seemed as impossible to her as fulfilling her vows to his brother; but she felt that she must be free, and then she thought she would leave Llanaven, at least till she, and those whose peace she had so much disturbed, should have regained somewhat of tranquillity of heart. She was greatly relieved on entering the room to find Sir Roland was not yet there, and she sat down on the sofa, and took up a book that lay on the table near, in the hope of quieting her agitation a little before he should come in. She was, however, scarcely seated when he entered,—slowly, though without assistance. Her eye rested on him for one instant, but was quickly withdrawn, for her heart sickened at seeing him, changed as he was! His countenance was grave, but betokened neither anger nor unkindly feeling; on the contrary, the sweet expression which generally played round his mouth, was even heightened by the melancholy which pervaded his whole appearance.

He did not raise his eyes to her as he entered, but a slight inclination as he approached the sofa, showed that he was aware of her being there. He sat down by her side, and instantly

began.

"I have asked you to meet me here, Constance, because I have

much to say to you."

He paused a moment, but getting exceedingly agitated, he hurriedly continued:

"I cannot wait to find gentle words, for I must speak whilst I can, Constance, and say that I see—I know and feel that our engagement had best—must indeed end."

He stopped, but Lady Constance could make no reply.

Then fell, in all its fearful weight, the deadly, riving force of hopeless misery upon Sir Roland's heart. Till that moment, unknown to himself, "hope, which comes to all," a desperate hope that would not be denied, had lingered in his breast; though it was the agonizing pang of its final extinction, which alone made him aware that it had still survived within him.

Constance's silence proved but too plainly that she also thought their ill-fated engagement had better cease; and though he knew it must be so, yet the moment of final decision was dreadful to him. Not that he could now have had comfort in the idea of that which would once have given him such unbounded happiness! No! the thought of his brother would have haunted him, and have embittered the sweetness of every domestic tie. Yet still the elast crushing blow was horrible, and an almost frantic feeling of despair rushed over him for a moment; but terrified by its violence, he instantly laid his cause before Heaven, mentally exclaiming, "Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation!" Peace returned into his heart, and when he spoke again it was in a calmer manner.

"I will not go over all the causes," he said, "which have brought us mutually to this decision, Constance; suffice it, that we both of us know and feel that they are insurmountable. You will now, I

trust, at least let me resume the place I formerly possessed in your regard, and deal kindly and openly with me. Though the claims of later days must be foregone, you will not forget that from earliest years I have ever loved and watched over you, with more than brother's love. That love can never cease, though even that has had much to try it of late."

He was silent, and she could scarcely command her voice to speak; but she murmured words of "regard and friendship;" when Sir Roland, with one of those bursts of terrible feeling which at times overcame him, exclaimed wildly and passionately.—

"Talk not of friendship, Constance! They know it but by name who have never given up love for it!"

His whole frame shook with emotion; but after a time, drawing a deep breath, he added, as Lady Constance sat trembling by his

"I entreat you to forgive me, Constance, and to bear with me a little; for I cannot always now speak, or think, or feel as I could wish. My spirit has been so shaken by trial and illness, that I am no longer master of myself. You will forgive me. It is easy for the happy to forgive!"

"Happy !-Oh! Roland," exclaimed Lady Constance, at last,

bursting into tears,—" I am most miserable.

"And I most guilty for speaking as I have done," said Sir Roland, all his own griefs vanishing at the sight of her distress. "Oh! I had meant to hide my feelings from you—to tell you that my love was gone, or a light thing that would soon pass away,—so that your heart should not be troubled;—but now I have wounded you, by my frantic violence; and have shown you that which I would fain have hid from every eye but God's. Most unreasonable, too, I have been, for I have asked your friendship, and then rejected it. But still you will give it me, Constance, and your confidence, too, and I will try to merit them."

Constance's falling tears proved how much his words affected

Her mind, too, was perplexed, for she could no way divine what had occurred to produce so great a change in Sir Roland, or to make him determine so suddenly to break off their engagement. She had expected him to inquire why she was cold and changed, but she had not anticipated his having formed any definite resolution himself. Her conscious mind made her feel sure that Henry must be in some way connected with these things, though how Sir Roland could have become acquainted with his sentiments she was

wholly at a loss to conceive.

Sir Roland felt a great difficulty in mentioning his brother: he could not expect that Lady Constance would willingly acknowledge her feelings, or show the interest which she felt in him, but he was most anxious to end a state so fearfully trying to himself, and to bring her to consent to that which could alone restore happiness to Henry. At length, after a long struggle, he began:

"I am but a poor advocate, Constance, but I am most anxious to try my powers for once. Not for myself—do not fear that," he udded, a flush of pride glowing on his features, as he saw Lady Constance look up with sudden terror to his face ;—"I know myself too

well to supplicate in my own cause;—but I would try to move you towards another, who loves you with a deep, devoted love; one who would die to make you happy. You know that Henry loves you, Constance, and it is for him that I would plead. You do not answer. Constance," he added, with a sudden burst of feeling. "I cannot treat you as a stranger; I must speak openly and freely to you, for this constraint is intolerable. My love is now, you must remember, a thing-forgotten! but it may perhaps give me some little claim to be heard for another. Henry loves you, Constance, and do you not love him? Answer that question to yourself, not to me—not to me! but act on the reply your heart shall make openly—generously. He has suffered long, and deeply, and has been wholly, wholly without blame. He has told me all; and I som come as from him to you, to leg you to feel for him; and I beseech you, let me tell him you will, in time at least, be his. I feel sure that I have read your feelings, Constance; and Henry thinks that he has done so too.'

"Oh! no, Roland," said Lady Constance, carnestly, "he cannot—he cannot! From the moment he told me what he felt, I have never spoken to him if I could help it, -I have never written

to him; he has been to me as a stranger."

"I know it, Constance," said Sir Roland, in a voice of the deepest tenderness and respect, while his heart bled at seeing her continued tears; "my mother, though ignorant of the cause, told me of your coldness and unwillingness to be with him; and that, which to her appeared unkindness, told me all the history of your heart. You have acted, as regards him, as you were sure to do.—But—Constance—there are things I fain would ask, and which I feel that I must know!-Tell me, I beseech you, why, when you felt that you—that you—yes, I will say it—that you loved him, why did you write to me—why receive me as you did? I cannot think you meant to be insincere; yet why could you seek to lead me astray? Why not have told me at ence, you could not be mine, and have given me proof of your confiding friendship. even though you refused me your love? It had been better-oh! far better!

"I will try and tell you, Roland," she said, endeavouring to be "But first, -I never spoke one word to Henry that could make him think I liked him.

"Words are not needful," said Sir Roland, sadly, "to show

either that we love, or that we cannot love.

"But I never, Roland, never did a thing to make him think I forgot my vows to you. He does not, he cannot say I did." And

again she burst into tears.
"No, my dearest Constance," said Sir Roland, soothingly, "he did not say so; he said only that he thought he saw that you were not indifferent towards him, but that he was convinced that you-I scarcely know how to render his words without making him appear presumptnous and over-confident but he was not so; you must believe me when I say so, Constance; he spoke in every way what was right and generous, only it is I who am so wretched an interpreter. But you were to tell me why you received me so warmly, and continued to write to me with so much affection."

"At the first moment of your coming I forgot everything but the joy of seeing you," she replied; "and what I wrote, Roland, I truly felt,—and indeed, a thousand-fold more, because I knew how much I was wronging you; and I feel the same affection now."

Sir Roland pressed her hand a moment to his lips; then let it

fall again, as he leant back on the sofa, and covered his face.

"I trusted," she continued after a moment, "to feel everything I ought; and my mind was getting much more tranquil and happy, when—he returned so ill."

And then all your efforts were scattered in an instant," said Sir Roland, with a pang, which made his heart and brow contract.
"I see it all, and I thank God I can feel for it all. Oh! it is as vain to try to love, as to strive to forget, Constance!

He paused; then began again, in exceeding agitation—
"There is still one more thing I would ask, and then I have
done for ever. Yet my whole soul quivers and trembles as I think of it, and remember how sense, and reason, and life itself reeled under the blow!"

"What could it be?" asked Lady Constance, in terror, as Sir

Roland sat for a moment incapable of speaking.
"Constance! my mother, unsuspicious herself, and not thinking of creating suspicion in me, had spoken of your coldness and strange distance of behaviour to Henry, which she thought proceeded from aversion, but which I soon saw was anything but that. My soul was miserable; and it seemed as if I had nothing more to suffer in life. But as I stood in this room—this very room-after leaving her, I saw you in the next-for the door was partly open—I saw you clasp your hands, as in agony, and looking up to Heaven, I heard you—you, Constance, who were all the world to me, for whose sake I was willing to suffer all things! I heard you exclaim, 'Would he had never returned!'—My senses gave way under my terrible feelings; and—Oh! I was almost going impiously to say, would that my life had done so too!"

"Roland," said Lady Constance seizing his hand, and forcing him to turn to her, "you could not think it was of you I spoke? Of you—oh! never, never!—No! it was of Henry. I wished, oh! how fervently! that he had never come back to blight your hap-

piness.—Oh! not—not of you!"

Sir Roland raised the hand he held in his, a moment towards heaven, while a flash of such joy shone on his countenance as made

every feature resplendent.

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> "Now I am happy," he exclaimed; "now I can freely give you up—for you are restored to me the same—same being that you ever were—true, noble, heavenly! Forgive me that for a moment I could doubt you; forgive me that for a moment I could think you unkind, ungenerous! But it was at the first instant of my distraction at finding that you loved Henry—and it was I who had just returned! My heart has long felt that you could not really wish me evil, but I longed to have your image, as it has

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ever been, clear and bright within me, -and God has granted me my earnest prayer. You will forgive me?"

"Oh! I have nothing to forgive," said Lady Constance, again

melting into tears, "but all to be forgiven."
"Speak of that, I pray, no more," said Sir Roland, with returning agitation; "but if you think, Constance, that you owe me any kindness, let me entreat you to show it in listening to this my carnest entreaty. Let me tell Henry that you will be his.
"No," said Lady Constance, firmly; "I cannot do that."

"Constance," he replied, "you should be above all false refinement. You know that you have been the cause of much misery to two beings that love you. Will you refuse to make the only renaration in your power? It were a false boast, to say that such an act would make me happy; we both know that—that could not be the case; but it would make me happier than anything else could. I have hitherto lived too much for myself, God will teach me to live for others; and your happiness is now my care—and Henry's. Constance, let me entreat you at least to go to him—and then let him plead his own cause; he will perhaps do it best. His coming to you is, you know, impossible, for now again he cannot leave the sofa: but you will not let that keep you from him?"

"Roland, I cannot go," said Lady Constance.

"I will say but this one thing more, Constance, and surely," he added, reproachfully, "you will not refuse me everything? Think only for one moment how much Henry has suffered; think of him now-in the next room-cut off, for the moment at least, from all enjoyment. Remember that you, and you only, can give him peace and happiness.—And will you refuse? Constance, I never entreated for myself, but now I do implore of you—go to Henry. If you will not alone—come with me. I cannot leave you till you have granted my request; it is cruel, inhuman, to give pain where you can relieve it; and you should know Henry enough to feel that he could never mistake you—nor I. Will you not, then, Constance, let me take you to him—as my gift? My heart would be easier then."

"Then I will go," she said, instantly rising.

He took her hand, and they crossed the room to the door which led into the apartment where Henry was lying. Lady Constance involuntarily shrunk back as he opened it, but he whispered to

her,
"For my sake, Constance," and she again advanced. Henry was lying with his back to them, but he was fully aware of their entrance, for he had caught the sound of Sir Roland's voice of Constance's name; yet he dared not turn, or look towards them. Sir Roland went up to him - placed Lady Constance's hand in his, and silently left the room.

### CHAPTER LI.

"Il n'y a que Dieu qui puisse ainsi mêler tant de biens à tant de maux." MADAME DE GUYON.

(" No one but God could mingle so much of good with so much of evil.")

" My soul indeed is fixed; Yet cannot I but feel E'en now the sadness of long days to come; The cold void left me by a lost delight!

How blissful was the thought With her to share each golden evening's peace ! How grew the longing hour by hour, to read Her spirit yet more deeply!

Now is the twilight's gloom around me fallen: The festal day, the sun's magnificence. All riches of this many-colour'd world. What are they now? Dim, soundless, desolate, Veiled in the cloud that sinks upon my heart." MRS. HEMANS' Translation from GOETHE'S Tasso.

WHEN Sir Roland had left Constance with Henry, he went up instantly to his own room.

"Now," he exclaimed, "the worst is over! now I shall find

repose!"

Alas! those who imagine that the active zeal of self-renunciation—the stirring animation of self-sacrifice, where the noble deed follows up the daring resolution—are the worst features of trial, have as yet learned but little in that bitter school. The real suffering of such times, compared to which all else is as "childhood's dewy tears," is, when having given up all, there is nothing left for us to do; when, after the first moment of unbounded gratitude is past, we find ourselves overlooked, amidst the happiness we have almost died to give. Then indeed bitterness overspreads the heart; for the very love which helped to carry us through, is chilled within us, and we feel indeed deserted; and none but those who look to God, not man, can be sustained in patience through such soul-sinking, protracted misery.

Such however were not Sir Roland's feelings at the moment we are speaking of, for it was not the glow of merely human feelings which had animated his generous and exalted spirit! He had set God before him throughout all that he had done and suffered, and had shaped his whole course by His laws. To Him alone had he looked in all his trials, seeking His blessing, and resting on His strength; and He, who is well called "Faithful," now poured into his soul such strong consolations, as completely for the moment overcame all earthly sorrow and regret-filling him with unspeakable happiness. He felt raised above all griefs;—severed, indeed, from all the painfully changeable ties of life, but joined, spirit and soul, with God; realizing the words of St. Paul;—" Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress. or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

He remained for some time in this happy state of mind; but was at last roused by Lady Ashton's voice at the door, asking if she might come in. He instantly rose, and admitted her. When they were both seated, she said,

"I find you have been successful in your kind mediation, my dear Roland, and that Constance has been to visit Henry; I met her just now coming from his room, but I did not like to speak to her. However, as I found she was no longer with you, I thought I would come and see you."

"I am glad you have done so," he replied, "for I wished much to speak to you. But first, my mother must promise an indulgent

hearing of what I have to say.

He then, in the tenderest manner, informed her of what had taken place; dwelling as little as possible on his own feelings, and bringing forward every circumstance which could tend to exonerate his brother and Constance from all blame. But the intelligence was so astounding to Lady Ashton, that she was completely overwhelmed by it, and reproached herself in the bitterest terms for her want of caution and discernment. Sir Roland strove to comfort her, and reconcile her to herself; but she was for a length of time inconsolable at the thought of the unhappiness she had brought

upon him.

"You must not think so much of me, my dearest mother," he said, with a smile of sadness. "Nothing can come but by my heavenly Father's permission, and you cannot doubt but that He who has been with me so graciously hitherto, will be with me always. If you could but know the comforts He has sent me since last I saw you, you would be fully reconciled to leaving me in His gracious hands. I remember, some years ago, reading the account of a man whose only son was dying, and who in great trouble of mind had gone into his own chamber to pray. When he came out again, he saw by the countenance of a servant whom he met, that all was over. 'Do not be afraid,' he said, 'to tell me that he is dead, for, for the revelations that God has just made of Himself to my soul, I could endure to lose a son each day of my life.' I recollect at the time I read this, that I marvelled at the degree of comfort given; but I marvel now no longer, for I have experienced the same. You, my dear mother, must help me to sustain this blessed frame of mind, and not to sink under trials which without God's help must, I think, have destroyed me. Of me, then, we will talk no more; but we must now think of promoting the happinoss of those whom I have so long, and so involuntarily made miserable. Henry, you must feel, is not only blameless, but his conduct has been beyond all praise. So young-so impetuous! yet in this case so self-restrained, so high-principled, so thoughtful for me! She too-

Lady Ashton involuntarily shook her head, and, through choking "s, spoke something of "change, and light feelings."

"My mother!" exclaimed Sir Roland, becoming greatly agitated, "if you would not add bitterness to my great trials, and sink the heart which God has so sustained, do not, I implore you, blame her, or show her coldness, or displeasure. Hers are not light feelingsshe has never changed-for she never loved me."

"Roland!" exclaimed Lady Ashton, "what can you mean? She

was engaged to you!"
"I know it," he replied, and for a moment his brain felt dizzy; but regaining his composure, he continued, "but her engagement was formed I am convinced solely to please her father. She never loved me! I saw that almost directly after, though I would not harass you, or compromise her by saying so; but I spoke to her shout it, and implored her to break it off if she wished it; but she loved no one else then, and would not pain me by doing so. And remember, too, how much she always loved Henry from a child; and then when she was so unavoidably thrown with him again, oh! my dear mother, how could it be otherwise?"

"Ah!" said Lady Ashton, "I see and feel it all now, and all my own folly too. It was, indeed, blindness! But I was so fully persaaded that she loved you, that had an angel told me otherwise then, I could scarcely have given the assertion an instant's belief. But

still my heart bleeds.

"And does not mine?" said Sir Roland, turning away, with "Yet will anger against those we love a despairing gesture. heal the wounds of the heart? No! most thankful am I, that blame and displeasure mix not with my feelings towards either of them. I should have mourned the loss of my own happiness doubly had that been the case; nay, it would have been doubly lost.

"I cannot be thankful enough to God that such are your feelings, my ever dear Roland," said Lady Ashton, with an expression of the deepest affection; "but it is sometimes harder to forgive a wrong done to those we love, than one committed against oneself."

"Think of Constance as the being who makes Henry happy, not as her who has made me-miserable!" And his voice dropped so as

to be almost inaudible.

"Oh! I love her too well to be unjust towards her," replied Lady Ashton, "for she is most sweet and gentle. Ah! now, too, I can well understand all that seemed at the time so inexplicable in her conduct, her avoidance of poor Henry, and seeming displeasure towards him! Oh! yes, she has acted well, and I was cruel and unreasonable with her, poor child, when she had already enough to bear in seeing him so suffering, and in not daring to speak to him one word of comfort. Do not fear me, Roland, she shall be to me what she has ever been."

"Dearest mother," said Sir Roland, "now, indeed, you make me happy; for I could not have endured to see her drooping under your displeasure; and for all her new-formed happiness to be destroyed by coldness on your part. Never shall she see a frown on my brow; nor, if I can help it, hear a sigh from my lips. The fatal subject is of course closed between her and me for ever, but do you talk to her openly about her feelings, and her happiness, and leve;

else discomfort and distrust will grow up between you. You will

do this for my sake."

"I will," said Lady Ashton, rising; "and will seek her now, for I doubt not her poor heart trembles at the thought of our meeting, and she will feel relieved when the first words are over."

She went accordingly, and found Lady Constance in her own room, who on seeing her enter, burst into tears. Lady Ashton put her arms round her, and kissed her with the utmost kindness.

"Can you forgive me?" exclaimed the poor girl, burying her

face on Lady Ashton's shoulder.

"Yes, my dear child, I can forgive you," she replied, "for I have been the most to blame through all that has happened. But we will talk of this quietly some other time when your spirits are less excited; and you will find me still, as ever, a loving mother to you."

Lady Constance's heart swelled with emotions painfully tender as Lady Ashton spoke in accents of such kindness and affection, and she would at that moment have gladly relinquished every bright hope of her life, to have restored peace and happiness to

those she had so deeply wounded.

When Lady Ashton returned to Sir Roland, she found him much exhausted, but still calm and sustained by heavenly comforts. She told him of her interview with Lady Constance, and cheered him much by the kindly feelings she expressed; then left him to endeavour to seek repose. He retired early to rest that night, and slept calmly. But the awakening next morning! Oh! it required the clear prospect of Heaven, indeed, to sustain through sufferings

like those he then endured!

When he awoke, he looked out on one of the brightest scenes which nature can present. It had frozen severely during the night, and every fibre, and leaf, and slender stalk, was set with crystals which sparkled with the brilliancy of diamonds, or shone with the softer gleams of silver in the sun's early beams, making the earth a palace of fairy frost-work; while the ocean beyond, lay dark and trembling under the morning air. For an instant his mind, arrested by the beauty of the scene, enjoyed a sense of tranquil placaure; but when remembrance returned, in all its desperate force, his very soul gave way under its power, and he sunk back upon his pillow prostrate with utter misery. He selt that no hope, no joy, no happiness, could ever come to him again; that his life was aimless—his heart, vacant. He closed his eyes, and groaned, in very agony and desolation of spirit.

When in the midst of the current of daily occupations, though the burthen they may have to bear be heavy, yet step after weary step, the miserable are enabled to drag on their weight of unhappiness till night again comes, and brings with it a dull and temporary relief. But the restless, ever-flowing sorrows of our waking hours do not sleep as we do; they—ever restless, ever-flowing, seem to accumulate like a weight of waters, whilst we are losing the inward power of sustaining them; and when the temporary barrier which sleep has raised against their tearing power,

is removed, and we awake again to the light of day, then comes the mighty torrent down upon the soul with overwhelming, desolating force!

> "Thou hast been called, oh! Sleep, the friend of woe, But 'tis the happy who have called thee so!"

Sir Roland, indeed, felt most miserable, and in spite of his resignation to the will of God, his soul was completely benumbed. All call for immediate exertion was over, and his spirit sunk for the time under the oppressive hand of deadly sorrow. Yet there was no murmuring in his feelings, but rather a willingness that God should rule, and that He should dispose of him in all ways. Yet it was impossible but that he should feel the sudden rending away of ties and hopes which had been his so long; and though he knew, and blessed God that this was not his home, yet he had—for he was young, and his spirit had been bright and buoyant—figured life to himself in sweet and glowing colours. Now all was changed, all one universal blank—one deep, dark sea of desolation, over which there brooded only that calm of utter hopelessness,

## "Which leaves the heavy heart in darkness—but in peace!"

He could not endure this state of mind, however, so he rose, determined to shake off his despondency, and not weakly to give way to it, as if he knew not where to go for comfort and strength. He prayed long and earnestly; and though he could not feel the exaltation of spirit which had been granted him the day before, yet he was enabled to look joyfully beyond the "waves of this troublesome world," and to feel that, compared with eternity, life was but as a dream.

One thing only now remained for him to do as regarded Henry and Constance, which was to arrange things for their future happiness, and to make such a settlement upon them as would secure them in the possession of every worldly comfort. It has been before stated that Henry Ashton's fortune was by no means large, and Lady Constance's was not so either, but Sir Roland was determined that they should never know the want of anything to which they had been accustomed: and ever energetic in following up his resolutions, he wrote by that morning's post to his solicitor in London requesting him to come down to him as soon as possible. thought of contributing to their happiness sent a thrill of joy through his heart, and he felt there was something yet to live for. When he had finished and despatched this letter, he went downstairs, for he felt convinced that the sooner he could resume his active habits of life, and overcome that lassitude of misery, which made the thought of every duty so irksome to him,—the better it would be for him. He knew that the first meeting with Lady Constance must be exceedingly painful; but he resolved not to defer it, knowing how much the fearful anticipation of things adds to their difficulty and pain, and anxious also as soon as possible to set the minds of the others at ease. He went, therefore, at once into the drawing-room, where he found her alone, reading; for she had

not thought he would have been down so soon, or her fearful heart would have sent her back to her own room. He advanced to her directly, and they shook hands, but neither at the first moment could speak; and Lady Constance, soon putting down her book, rose, murmuring something about Lady Ashton, evidently as an excuse for leaving the room, but Sir Roland begged her to stay with him

one moment, adding,

"Constance, if I am ever to regain peace of mind,—if I am not henceforth to be an exile and a miserable wanderer on the earth, unable to endure my own home, I must accustom myself to look on you, as what you are now—belonging to snother;—and must overcome the pain of thinking of you,—of seeing you before me such. If you have any true regard for me, you will help me to forget my feelings, and not bring them ever to my mind, by showing that you remember them yourself. I must hope, from your friendship, assistance in conquering my weakness, and then in time—I may learn to be at ease in your presence. Do not, I beseech you, at any time leave the room because I enter it, or I shall never bear to do so; and I shall feel an always increasing sense of misery and dejection, instead of learning to bow to God's decision, and teaching my selfish heart to be happy in the happiness of others. Show me this confidence, this kindness, will you, Constance? for I feel it will be far easier for me to begin the effort now while I am still sustained by the fever of the first exertion, than if I waited for awhile, till languid nature left no strength within me. I know this will be an effort to you, I fear an unwelcome one, but I trust you will feel for my trials, and not increase them.

He spoke with great difficulty, and with many interruptions, but Lady Constance could not find power to answer for some time. At length she said, with much feeling, "that there was nothing she would not do that he could wish of her;" and taking up her book

again, she resumed her seat.

He thanked her—but his manner was colder than before, for the sound of her voice overpowered him, and he dared not give way to the slightest feeling, even of gratitude. He could scarcely even maintain his resolution of continuing in the room, but he felt that if once he were conquered, the next effort would be doubly difficult. He asked strength of the "Strengthener," and was enabled to overcome himself, and walking to the window he made some observation on the scene before him, where everything still retained the beautiful appearance that had so much struck him on his first awakening; for though the sun shone brightly, yet its frozen beams had not had power to displace a single gem of all the thousands which it lit up in such splendid radiance.

Lady Ashton then entering afforded him some relief, and he som after left the apartment, saying he would go and see his brother.

Henry was excessively distressed at his first entrance, but Sir Roland's kind and cordial manner soon relieved him, and after talking on indifferent subjects for a few moments, the latter began.

"Henry, we have always lived together in the most free and intimate way, and remember now, that no coldness or restraint

must be allowed to creep in between us. We both know what must for a time be uppermost in each other's thoughts, but it will depend greatly upon you, whether my feelings continue to be those of unmitigated pain, or whether they shall have much of comfort, or indeed of pleasure mixed with them. I will not promise," he added, with a rather forced smile, "to talk to you of all my feelings, but you would make me very happy if I felt you could talk to me of yours. Do not fear paining me; your constraint of manner will pain me much more, for it will make me feel I have lost a brother as well as—other ties; and the sooner you can forget me, the sooner I shall be able to forget myself."

"My dear Roland," replied Henry, warmly, "I wilt try if possible to forget the deep injury I have done you, as you wish it, and only to enjoy the happiness you have bestowed; and I will try also to overcome the pain I feel every time I see you, or think of you; for if I lose you as my brother, all other happiness would be,

indeed, dearly purchased."

"Well, Henry," answered Sir Roland, in a cheerful tone, "all you have now to do, is to get well as fast as possible. It seems happily that no more operations will be necessary, so all is in progress for recovery, and the doctor and lawyer must see which can get their work done first. I have sent for L to come down here, and the care of your future prospects must be left to me; whilst you and your doctor must exert yourselves to be ready by the time we are.

It is impossible to describe Henry Ashton's feelings as his brother spoke these words. In former times, and under different circumstances, he had indeed looked to Sir Roland as he would have looked to a father for help and assistance; but now, to receive not only Lady Constance herself, but the means of being united to her, from his hand, was a burden of gratitude he hardly knew how to

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Painful thoughts had obtruded themselves on his mind on this subject, immediately after the first emotions of happiness had subsided on being with Constance the day before, for he had felt that he could never ask, or wish her to leave the comforts and luxuries with which she had from infancy been surrounded, to share with him a sailor's home; and yet he could not of course bear for a moment to look to Sir Roland for anything; and thus distress had mingled itself with his cup of happiness, and embittered it, while Sir Roland's painful lot had been sweetened by the greatness of God's mercy. Now, however, all anxiety on the subject of his marriage was removed, and his whole soul was filled with gratitude.

"I have no words, Roland," he answered, when his brother had finished, "to express what I feel. Your own heart must judge for me what I would say, my dearest brother!"

"Let me see that you are happy," said Sir Roland, "and the gift of a little of this world's goods will be more than repaid. Remember what I have said, Henry, and let me see, by your free expression of happiness, that you wish to make me happy. I have said somewhat of the same kind to Constance," he added, determined to overcome the difficulty he had in speaking of her, "and she has

promised to be everything that is kind."

Henry's colour rose at hearing her named by his brother; and Sir Roland, finding the effort to sustain an appearance of cheerfulness very trying, soon after left him.

As he was going out of the room, he met Lady Ashton with a

letter in her hand, which she held out to him.

"This relates to you," she said, "and I am not quite sure who it comes from. It is edged with black, and is signed 'Wentworth;' but it is full of anxiety and regard for you, so is very pleasant to me."

"It is from Scott," said Sir Roland, looking at the letter; "his uncle must then be dead. Poor excellent old man! he is gone to his rest,—how happy! I will take this up to my room, mother, he added, "and will you come there to me? But first, take Constance in there," he said, pointing back to Henry's room, "otherwise I feel sure she will not go. It is all new to them at present, and it is not as if he could go to her."

Lady Ashton turned to do as he wished, while her heart swelled with a love too painful for him whose glorious nature had sent her on her kind mission. Lady Constance was of course too happy to go to Henry, though she had not liked to do it unasked; and lady Ashton then went to Sir Roland, who had by that time read his

friend's letter.

It was written to Lady Ashton, and Mr. Scott, now Lord Wentworth, expressed in it his deep concern and anxiety at hearing of Sir Roland's illness and danger, the news of which, he said, had but just reached him, for he had only that day arrived in London from the Continent. He added, that he trusted he should be pardoned for not waiting for an answer before he set off for Cornwall, but that his uneasiness was so great that he felt it impossible to endure the delay of the post.

"He may then be here to-day," said Lady Ashton, "and I

shall be most happy if he comes."

"Yes, I shall be glad to see him," replied Sir Roland; though his heart writhed under the remembrance of the bounding spirits with which he had last parted from him at ——, when all his anticipations had been so bright,—so different!

A few hours afterwards Lord Wentworth arrived, and was of course most thankful to find Sir Roland so much better than he had expected. He was, however, much affected at seeing his altered looks; while the great depression of his spirits could not long escape his penetrating eye. But he attributed it to the effect of his illness, and trusted that, with strength, his natural animation would return.

"I am very glad," he said, "now that my fright is over, that it was strong enough to make me come down here directly; else I should have been entangled by the cobwebs of lawyer's chambers, and never have got free; for I am threatened with a life's worth

of business."

Sir Roland spent that evening down stairs in the drawing-room for the first time since his illness. He was anxious to do so before Lord Wentworth became acquainted with his altered hopes respecting Lady Constance, as he feared that his friend, whose feelings were warm and keen, might show too much of his regret and sorrow. How often had he anticipated the day when he should introduce Lady Constance to this, his dearest friend, as his wife!—when he should see gathered around him, in his happy home, all that was most delightful to him on earth! And they were there now—all collected,—but with other uninvited guests:—sorrow, and blighted love! He retired early, telling Lord Wentworth that he might breakfast with him in the morning if he liked it, for that he was not yet equal to joining the family party so early. It was agreed that he should do so, and they then parted for the night.

### CHAPTER LII.

"Come, Disappointment, come,
Though from hope's summit hurled,
Still, rugged nurse, thou art forgiven!
For thou severe wert sent—
To wean me from the world;
To turn my eye
From vanity,

And point to scenes of bliss, that never, never die."
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

"Ahi! null' altro che pianto al mondo dura."—Petranech.
("Alas! nought lasts but sorrow in this world.")

WHEN Lord Wentworth joined Sir Roland the next morning at his quiet breakfast-table, he was again struck by the air of deep depression which marked his whole countenance and manner. Broland was himself aware of it, and was distressed by his inability to overcome it, for he would fain have concealed and controlled every regretful feeling; but his bodily weakness was so great, that happiness itself would have been almost a burden, and sorrow completely crushed him. He inquired most kindly after Lord Wentworth's aunt, and concerning the death of his uncle.

"He died about six weeks ago," replied his friend, "in the happiest possible state of mind; his intellect perfectly clear, and his faith bright and joyful. It was a scene to strengthen one's heart, which is so apt to lose sight of the value of eternity, amidst the hurrying—pressing things of time. But Ashton," he continued, "you are far from recovered; and there is a look of weak-

ness about you that I do not like."

"If you had seen me when I was at the worst," returned Sir Roland, exerting himself to speak cheerfully,—"judging at least from what my mother tells me—you would wonder to see me here at all, instead of complaining that I do not eat a hundred loaves, and walk a thousand miles a-day."

"Oh! I don't care about your want of appetite, or lack of bodily

strength," said Lord Wentworth; "but I do care (for I like to be one of Job's comforters) about a certain sinking of the whole being which I observe continually oppress you. It is unlike yourself; unlike the cheerful spirit you used to possess."

"Well, never mind," replied Sir Roland; "it will all be well in

time, I doubt not."

"One's spirits ought to be good here, if anywhere," continued Lord Wentworth; "with such creatures around, as one has here. It is very well that you warned me that one of them was private property, or I should certainly have entered the lists for the prize; and I don't know that I shall not do so now, while you are too feeble to break a lance. But really, Ashton, Lady Constance is most lovely! and should be the more so in your eyes just now, that she seems as if she had gone through all your illness with you, and given you back 'sigh for sigh,' she looks so very pale and ill."

Sir Roland intended, of course, in time to inform Lord Went-worth of the destruction of all his hopes, though as he had never known of his actual engagement he did not mean to mention that at all; but now, he shrank from the idea of speaking on the subject, and determined if possible to defer it till they were again at a distance from each other, when he should be able to inform him concerning it easier he thought, by letter. He therefore answered calmly, "that Lady Constance did look pale certainly, but that

she was not, he believed, ill in any way."
"I should have been ill, I think," returned Lord Wentworth," "if you had behaved to me as you did to her last night, Ashtonthat is if I liked you—for you scarcely either spoke to her or looked at her, and seemed, in fact, to take much more interest in her equally beautiful and more blooming sister. Yet I do not know anything in the world which would so completely subdue me, as seeing one I loved suffering from anxiety on my account, even if it robbed her of every trace of beauty. Yours is not a fickle heart, Ashton, you cannot have changed !"

"My heart changed—my heart changed!" exclaimed Sir Roland, his sudden agony too great for repression. "No! everything has changed but that."

"My dear Ashton," cried Lord Wentworth, shooked and surprised at this burst of affliction in Sir Roland, and rising in great emotion to go to him, "what has happened? Is she not?—Are

you not -

"No, all is over between us," said Sir Roland, more calmly; "and I had meant not to speak of it now—but your words roused the whole ocean of suffering within me for the moment. Oh! it is wrong, sinful, thus to give way,—but it is a new thing to me as yet, and—you know how I loyed her!"

And she does not return it?" exclaimed Lord Wentworth. "I thought that must have been impossible, or I would never have

spoken as I did.

"No." replied Sir Roland, who, now the subject had been entered on, thought it would be best to get over the pain of disclosure at once,—and, speaking in a hurried voice. Yet she has not changed, she never loved me, and now she is engaged to my brother.

"Great God!" exclaimed Lord Wentworth, clasping his hands

before his eyes, "hast Thou permitted this?"

He started from Sir Roland's side, and walked up and down the room for some time in the greatest agitation; occasionally bursting forth into such exclamations of grief and dismay, as proved that, in his deep distress for his friend, he even forgot his presence.

Sir Roland, however, had calmed his own mind by prayer, and

was soon able to speak again in a more tranquil manner.

"You must not forget, Scott, who rules," he said. wisdom, perfect power, and perfect love, cannot do wrong; nor would I take my cause out of their hand. It would be useless and false to say that this trial has not been one perhaps of the severest that mortal heart could have had to endure; but we, remember, have a source of strength and comfort in the unwitnessed soul. which passes man's comprehension. The Almighty has been infinitely good to me!"

But when did all this happen?" asked Lord Wentworth, for the moment apparently incapable of reconciling his mind to what had occurred. "When last you wrote to me, all seemed going on well; and, though you did not say that anything was settled, yet you appeared full of happiness."

"I was so then !—full of hope and of happiness. What I state has but just been decided."

"But where then is your brother?"
"My brother? Henry? Here;—dawn-stairs.—Did you not

know it?"

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"Here!" exclaimed Lord Wentworth, in great surprise; "I thought you told me when you wrote, that he was at sea. Why was he not with us last night?"

"He is in too suffering a condition, poor fellow!" replied Sir

"Suffering!" said Lord Wentworth, with an involuntary movement of anger in his heart towards Henry; -- "what has he to suffer?

Sir Roland related to him the accident which had befallen his brother, and all his subsequent sufferings; and then lightly touched on the cause of his own illness, as proceeding chiefly from overfatigue and anxiety of mind.

And not that alone, I am sure, Ashton," returned Lord Went-"A blow like that you have received, was enough to have

extinguished both sense and life."

"'Man is immortal till his work is done,' you know," said Sir Roland, smiling; "and, doubtless, there is much remaining for me to do. But you act but the part of a poor friend, Scott, in speaking as you do. You should help me to look on, beyond these things to anticipate the eternal joy that shall be, and not to mind so much the passing griefs that have been—or indeed still are. It is a comfort, however, to feel that there are those still left, who feel for me so strongly," and for a moment a tear swelled into his eye. But brushing it off before it fell, he added, "I find no peace in letting my thoughts dwell on these things; and I endeavour to put them aside as much as the weak, clinging nature of human affections will let me. But to have had such prospects and then to have lost them !—Oh! the bursting asunder of such ties—and the seeing them transferred to another—is worse than a thousand

Lord Wentworth mused for some time in silence; and then said,

"Ashton, do you mind being perfectly open with me as to this affair? If you do, I will ask no further; but I cannot but suspect that there was more than mere unacknowledged and unreturned affection between you and Lady Constance. You could scarcely have loved her so long and so devotedly, yet never have spoken to her on the subject?"

"I have told you," replied Sir Roland, his whole frame be-coming agitated, "that she never returned my love."

"Well, Ashton, I will ask no more."

Sir Roland saw that his companion was confident that there had been something more than he was willing to confess between him and Lady Constance, and not liking to appear unkind, he at length answered.

"I know that what I say to you, Scott, is as if it were not said, for that you would never breathe a word upon the subject to any living soul; so I will overcome my pain and reluctance, and tell you that we were engaged."

"And she deserted you!" cried Lord Wentworth; his whole

countenance glowing with violent indignation. "I thank God, then, that you never married her!"
"Scott," said Sir Roland, as his eyes flashed equal indignation. " you must not make me repent my confidence in you by allowing yourself again to speak in that way; you must not even think an injurious thought of her—not as you value my friendship!"

"I did not mean to wound your feelings," said the other,

"But it does wound them more than I can bear, to hear her blamed. She has had no blame—no fault; she has acted like an angel!—I beg your pardon," he added, after a moment's pause, and holding out his hand to his friend; "my anger is very ungrateful, for I should have remembered that you were not acquainted with the circumstances; but her clear and lovely image is all that is left me, and I cannot endure that a breath should dim its brightness."

"I was wrong to speak as I did, without knowing all that had occurred," said Lord Wentworth.

"You would not, indeed, have spoken so, had you known what has passed," answered Sir Roland, kindly; "and you shall know it, that you may learn rightly to estimate her, who must ever be dearer to me than my life; and Henry also, whose conduct has been faultless-most noble!

He then, though with some difficulty, informed Lord Wentworth of the outlines of the affair; and the latter was constrained, though evidently with great reluctance, to acknowledge that what had

occurred was most natural.

"Natural in all," he said, "excepting in her preferring any one to you; and that certainly surprises me."

"Thank you. But wait till you have seen Henry, and then your surprise will cease. He is by far the most fascinating being I ever

saw; so I can well understand his being irresistible to her."

"Yours is a blessed spirit, Ashton," observed Lord Wentworth, sighing, "to enable you so to feel and speak of a successful rival. I could never do so, I am sure, were he ten times my

brother !"

"I could not at first feel as I do now," replied Sir Roland, "towards either of them; and that was my severest trial,—for I seemed bereft of every thing. Now, if I feel much oppressed, I look back for an instant to that hour of unparalleled horror, when my mind—totally without power to control itself—was a prey to every evil passion, and then I learn to be resigned to the simple bereavements of earth, and to feel them indeed as nothing—when compared to the deliverance of my soul from the power of Satan. Oh! what must those men endure, even in this world, who are given up to his bondage! Never till that fearful time could I sufficiently appreciate the mercy which has delivered me from it, and brought me into the 'glorious liberty of the sons of God!' And it is well, perhaps, for once to have experienced what the lashing torment of evil passions is, that I may fully feel from what depths of misery and condemnation Christ has redeemed me. No, Scott, if you have, as I know you have, a true regard for me, you will endeavour to keep far from me all that can excite enmity of heart, either against God or man."

"Affliction may well be called no misfortune if it brings such peace as you possess," said Lord Wentworth; "and God forbid I should ever again say a word to trouble it. But my heart is still very earthly; and though, as I once told you, and can truly tell you again, I really never did love any one, yet I can imagine what

it must be,—and that made me feel so much for you."

"It is undoubtedly the strongest of human affections," said Sir Roland, "purposely made so by a God of wisdom and of love; else how should it enable us willingly to forego all other ties for its sake? Yet still we should keep those feelings ever second to the love of God! and perhaps, though I thought I was, I might not have been doing so. These ties are, indeed, when happy, most delightful!

# 'Yet in the world e'en these abide, and we Above the world our calling boast.'

We must not suffer ourselves to be held down by any earthly bands. I have long professed (to myself at least,) to have my chief hopes set on heavenly things, and God sees fit that the grounds of my profession should be proved—bitterly indeed—but, doubtless, kindly. He wills that I should see and feel the weakness of my wavering heart, and be humbled. 'It is not a light thing,' as Lady Powerscourt in one of her letters truly says, 'to profess love to a iealous God.' It belongs to Him alone to look thoroughly into the

heart and see what it contains: and doubtless. He must have seen much that required destroying in mine, of He would never have allowed the knife of excision to have cut so decoly as it has."

"If you have stood in need of this, Ashton, what must others

require?" exclaimed Lord Wentworth.

Scott !—for I cannot help calling you by the old accustomed name. especially when I am going to find an old fault with you." said Sir Roland, smiling, "I wish you would not say those things; they force one either to appear presumptuously to take to oneself praise that does not belong to one, or to have the appearance of affected humility, in disclaiming it. But with regard to the general question, I am far from considering afflictions in the light of punishments; though I think it is well, when they befall oneself, to look into one's heart and see if there is any thing particularly offensive to God there; and even if we cannot convict ourselves of any known allowed sin, to pray with more earnestness than before, 'Cleanse Thou me from my secret faults.' But I am much inclined to believe that no suffering, either of mind or of outward eircumstances, comes in fact, from the hand of God Himself, for from 'Him cometh every good gift,' not evil ones."

"But we are told that 'sanctified afflictions are amongst chief

mercies."

"The sanctification is the mercy, not the afflictions," replied Sir Roland; "for we continually witness the miserable sight of unsanctified affliction. There we see Satan's unmitigated work! But I believe that all trouble comes direct from him, as all sin does, and that it is, like the latter, permitted by God-not commanded.

"I confess it never struck me so," replied Lord Wentworth, "and I think Scripture will scarcely bear you out in the idea, for it says 'God does not willingly afflict us;' and many other passages, which infer that He may afflict, though it may be no pleasure

for Him to do so, convey the same meaning.

"I grant it," returned Sir Roland; "but we know that many expressions are made use of in the Bible, which seem to make Him the author of that which, in fact, He only tolerates. He is raid to have 'hardened people's hearts' against himself, and to have hid the truth from them, lest they should be converted and live; 'whereas, we well know, from the whole spirit of Scripture, as well as from direct passages in it, that 'it is not the will of God that any should perish, but that all should come to everlasting In like manner, I am strongly inclined to believe, that when He is said to afflict and chasten, it is only meant that He permits the affliction or the chastisement—sanctifying it or not, according to rules dictated by His own wisdom, but hidden at present from **108."** 

"But what Scripture-warrant have you for such an opinion?" asked Lord Wentworth: "for I well know you would not lightly take up any opinion respecting these things on any other authority;

yet I cannot recall anything that could give that idea?"
"Look at the history of Job. Does not God say to Satan, 'Be-

hold he is in thy hand, only touch not his life; restraining his malignant power within that bound? And does not our Lord when he had healed the woman who was bowed down, say, 'Shall not this woman, whom Satan hath bound, lo! these eighteen years, be loosed? St. Paul also says, 'Such an one I delivered over to Satan for the correction of the flesh.' And I dare say I could find other passages which do not occur to me at this moment; though it may be considered almost as a sort of summary of this doctrine, where it says, of our great adversary, 'With him dwelleth confusion, and every evil work,' as it expressly affirms that God is not the author of confusion, but of peace."

"It never struck me before in this light, certainly; but what

you have said deserves consideration, though I confess that it brings rather a frightful feeling to my mind; for it is horrible to imagine oneself the sport of the demon."

"We know that our souls are so, unless God control his power there," answered Sir Roland; "why should we then start so much at the idea of our bodies and worldly concerns being so too? Remember always, that 'greater is He who is for us, than he who is against us.'"

"Still it is pleasanter to me to think, when I am in pain and sorrow, that I am in God's hands, than it would be to imagine I was in the clutches of one who torments me for his own malicious

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"It is said that he 'desires to have us, that he may torment us; and when we are told that he is to torture both body and soul in hell, unless we are amongst Christ's redeemed, and know also that he certainly has power to torture our souls even here, I do not see why we are to suppose that our perishable bodies and worldly concerns are the only things he cannot touch. The only difference I apprehend is, that here his operations on us are limited—in hell they will be uncontrolled."

"You certainly seem to have some grounds for your opinion,"

observed Lord Wentworth; "but still it is an uncomfortable one."
"Not to me," replied Sir Roland; "for I had much rather view God as the source only of good, than as the active dispenser of that which troubles and afflicts the soul. But still our pleasure or displeasure at an idea is not what we must go by. We must examine all things by the light of God's Holy Spirit, and not allow 'our wish to be father to our thought.' But I desire to speak with great diffidence upon this subject, lest I should be wrong; I was only speaking of it as matter of feeling when I said it was pleasanter to me to think that no shadow could fail on us from God's throne itself, but that the dark form of Satan alone coming between us, could hide the full light of His countenance. I think it is value also, and, therefore, arroneous, to call pain and sorrow, as viewed by themselves—good; they are manifest, tangible evils; and as we are told that future suffering is carefully to be avoided, and eternal happiness carefully sought, so I think we are right to avoid earthly sufferings, and to seek earthly happiness—in their measure; though of course that is small, compared with the importance and duration of eternity."

"But do you think this view is likely to be of use to mankind?"

asked Lord Wentworth.

"If it is truth, we must receive it without questioning, Scott: but I think it is likely to be of exceeding use, for it helps us to realize the dread nature of Satan's dominion, and gives some faint idea of what we may expect at his hands, when he obtains full power over us. If, when in pain of body or mind, we reflected: This is a sample of the things which await us hereafter in our enemy's kingdom,' it would surely, speaking according to common reasoning, make us careful to be delivered from his power. on the other hand, if every pleasure, every sweet affection, every happy feeling, were felt as a foretaste of those joys which are above -those 'pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore, surely our love would be increased towards Him who has prepared such great things for those that love Him, and our zeal would be animated by the blessed prospect set before us; while we should desire more earnestly than ever to obtain a place by the fountainhead of that 'river of life which proceeds from the throne of God.'

"You make out a good case, certainly," said Lord Wentworth; "and I will examine the Scriptures more carefully as regards it, than I have done hitherto. Indeed I never at all viewed it in this light before, and I think you never held this opinion formerly

either; at least I never remember your mentioning it.'

"No, I did not always think of these things according to this view; but by the continual study of the word of God, and consideration of His ways, fresh views and beauties and delights steal

upon the mind."

"But I have said," replied Lord Wentworth, smiling, "that as yet this thought is not one of delight to me, for I had rather feel that all—even suffering—came from a compassionate Father's hand, than from the capricious power of a ruthless enemy. I like to be able in all times of trouble or sorrow to say with your old favourite, Keble,—

'O Lord, my God! do Thou thy holy will—
I will lie still—
I will not stir, lest I forsake thine arm,
And break the charm,
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest."

"And can you suppose," replied Sir Roland, "that I would receive any thing which broke down that feeling? Who has need of it as I have? But my view of the case does not in the least alter or weaken our perfect trust in God. The only difference is, that you would pray to Him for resignation under the sufferings which He sends, I for resignation under those which He permits; you would pray for deliverance from the weight of His hand, I from the permitted weight of Satan's; we both equally go to God for the mercy. All I mean is, that it is pleasanter to me to feel that when He is forced to allow me to be chastened for my good, He delivers me over for that purpose to one whose ways I may have been too ready

to choose, rather than take the scourge into His own gracious hand. But, as I said before, it is truth, not pleasure, we must seek in the Holy Scriptures. Yet I would speak with diffidence on this, and on every subject which is not revealed beyond the power of doubt."

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"I feel inclined to agree with you in part," said Lord Went-worth; "and yet it is strange—if this idea is a true one—that it should not have been more generally pressed upon men's attention.

"We know that for years and years the most important truths were nearly lost sight of, even in our own favoured church and country," replied Sir Roland. "From the time of Charles II. when so many pious and excellent men were forced from the ministry, till almost within our own memory, the leading truths of salvation were scarcely remembered; and a cold Arminianism sent the whole church, with some few bright exceptions, into the sleep of spiritual death, till your friends—as poor Roberts used to call them—the Dissenters, roused up the dying embers of discipline and of truth too. The Second Advent-the Millennium-and many other delightful views, were regarded as wild enthusiasm, or were wholly unknown; therefore, this opinion which I cannot but think, from the passages I have quoted, was taught in the Scriptures, may have been lost amongst them. But I may be wrong about it alto-gether. One thing certainly I think is clear (to argue against myself), which is, that great judgments, and death for outrageous sins, are frequently spoken of in the Scriptures as God's express work. 'I, even I, do bring a flood of waters on the earth.'—'I can do nothing till thou art come thither,' to Lot, when he was escaping to Zoar. And to Samuel respecting the death of Eli's two sons, he says, 'Behold I will do a thing,' &c. Yet that does not altogether militate against what I was saying, for the act of death seems ever to be spoken of as God's especial work; but the sting of death sin-is certainly Satan's; and suffering too-the fruit of sin-I believe, as I tell you, is his also. Without them, death would be only as Milton says.-

# ' A gentle wasting to eternal life!'

However, it is in vain to attempt perfectly to understand the whole of any—the smallest portion of God's dealings with us; but we can at least say, 'The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice!' One thing greatly comforts me, which is, that the more any dispensation crosses my inclination, the more do I feel the conviction pressed upon me of the absolute necessity for it. It were enough for a God of Love, who is 'gentle as a nurse amongst her children,' to do a thing merely to please his creatures; but when He suffers pain and agony to reach us—then it must indeed be that we could not do without it.'

"Well, Ashton, I can scarcely pity you for all your sorrows, for you seem so full of consolation," said Lord Wentworth.
"Oh! yes, I am so," replied Sir Roland, though the allusion to himself brought back pangs of regret, which the high and holy subjects of which he had been speaking had for a time hushed in

his heart. "Soon I doubt not." he added. "serrow and I shall nart." Yet he leant his head down on his arm with a sigh so deep

as proved that that parting had still to begin.

Lord Wentworth observed his changed manner; and regretted having recalled his thoughts from themes so full of consolation, to the sorrows of his own breast. He was silent for a time. Then with sudden recollection he said:

"By the bye, Ashton, I have a message to deliver to you, which will please you much, though sadness will be mixed with the feel-

'A message to me! From whom?" said Sir Roland, looking w with that listless half-interest which seems to say, "What care any thing avail me?"

You remember Miss Harcourt,—Isabella Harcourt, I mean." "Remember her, oh! yes," said Sir Roland, again dropping his

head, for he felt his colour rise.

"You kn. w, did you not," continued Lord Wentworth, is a softened tone, "that she died last year at ———?"

"Yes," replied Sir Roland.

"About a fortnight before her death. I returned there, and he expressed a wish to see me, chiefly I believe because she knew I was a friend of yours. It seemed that what you had said at different times on religious subjects had awakened her mind to think about them; and that she, and a young brother also whom also had lost, had both been greatly comforted and sustained, by the bright hopes of eternity which you had been the means of importing to them; and she begged me, whenever I saw you, to tell you of the comfort your words had been, in order, she said, poor girl! that you might be 'encouraged to speak for God at all times and every-I promised I would bear her message to you, and I am glad to do so; for I am sure you will rejoice at the thought of having been the means of saving two such young spirits from destruction."

"I do indeed rejoice," said Sir Roland. Yet the remembrance

of Isabella Harcourt was most painful to him; and his heart sunk at the thought of her sorrows, though he knew they were now all

hushed in heaven.

"Ah!" he thought, "how truly may it be said, 'Love smort mortals is but an endless sigh,' heaven is its only real home!"

"I do not think I ever felt anything in my life so much, as I did seeing that dying girl," said Lord Wentworth; "her hectic colour made her look so beautiful, and it was so touching and delightful to see her-so young-supported by such bright hopes, though leaving all earth's joys. I was so surprised too at her sentiments, for I fancied her so very different ;—and she upbraided me, mest justly, for having known the truth myself, yet never having spoken of it to her. But she said, you had been more faithful; and her gratitude to you seemed unbounded. Why did you never tell me that you thought her feelings were changed?"

"We never had much conversation together," replied Sir Roland, still leaning his head on the table, and avoiding a direct

answer to Lord Wentworth's question.

"But did you not think that she had become more spiritual than before ?"

"I really never talked much with her," answered Sir Roland, rather annoyed; "but I thought she seemed to like listening to re-

ligious conversation between others."

Lord Wentworth said no more. A suspicion of the truth darted through his mind, and was quickly confirmed by his recollection of Isabella's embarrassment while speaking of Sir Roland, and also of the sorrow which had occasionally overcome her. He knew his friend too well, however, to mention such a subject to him; but his heart was filled with double pity for the young and lovely creature for whom he had before felt so much interest.

"Strange!" he said to himself, "that two beings, each so formed to be loved and admired, should both have loved in vain!" His thoughts raised themselves to Him—the source of love—with the delightful conviction, that none could love there in vain; and that the craving heart finds there alone that which can never disap-

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### CHAPTER LIII.

"There are sufferings, sufferings to the death, which are not bitter, which possess their own great, their marvellous enjoyment."—F. BREMER.

"And who can stay the scaring might
Of spirits weaned from earthly joys?"—KEBLE.

"He has not suffered you to walk smoothly down the stream of time; but by large and rough billows has dashed you on the promises."—Lady Powerscourfs Letters.

It has often been said that the lot of human beings is more equal in point of happiness than would at first appear to the mere outward observers; and perhaps as a general sule it is true. Those who are most capable of enjoying the happiness of life, are usually also most alive to its griefs; while the apathetic, if they miss the sorrows of the more sensitive, lose their raptures too. The apparently tranquil lot of some is vexed by a thousand small, joy-cankering cares, which effectually eat out the heart of enjoyment, though they leave the outward form untouched; while others, who seem overwhelmed with affliction, find perhaps that one great trial which, like Aaron's rod, swallows up all the rest, making them too light to be felt,—is in fact easier to bear than the slighter sorrows of happier days.

No one looking at the inmates of Llanaven, at the time of which we are now speaking, would probably have hesitated in pronouncing Henry Ashton far happier than his brother. Though still suffering, yet the worst of even his bodily pain was over, and he had the delightful hope of recovering to the possession of all he most coveted on earth. His mind was relieved from the trying grief which had so long oppressed it; and his loving heart was surrounded by friends, all anxious to ease his sufferings, and promote his happiness. The

being in whom all his earthly hopes centred was to be his own, and the feelings which had for months been torture unto him were turned into sources of the most delightful happiness. His heart, too, was at peace with God; for he could look up to him as to a reconciled Father, and feel, that though through weakness he had often failed, yet that he had been enabled in all his great and—humanly speaking—unmerited trial, to keep an honourable and upright course.

But Sir Roland seemed overwhelmed with trouble. he had loved from boyhood, and of late years, with all the intensity, which the human heart could feel, was torn from him for ever!and at such a moment too !- during the first joy of re-union after long absence, when all his feelings, roused to the highest pitch of excited happiness, were almost dizzy with their own excess; -when his long-tried heart seemed at last to have met with the full return of its love, in the joyful greeting of that voice, which reached to the very depths of his soul!—then the blow fell! Then it was that he found the heart he so much coveted was not only not his own, but irrevocably given to another! Weakness and suffering of body to had lent their aid to depress and crush his spirits, and the inability of employing his time as he was wont to do-for he could not yet leave the house, and his head was not sufficiently recovered to allow of his reading—threw the whole unrelieved weight of anguish upon his mind. Until Lord Wentworth's arrival, he had had no one to whom he could in the least unbosom himself; for though all those around him loved him with the truest hearts, how could he speak to them of his sufferings? How could he remind his mother that what made Henry happy was the source of undying pain to him? how tell Henry himself that he had destroyed his happiness? or how-worst of all—trouble the peace of her for whom he had sacrificed his own? No; all the depths of his terrible heart-agony had been hidden, as far as his utmost exertions could enable him to hide them, from every eye, and he endeavoured in every way to make his affliction appear as light as possible. Everything therefore seemed to combine to make him miserable; and yet, when alone, and able to raise his soul to God, he experienced such peace, such joy, such clevating communion with Heaven, as more, much more than compensated for all that earth could take away. His thoughts could dwell with true unaltered affection on every being around him; and the delightful sensation which proceeds from the consciousness of bestowing happiness, sweetened every tie of his life. That "twice-blessed" mercy. which is the heart's best inmate, shed a "peace supreme" throughout his whole being, which was never lost; while with Henry on the contrary the sense of his own happiness was continually darkened by the reflection that he had destroyed his brother's, and made him, whom he loved as himself, a solitary and stricken being. Thus did an equal-handed Providence, in mercy, pour its own unutterable consolations into the wounded breast, lest it should sink dismayed with its suffering, while it troubled the joy of the happy heart, teaching it, amid all its blessedness, that earthly bliss is not unsullied, and that the fulness even of earthly affections cannot satisfy an immortal spirit.

When Sir Roland went down-stairs, he proposed to Lord Went-worth to introduce him to his brother. The latter consented, but with a coldness and reluctance of manner which showed evidently that he felt no inclination to be acquainted with him; and though Sir Roland was vexed for Henry's sake, yet he could not but appreciate the devoted attachment which made his friend feel so strongly in his cause. He took no notice, however, of what he observed, for he knew that no one could see Henry and not like

him, and so he left the matter to take its natural course.

And he was right; for Lord Wentworth had not been with Henry five minutes, before he felt all his enmity against him vanish away, and after half-an-hour's conversation alone with him -for Sir Roland had left the room-he learnt almost to forgive Lady Constance for her choice. Still his heart remained firm to its old allegiance; though he was forced to confess to himself, that it would be a most difficult task to decide between two brothers, who were each so delightful in their peculiar ways. He was particularly pleased at Henry's warm, energetic manner of speaking of Sir Roland; and when the latter re-entered the room, he observed that he watched his countenance with the most earnest anxiety. Still it was evident that it was an effort to both of them to be together, for the very affection which animated them, made them too full of each other to be at ease. Sir Roland's endeavour was to appear cheerful, while Henry's was to subdue his own spirits out of regard for his brother; though an involuntary sadness would often cloud his countenance as his eye dwelt upon that brother's altered form.

When Sir Roland and Lord Wentworth left Henry's room, the

former said.

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"I will return up-stairs, but you should go into the drawing-room, and make further acquaintance with its inmates: and mind you make yourself very agreeable, as my credit, as far as taste is concerned, you know, is at stake. I have been there already."

Lord Wentworth accordingly went into the drawing-room, and did make himself very agreeable. His manners were so easy and unconstrained, and his temper so cheerful, that he was always a favourite; and in a very short time he had given Lady Constance a lesson in drawing, and Lady Florence one in singing, finding much fault, and declaring that he must take them regularly in hand, to save them from being utterly ruined as regarded the fine arts. His heart though was far from being really happy, for the thought of Sir Roland haunted him; and the more he saw of Lady Constance, the more he felt how dreadful a blow it must be to him to lose her. As she sat by him with her beautiful countenance, and sweet smile, he looked at her with painful interest, and could scarcely repress the inclination he felt to ask her how she could have deserted Sir Roland, and consigned one so worthy of her love to such extreme unhappiness. Feeling anxious, however, not to betray his knowledge of the painful circumstances which had occurred, he continued his lively conversation, till having set each of his young companions a whole week's work in painting, which he insisted should be ready for his inspection in an hour, he returned to Sir Roland, whose sufferings he was anxious in every way to alleviate, for he was convinced, notwithstanding his perfect resigna-

tion, that they must be very great.

"You will soon be well enough, I trust, to go out again, Ashton," he mid; "and then when I have freed myself from Chancery-lane, and Lincoln's-inn, and Doctors'-commons, &c. &c., will you come abroad with me? It would be such a pleasure to me! and we have

still so much to see."

"I should be but a poor companion just now," replied Sir Roland; "besides which, I have too much to do here to be able to go away again so soon; and you too will find that you have plenty of occupation on your hands. No, my dear Wentworth," he added, sighing heavily, "I feel your kindness deeply, and your regard is most soothing to me; but I always find it best to meet, and not turn my face from an enemy. God is with me everywhere: and there is something in the strenuous effort to overcome self, and the firm determination to conquer which suits my mind better than retreet or flight. It might have been well for my poor brother to leave his home under his great trial, even if his profession had not called him away, because with him, a prolonged stay was pro-longed temptation, and he had no tie of duty which bound him here. But I am in no temptation, though God knows, in trial enough! My lot is cast—my fate decided; I have but to take up my burthen in the strength of God, and to go on my way without turning to the right or to the left. My station is here; and the sooner I learn to endure the trials of it, the better it will be Were I weakly to go away now, I should only have to renew my grief when I returned; and perhaps not have so much support from above as I have at present."

"You are the best judge, cortainly," said Lord Wentworth;
"but besides the great pleasure it would be to me, I should have

thought it might have relieved your spirits,"

"I do not say that it might not do that, to a certain degree, and for a time," replied Sir Roland, "and I would not, I am sure, ungraciously reject any alleviation of my heavy sorrow, which God would allow me; but I do not feel that I should be right to leave home again so seen. There are many things which have gone wrong already owing to my absence; and many new things which require being done. I am conscious that in many ways I formerly neglected things in which I ought to have engaged actively, because I was happier staying at home with—Constance; but I must do so now no longer. I ought to have done a thousand times more good in my daythan I have done, for it is but a poor return for favours, to neglect the work of the bestower of them; and I think God permits affliction often to fall upon us in order to wean us from self, and to make us wider dispensers of his bounty. In one thing, especially, I think, I was wrong formerly, and that is in refusing to go into parliament; but when they wanted me last year to stand for —, I could not endure the idea of it, and tried to quiet my mind by telling myself it was a situation of great temptation, and that it was wisest and best to keep out of the way of it. But fear it was the charm of my home, and not the fear of evil, which

was the prevailing argument in my mind. They have sent to me again to stand at the next election, and I shall now accept the invitation, for I think I ought to do so."

"Why do you think it so much of a duty," asked Lord Went-worth; "there are plenty ready to stand at all times?"

"It is not the standing, or the sitting, which is the duty," answered Sir Roland, "but the doing the best we can for our country; and I think that when we continually pray for the high court of parliament-that all things may be 'ordered and settled by their endeavours, upon the best and surest foundations—that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us —we are unwarrantable in not using our utmost endeavours to promote what we pretend to ask God for. There may be higher duties which prevent a person entering into parliament, but I am speaking of merely preferring one's own peace and quiet to doing so; which was what I certainly did."

"But would not every member of parliament tell you that the only object of his life was 'to immolate himself on the altar of his beloved country?' Would be not say that 'he outraged every natural feeling by suffering himself reluctantly to be dragged from the bosom of his family,' that his 'retirement from private life' was most painful, and that all worldly advantages, all hopes of advancement or emolument were as an abomination to him? that he was ready to thrust his hand in the flames like a Scovola—te Beap into the gulf like a Curtius—to stand alone on the bridge which separates us from destruction like Cocles -- in short, modestly speaking, to unite in his own person all the glorious deeds and qualities of the heroes of antiquity,—looking for repayment solely to a sinking fund of national gratitude to be established— en tems et lieu?"

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"Ah! elections have been too frequent of late years for the most amiable simplicity to remain a believer in such professions," said Sir Roland. "No-we know perfectly that though there are some who really do seek the good of their country, yet that many are totally indifferent as to the measures passed—excepting as party questions yet like belonging to the 'House,' as the 'best club in London;' and seek in it merely the advancement of their own prospects and interests. The utmost efforts of pseudo charity cannot make one view the thing differently. Now I am, by the great bounty of Providence, in a situation not to require anything; and I confess the going into parliament would be to me a very great sacrifice. Not that I should say so if I agreed to stand, but I say so to you, because it is the truth. What personal pleasure on earth can it be to me, to be forced to leave the country at the time when it is most charming -to go for hours to hear people abuse each other in all manner of ways, and if called to account for saying so, deny having done it, though the whole house has just heard them—to hear them attribute all manner of evil designs to those who oppose them, merely because they do oppose them. And worst of all-and even here at a distance, it makes my very blood boil with indignation—having come into parliament with words of liberality and humanity on their lips—by their acts and votes seal the misery of thousandsthousands too of the most guiltless, and most helpless of their fellow-creatures—children, who because their natural protectors are too poor to help them, or too vicious (which I fear is often the case) to forego willingly the gains which they derive from the destruction of their children's bodies and souls—are to be left with but little protection from the laws of their country; while those who advocate their cause are to be laughed at, as sentimental and visionary! 'When the poor crieth, I will up, saith the Lord, and when I think of those things, I feel that His judgments must be near, 'even at the door.' I have never ceased to reproach myself since I saw the speech and vote which — gave the last time on this subject, and remember that, but for my selfish indolence, he might never have been in his place so to have spoken and voted. And yet he called himself a Liberal! (or I should have opposed him, of course, by my interest, even if not personally—being one myself); and indeed, his speech on the hustings was a splendid outpouring of eloquence about 'suffering humanity,'—the 'best interests of society,' and so forth."

"One voice would have done very little against such a majority,"

observed Lord Wentworth.

"One voice is all that God gives to one man," replied Sir Roland; 
"therefore all he is answerable for. God would have spared the cities of the plain had he found ten righteous men in them, and that 'ten,' remember, must have been formed of units. I do not, however, expect, that the torrent of any evil will be stemmed now, for I fully believe that the judgments of the Lord are abroad upon the land, and that He is hastening the day of His coming, before which we know that crying sins and great 'tribulations' must come. But still we are not to be idle at our posts; so if the election does not come on before I am able to attend to the duties it will bring upon me, I shall stand, and state the cause of my doing so. If God himself prevent my coming forward by this illness, or otherwise, then I shall feel comfortable in the reflection that.

### 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

But they do not 'serve' who 'stand and wait,' when they should be 'running in the way of God's commandments.' That is a flattering unction I have not unfrequently heard indolent neglectors of their duties lay to their souls; but it is a fearful error."

"Well, then, you and I must strengthen each other," said Lord Wentworth; "for the battle is pretty well divided between the two Houses now; and we of the aristooracy," he added, laughing, "are grown as pugnacious as you of the Lower House. I shall read your speeches the day before 'you rise on the spur of the occasion'—take all the good out of them—wreath them round with 'flowers of eloquence' all my own, 'and perfectly electrify the House.' This will do very well for two or three nights, by which time it will be discovered that my beautiful vase 'was once Toby Philpot,' and then shall be extinguished for ever. But really, Ashton, I wish you would not talk of your conscience, for it rouses the dormant embers

of mine; and I must, I fear, follow its dictates, and return to town. My absence is, I know, a source of great inconvenience just now to many; and having saved myself from a brain fever by coming down here to see about you in yours, I must now go back. But I may consider myself as 'toujours prié', may I not? I mean to make myself always 'kindly welcome,' as people say, and uncommonly agreeable."

"You will be both at all times to me," said Sir Roland; "and it does me good to converse on other subjects besides those which in general too much engross my mind. But must you go directly?"

"I think I ought—to-morrow, and then I shall sooner be able to return. I may come when I can, without waiting to send notice, may I not?"

"By all means, and the sooner the better."

Lord Wentworth departed the next day for London; and Sir Roland then, determining to overcome his own feelings in every way, proposed that they should all go, after Lady Ashton's dinner, into Henry's room, as the latter was still suffering too much to bear being removed. He could not do so while Lord Wentworth was there, for he knew that his sensitive mind would have been on the rack for him; and that his own embarrassment at being for the first time with Henry and Lady Constance together, would have been greatly increased by feeling that his eye was on him. His mother he could perfectly trust; for though she was never forward in suspecting anything, yet when once acquainted with a circumstance, she always exhibited the most perfect 'taot' in avoiding everything that could possibly distress the feelings of those around her.

Anxious to betray as little disturbance of manner as possible, Sir Roland went into his brother's room while Lady Ashton and her young companions were still at their dinner; and after talking to him for a little while, said that he had begged his mother to spend the early part of the evening there, for that it was hard, he thought, that he should be left alone. He did not wait for Henry to answer, but proceeded immediately to talk on other subjects, so as to give him time to recover from the nervous excitement into which his words had thrown him. Conversation, however, flagged between them, and Sir Roland took up a pencil, glad of any employment which might serve to hide the trouble which he was conscious that he could not wholly banish from his countenance. The strong impulse of both the brothers, when at length they heard the dinner-party approach the door, was to start up and leave the room, but Sir Roland remained immovable, sketching some trifle that lay on the table before him; and Henry, though he half rose up, yet, controlling himself, rested back again on the sofa. It was, of course, a most embarrassing time for all concerned. and for a time no one could talk; even Florence found her observations so ill seconded, that she became as silent as the rest.

"Shall we not have some music?" at length said Sir Roland, anxious to relieve the general painful embarrassment. "Florence,

as there is no pianoforte in this room, would you mind going into the drawing-room a little while? With the door open, we should

hear you delightfully."
"It is not lighted," she replied; "and alone, with one candle in that great room, I should imagine all sorts of things were dancing about me. If Constance will come with me, I will go; but I cannot possibly do so by myself."

"You ridiculous child!" said Lady Ashton, good-humouredly. "However, you shall have two candles, or a dozen if you like it." "Two and Constance will do very well," said Lady Florence;

and getting up she tried playfully to make her sister rise from her

"Perhaps you can persuade her to sing with you," said Sir Roland, with a sort of desperate determination to endure everything; for he knew that at that moment, of all earthly things, perhaps, hearing Constance's voice would be the most trying to Yet he knew it must some day be done, and the soener be thought the better.

Lady Constance's eyes turned for an instant to Henry, towards whom she had not glanced before; but he was looking another way, and Lady Ashton, thinking she had better not sing just then, mid.-

"No, no, Florence, do not be such a little coward; go and sing

by yourself.

Lady Florence took up a candle, but Sir Roland, knowing that

she was very timid, said,-"No, dear Flory, never mind to-might. You shall not go amongst

the fairies alone to please me."

He would have offered to go with her, but felt that at that mement he could not have stood.

"No," said Florence, gaily, taking up another candle: "the armed, I will defy everything."

"Well, I will go with you," said Lady Ashton. "And Constance, too," she added the next moment, remembering that she would not at all like being left behind alone; "so you will be quite wafe.'

"Sing a trio, will you?" said Sir Roland.

They accordingly selected one, and their voices, sounding from

a distance, had a peculiar and beautiful effect.

It was long since either Sir Roland or Henry had heard Lady Constance sing; and they were both greatly affected by it, though naturally in different ways. Henry was at first much agitated, but gradually all pain fading away, a happiness inexpressible took possession of his whole being. Sir Roland, on the contrary, bere the first few notes unmoved, but as the music, that "sea of painted delight," swelled louder and fuller on his ear, his mind seemed quite to fail under it; his sight became dizzy, and a noise as a rushing waters sounded through his brain. He had taxed his strength too greatly, and nature for a moment gave way as his head sunk on the table. Consciousness, however, did not quite leave him, and after a few minutes, making a great exertion, be raised himself again; and recollecting where he was, he looked in

alarm at Henry, fearful that he might have observed his temporary faintness. But Henry, lost in his own happiness, was lying with his hand shading his eyes, in perfect enjoyment; the smile that rested on his lips proving how blissful were his feelings. Sir Roland looked at his happy countenance for a moment with mingled emotions; till at length the bleesed thought, "It is my work," swallowed up all painful feeling. His mind became tranquillised; and he felt most thankful that his brother had not observed an emotion which would have given him so much uneasiness.

The next day Mr. L—, the solicitor, arrived from London, and Sir Roland was engaged with him for a length of time, which much fatigued him; but nevertheless, when he had set out again on his return—for he was too hurried to accept Sir Roland's invitation to stay—and the latter joined the party in the evening, his spirits were far better than they had been before. The sense of the generous sacrifices he had determined to make in order to contribute to his brother's and Lady Constance's happiness, filled his heart with delightful sensations; and when once again he heard the lattersinging the well-remembered music which had so often enchanted aim in former happy times, he was thankful to be enabled to endure it better than he had done the night before, and to feel that some of the bitterness of his trial was softened.

The month of February brought with it fine mild weather, and Sir Roland was glad to be able again to get out in the open air. He went about and visited his poor tenants, and found much that wanted doing and improving.

The yacht which he had ordered for Henry had been for some time lying in the little harbour at Carneombe, but the weather had been hitherto too severe for it to be used; but now the temperature was so mild that it was thought the air would be of use to him, and he was therefore carried on board, where he greatly enjoyed the fresh breezes, and the swelling motion of the element he so much delighted in. At times, indeed, a bitter feeling of regret shot across him at the thought, that he should never now be able to attain that which used to be the highest object of his ambition, the command of one of those magnificent ships, whose

# " marth is o'er the mountain waves, Whose home is on the deep;"

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but when the thought of all that home on shore now effered him, rose before his mind, sorrow vanished away, and he felt that it would be misery to be forced to leave it.

Lady Constance and her sister almost always sailed with him, and Lady Ashton also frequently joined their parties; but Sir Roland seemed too full of business to have time to accompany them. He found much to do at Llanaven, but still more he said at Tregaron, his other residence; and he was perpetually driving over to the latter, and spending the greater part of the day there, often carrying his mother with him.

His constant activity prevented his mind from praying upon it-

self; and greatly promoted the restoration of his health. Heavy also became so invigorated by the sea sir, that he was soon able to walk instead of being carried to the shore. Lord Wentworth returned to them after a short time, and happiness seemed once more to shed its light on Llanaven. One solitary heart, indeed, still bled, still felt its desolation; but amid the energetic exercise of benevolence and piety, and in self-denying exertion for others, the sorrows of that deeply tried heart were soothed; and peace and joy at moments again took their accustomed places there.

"So is it still: to holy tears, In lonely hours Christ risen appears: In social hours, who Christ would see, Must turn all tasks to charity."

#### CHAPTER LIV.

"Can thy generous nature, While thus it sheds felicity around it, Remain itself unbless'd?"—TALFOURD.

"So his life hath flow'd
From its mysterious urn, a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them."—TALFOURD.

THE settlements went on rapidly, and Sir Roland was very anxious that the marriage should take place as soon as possible. Henry was greatly recovered, though it would be long, the surgeon said, before he regained his former vigour and activity. Sill he was perfectly able now to walk; and the motion of a carriage no longer distressed him, and therefore there was no reason why he should not be able to travel all over the world if he wished it with Lady Constance. Sir Roland therefore begged Lady Ashton to get the day fixed as soon as it was convenient, and to let him know when the time was settled. She did so, and the first week of the next month—the changeful April month—was fixed upon. Sir Roland still continued his drives over to Tregaron; generally accompanied either by his mother, or Lord Wentworth. Florence often petitioned to be allowed to go there also, but was continually put-off, first with one excuse, then with another.

At length Sir Roland said to her one morning at breakfast,

"Well, Florence, you shall have your wish to-day, if you like it, of going to Tregaron, on condition that you persuade all your com-

panions to go too."

This was quickly arranged. It was a lovely day, without a breath of wind; and there was a general petition for the barouche, which was accordingly ordered, and at eleven o'clock it drove up to the door. Lady Ashton with the two sisters and Henry, were to go inside, and Lord Wentworth, who piqued himself, he said. "on a

lineal descent from Ericthonius," was to drive the four beautiful greys, with Sir Roland by him on the box. As Henry handed Constance in, he looked for a moment at his brother's plain but handsome equipage, which, with its outriders, &c., was all in the very best taste, and a sigh involuntarily rose at thinking how little he should have to offer, in comparison of the wealth of which his unfortunate love had deprived her. But she, reading his thoughts in the sudden cloud which flitted over his speaking countenance, said a few words as she gave him her hand which more than eased his heart.

The drive was delightful to all,—even to Sir Roland, for his heart swelled with kindliest emotions as he forgot himself in the happiness he was about to confer on others. When they entered the park-gates at Tregaron, he desired Lord Wentworth to stop; and dismounting from the box, he said rather hurriedly to those in

the carriage,-

"I am going to speak to some workmen I see out there; and you, my dear mother, or Wentworth will shew all the improvements that

have been made—and explain—you know—all about it."

He hurried off—but Lady Ashton could not utter a word; her heart was so full that the slightest attempt at speech would have drowned her in tears. Neither could Lord Wentworth at that time explain what Sir Roland wished said, but as he drove along, he continually made them observe new things that had been done, new views that had been opened, &c. &c.; till at length coming in sight of the house which stood beautifully on some rising ground, backed by fine woods with a lake in front, and which had lately been done up in the handsomest manner,—turning to the party in the carriage, he silently pointed to it with his whip, for at that moment he too seemed to have lost the power of speaking. His heart overflowed with that painful pleasure which generous actions so often produce—actions which are often more touching to the mind, than seenes of extremest woe.

When all the party had dismounted, Lord Wentworth led the way into the drawing-room. It had been entirely new furnished. and was most beautiful. Lady Florence was delighted, and wondered naturally, why a place at which they so seldom resided should have had so much pains bestowed upon it, and have been improved and adorned in such haste; for when last she was there with her sister and Lady Ashton, all was quietly remaining as she had ever remembered it, and not a workman was to be seen. She was the only one who could make any remarks on the subject, for misgivings began to steal across the minds of Lady Constance and Henry as to the object of all this sudden improvement. It could not escape the observation of the most careless among them, that everything in the room was done exactly in accordance with Lady Constance's taste. There was the favourite colour—pale silvery green—on the walls, arranged in the panelling she so much admired. The windows were cut down to the ground, which had not been so before,—the green silk, and soft white curtains, all such as she would have chosen! And well they might be! for they had all been ordered and arranged with devoted care, by one who had

studied her tastes too long, and with too much interest, to be mis-

taken in them.

She sat down on one of the sofas, for a violent trembling seized her, as her sister, suspecting nothing, continued to make remarks on the various new objects which struck her eye. Lord Wentworth, -who joined a great degree of nervousness to the most feeling and generous heart, -finding it totally in vain to attempt to command his voice, went to the window, and writing in pencil on the back of a letter, the words:-"This is all for you,"-put it into Henry Ashton's hand. Henry looked at it for a few moments; then giving it to Lady Constance, hastily left the room. She burst into tears; and Lady Ashton, who had vainly endeavoured to repress hers, could only leave her to her natural emotion. Lord Wentworth meanwhile escaping unobserved, went in search of Henry, whom he found pacing one of the walks in a state of the greatest agitation.

"Well," he said gaily, not appearing to notice the other's emotion,

"do you not like the improvements here? I expect most of the credit of them to be given to me, for I have been the 'arbiter elegantiarum; —all the sublime and beautiful has emanated from me. But now," he added more quietly, "do not say much to your brother about it; merely say-...... However I need not dictate to

you; your own kind feelings will tell you what to do."

"Oh! no," said Henry, "I feel so overwhelmed, that I know not what to think or say. I knew that he would help us; but to let us live here, is what I never dreamed of! And to prepare it all so

thoughtfully-so beautifully!"

"He does not 'let you live here,'" said Lord Wentworth, smiling, "he gives this place to you; and with it, all the property belonging to this part of his estate, which amounts, I believe, to between eight and nine thousand a-year."

Henry covered his face with his hands, and threw himself down

on a seat which was near.

"Come, come," said Lord Wentworth, "you-a sailor-must not give way in this manner. You have borne pain enough, you must learn to bear pleasure now."

"Oh! it is not pleasure," exclaimed Henry. "I could have borne anger-unkindness-anything but this. Oh! Lord Went-

worth, if you did but know all, you would feel for me."
"I do know all, and I do feel for you," replied the other, laying his hand kindly on Henry's shoulder, "and I can fully understand that what you experience at this moment is suffering-not pleasure. But you must remember also the feelings of him-who has not, I fully believe, his equal upon this earth!—and try to overcome your own emotion. Say nothing to him further than to give him to understand that you accept what he has done."
"I cannot accept it," interrupted Henry, still unable to recover himself. "Impossible! I should be miserable."

"Mr. Ashton," said Lord Wentworth, gravely, "you must have more command over yourself, and learn to look at these things calmly. I know you could not have expected your brother to have done so much for you—no one could: but you must remember that his pleasure now is in your happiness. His fortune is very large, and his heart very liberal, and you will only pain him by expostulations, which I know will prove useless."

"Lord Wentworth, it is impossible that I can accept gifts like

these," repeated Henry.

"I do not see that at all. I would not hurt your feelings, but surely you have received a much more valuable gift; and you must be aware that the difference to Lady Constance will still be great. And do you think he could endure her to have any privation? You know enough of true affection, Mr. Asnton, or you are not worthy of the name you bear, to be well aware that the chief delight of a noble heart is contributing to the happiness of those it loves; and surely you would not deprive your brother of that remaining pleasure!"

"Oh! no, of none-none that I could give him," exclaimed

Henry, passionately; "I would willingly die for him."

"I do not think your dying is what would give him most pleasure just now," observed Lord Wentworth, with a playful smile; "I rather think he would prefer seeing you alive and happy. People do not take such pains with things which they are indifferent about; and has been too busy and thoughtful for you, to make me suppose he can be pleased by anything but your acceptance and enjoyment of what he has prepared for you."

"But much less would have done for me," insisted Henry.

"Probably—for you have been used to ship biscuit, and tarpauling. But Lady Constance has not; and as it is natural he should think a little of her, he wishes you to have something beyond mere ship allowance to live on. As I said at first, I can truly feel for you: but you must learn to be generous as well as your brother, and freely to bestow on him the great pleasure of contributing to your happiness."

"But in time he might," said Henry-"and I do trust he

"Never," said Lord Wentworth. "I know what you mean,but I have no hesitation in saying I am convinced he never will. I have known him, and seen him of late years much more than you have, -- and when you last parted you could not have been any very experienced reader of characters,—and I am as confident as that I see you before me, that he never will form any other tie,—so that need not trouble you. He has been 'wax to receive,' but will be 'marble to retain.' But do not fear for him on that account, for his hope is not here, nor ever has been; and he is even happier now at times, by having had some of the strong cords that bound him to earth severed. I should not perhaps say this to you, who are just now naturally full of expectations of earthly happiness, and value them perhaps almost beyond their true estimate; only I wish you to feel no scruple in accepting this portion of your brother's fortune, for he can have, and I feel sure never will have. any better use for it. Come, you will promise me to say nothing to him to pain him, or make him think that you feel it unpleasant to receive his kindness. A free acceptance of a gift shows that we have generosity and feeling enough to make us understand the

pleasure of 'giving,' and that we do not grudge that pleasure to another. It is, I confess, the more difficult part of the two; but if you say one word more on the subject I shall vote you an unfit guardian of Lady Constance's happiness-order the four greys out instantly—and carry her off to the north before your astonished eyes. So now choose silence or death.

"I must perforce then choose the former," said Henry, smiling, though his heart was still heavy. "Yes, I see that it will be best to let him have his own generous way; and well indeed might you say that 'he has not his equal upon earth.' I often wish I had

never been born!"

"Then you wish a very foolish, and a very wicked wish," replied Lord Wentworth. "But do, Mr. Ashton, let me implore of you, endeavour to overcome that unrestrained habit of feeling which you seem to have. I say of feeling-because I know that in action you can, and do restrain yourself; for your brother has told me that your conduct throughout this trying affair has been beyond praise."
"Oh! how can he say that?" exclaimed Henry, excessively

touched, "when my heart was full of evil of all kinds.

"The heart is God's province," answered Lord Wentworth, "and yours; he could only judge of the conduct,—and that he nobly told me was most noble! But I ought perhaps to say that I do not think he would have mentioned to me any of the circumstances, had I not almost extracted them from him; for knowing of his attachment formerly, I naturally spoke to him about it when I came here, not dreaming of what had occurred; and he told me, merely I think, because he saw I suspected a good deal, and that he was anxious that no blame should attach to any. But will you now try and restrain that unsubdued way of thinking and feeling; for if you do not, it may, in the life you are about to enter on, produce much misery where you least wish it.'

"Ah! I have troubled her too often already," said Henry, with

"Then," said Lord Wentworth, smiling, "you must learn not to wish yourself dead upon every occasion,—for that is a desperate remedy—or unborn,—for that is useless. 'Supportez vous, et supportez les autres,' ('Bear with yourself, and bear with others,') is a very good maxim. I have seen what self-command can do in your brother, not only on late occasions, but formerly when temper, and patience used to be much more tried than now; for a great event is more tolerable to the irritable part of our composition, than continual smaller provocations are; and I have seen him bear. what you and I and other men would scarcely have endured without dangerous outbreaks; yet he is by nature far more violent and passionate than either of us."

"So I have heard him say, and my mother too, but I cannot remember it to have been so; he was always kind and considerate towards me, and now-his patience has been beyond conception.

"Let us profit then, my good fellow. by his example," returned Lord Wentworth. "But now, come back to the house, and show Lady Constance that you are glad to have some better place to put her in than the 'Hard at Portsmouth. However, I feel in a very tolerable humour with you after all; for you have conferred a special favour on me in giving me an opportunity of finding fault. It is such an unspeakable comfort to meet with somebody worse than one's self! I generally find myself oppressed by such masses of excellence on all sides, that I cannot get in a word of advice edgeways, and I am generally 'en proie' (a prey) to all sorts of lectures; but now, 'avec cet amour enraciné d'être quelque chose' (with that enrooted love of being 'something') which pervades us all, I am quite elevated at having had you to lecture; and I shall certainly take some delicate opportunity of informing Lady Constance, that if she ever enjoys a moment's peace with you, it is entirely owing to me. Now will you come back with me, or must I order out the greys?"

Henry Ashton laughed, and taking Lord Wentworth's arm, they were both proceeding towards the house, when they perceived Sir

Roland at a-little distance.

"There," said Lord Wentworth, dropping Henry's arm, and giving him a slight push on the shoulder, "now, off with you directly, before my good advice is all carried away by the winds; and remember you say anything but what is uppermost in your mind."

"I cannot go," said Henry, stopping short after having taken a few steps; "I could not meet his kind look,—I feel like a murderer."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Lord Wentworth half angry, yet half laughing. "But really," he added in a most earnest tone, "I do beseech you to try and get over these feelings, or they will in time produce perfect alienation between you. Too much delicacy, or rather—for I will not step down from the pedestal I have mounted with you-too much pride, is as much the bane of life, as too much anything else. 'De trop même dans le bien, n'est plus un bien,' ('Too much of even what is good, is no longer a good,') remember. So now, do not make yourself 'de trop' any longer with me, but go off where your presence will, I am sure, give nothing but pleasure. I will go and make the agreeable to Lady Constance meanwhile, and I daresay you will not be missed. 'Au revoir.'"

So saying he hurried off, and would not look back till he got to the house-door, when turning he saw the brothers together, and felt

perfectly happy.

It was certainly a trial to Henry to meet Sir Roland, for whom he felt at that moment a love and devotion which would have made it easy for him to have confronted death or any evil for his sake; and to Sir Roland too, it was no slight effort, for his heart was filled with mixed emotions to which he dreaded giving way. When they met, neither of them could speak for many minutes; and they walked together arm in arm in perfect silence. At length Sir Roland said in a low voice, and as if following what he knew must be the train of Henry's thoughts,

"It will be very pleasant to me, you know, to have you so near."
"Roland," said Henry pressing his brother's arm convulsively, "how can I ever thank you?"

"By enjoying it all, and being happy, and letting me see that you

are so." replied Sir Roland kindly smiling, as he returned Henry's "The preparing it all has been a great pleasure ardent pressure. to me; as great as, or greater perhaps than, having it will be to you. Yes, my dear brother, I wish you to feel that though at times. regrets, natural regrets, will cross my mind, yet God makes up my loss to me in many ways; and I can never be sufficiently grateful that what has passed, has left no trace of bitterness or division between us. For a moment my jealous soul was tortured—but that has long since passed, and I feel a happiness inexpressible in being the instrument of happiness both to you and—Constance. must let me continue to love her Henry, for remember she bore a double character with me. The one-I have almost learnt to forget; but she must ever remain the being who was the companion of my childhood and youth, and who is now-or will be soon-a real sister to me. As to you," he continued, endeavouring to speak cheerfully, "you must never wonder if I find a pleasure in pleasing you; you were always 'l'enfant gâté de la maison' ('the spoilt child of the house') and must consent to remain so still. But now, my boy, go back to the others, and be sure and tell my mother, or Wentworth, of anything you would like done—either of you,—for the workmen are still about. I have some things yet to attend to out here, but will join you in a little while." And he escaped from his brother's softening affection.

As he watched him spring up the steps of the terrace, pursue his way with bounding tread towards the house, and at last enter to join those within whom he so much loved, his heart was filled with the most exquisite happiness. He looked around at the scene which presented itself. The day was lovely—the air was perfectly still, and the lake had not a single ripple to disturb the perfect reflection of the tall trees that were pictured on its breast, excepting where the water-hen or wild duck flew skimming along its surface. leaving behind a glittering train of diamonds, or the swan swam forth from the high reeds, and, jutting its full breast against the waters, threw them from its snowy sides in waving lines, which diverged almost to the very shores of the lake. The trees had, in some places, already assumed a light tinge of green, while the alder and the long sweeping branches of the birch, glowed with that bloomy purple which marks the swelling of the buds before the leaves burst forth. The rooks were in the very midst of the busy cares which their newly hatched young required; contrasting in the straight course of their heavy flight, with the singularly graceful and undulating motion of the Cornish chough, which had its more distant nest among the rocks. The singing of the birds, the early flowers, and all those lovely things which thrill the heart with an indefinable joy even but to think of, combined to make that day and hour most charming. But outward things alone cannot impart pleasure; it is the feeling within, which arraying them in

#### "Hues of its own, fresh borrowed from the heart,"

either causes "the sunniest flowers that glad with their pure smiles the gardens round," to bloom without colour or fragrance for us,

or makes "the wilderness and desert-place to blossom like the rose." It was the sense of deep gratitude to God, and of glowing love to man—the noble exercise of the "power divine of doing good," which made Sir Roland at that moment happier even than those, for whose dear sakes he had so long and so well exerted himself.

#### CHAPTER LV.

"Oh! si vous saviez ce qu'il y a de paix dans la douleur acceptée." ("Oh! if you knew what there was of peace in accepted grief.")—Lettres Chritiennes.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, oh! Lord. Lord, hear my voice !"-Psalm cxxx.

THE settlements could not be finished quite so soon as was expected; but at length the twenty-third of April was fixed upon for the marriage. The delay was trying to Sir Roland; for much as he was enabled to overcome his natural feelings, and often as he enjoyed the highest order of happiness in communion with God, still it was a time of excitement for him, and he thought he should be better when all was over, and he be enabled again to return to the tranquillity of his usual occupations.
"Wentworth," he said to his friend one day, "I thought it a

great proof of friendship your coming down here to me; but I am going to exact another—and that is that you should leave me for a

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"Why?" asked Lord Wentworth, surprised, and apparently not particularly pleased; "why am I to go away now, just as I have got fitted into my room, and have made myself at home with everybody, and everything? I do not think it is at all fair to expect it.

"You shall return again soon if you like it," said Sir Roland.

""Return soon,' does not suit me half so well as staying now I am here," replied Lord Wentworth. "My mind will have to be aired again, and got in order-new swept, and dusted-and I hate

all that. Why am I to go?"
"I will not tell you now," said Sir Roland smiling; "you may stay a week longer before I turn you out, if you like it; and you will be in a quieter mood some day before that I dare say than you are now, and then"-and his colour changed-" I will tell you why I certainly do wish you to leave me before—before the twentythird."

The moment Sir Roland mentioned that day a cloud dimmed the brightness of Lord Wentworth's laughing eye; for he knew that feelings of a painful nature must at that moment occupy Sir Ro-

land's mind, and he regretted having answered so lightly.

"Oh! I am always in a quiet mood, my dear Ashton," he replied feelingly, "when it is anything that concerns your comfort that has to be discussed; tell me now all you wish to say. I will go to-day if you like it, and come again whenever you please.

"No, no, do not go to-day," said Sir Roland. "But to say the truth. I feel I should be able to go through that day better, if you were not here, than if I knew your kind eye were on me. Now that I have no particular exertion to make, I find it a great comfort and relief at times to be able to speak to you openly; but in action, I must have God, and God alone, with me; even your kindness comes between my spirit and His power. Man's sympathy softens, but God's strengthens. Man can as it were, stand on the brink of the stream against which we are battling, and speak words of comfort, and direction, and encouragement; but God is with us in the flood—stems the torrent for us, and bears us up so that the waters should not overflow us. So you shall leave me before that time comes; it is not far distant, and it will be a trying hour to me, and I must abstract my mind as much as possible from earth, and keep it steadfast upon God, to enable me to get through it at all. That over, I shall be particularly happy to have you with me again; for come down to earth my mind must,—and when there—no one is so delightful to me as you." And he held out his

hand to Lord Wentworth, who grasping it warmly said,—
"Yes! you are right, for nothing but losing the sense of earthly things can at times sustain the soul; and I know that a sympathising look will often trouble and overset one, instead of conveying comfort. I fear I have often distressed you when I least wished it; for in the intensity of my anxiety, I have often forgotten you for whom I was anxious. I have admired Lady Ashton so much in that. Many times when my eye has been feverishly, and thoughtlessly fixed on you, fearful of the effect of particular things, I have looked for a moment towards her, in a sort of agony, and have perceived that though her lip quivered and at times a tear forced its way, yet she never raised her eye to your countenance, or did the least thing to attract attention to you. Beautiful it has been to see how completely she has forgotten herself in you, and indeed in all; and with what wonderful delicacy, and good feeling

she has acted in every way."

"Yes, my dear mother's task has been no easy one," replied Sir Roland; "for what makes her happy on the one hand, makes her miserable on the other. Yet never has she wounded me by a look or word, that might seem either negligent or over-pitying, though I know her gentle heart has bled for me perpetually; and never either, I feel sure, has she damped Henry's happiness by a melancholy look or expression, on my account. She is indeed most precious to me; and I am blessed in so many ways that I ought to be most thankful, even though the dearest tie of my life is broken.

"Aye, I cannot but wish it had never come to that with you." said Lord Wentworth; "the disappointment, however deep, of a simple unacknowledged feeling, could never have been so great a

trial as the ending of an engagement must have been."
"You are wrong there, Wentworth, as far as I am concerned." at least," replied Sir Roland; "and my engagement is one of the things for which I feel thankful to God. For them, certainly, it would have been pleasanter had no previous tie existed, for it might have saved them much pain; but selfishly speaking, it is far

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better for me as it is. Had I returned home, loving Constance as I did when abroad with you, and found her engaged to Henry,what would there have been for me to do? I should of course have provided well for them, and in the secret of my heart I should have been happy in so doing; but my unexpressed emotions would have smouldered in my own heart, and unable to overcome them, I should have been deemed morose, and have been a blot upon their page of happiness. My feelings would have been perpetually wounded by things innocently said; and I should have been a thing of no account with them. Now I do not say that there is not vanity and pride in my present feelings, but certainly there is pleasure in the firm conviction which I have, that next to each other, they value me the most perhaps, of anything in this world, and that my happiness is their great object. It is delightful to feel that I have been the means of making them happy, and it is soothing to know that they are aware of it. As to giving Constance up !- I feel sure she would never have married me while she liked another; but still if I had not released her from her promise, I do not think she would ever have held herself free as to forming any other tie; and I do not think she would have borne the thought, or at least not for a length of time, of marrying Henry, had I not urged it. Now in exerting myself for them I have been happy. Activity is the only earthly resource in trouble; and I do assure you that often, in working for them, when you and I have been over at Tregaron, and I have been busy laying out the grounds, and arranging the house and everything for them, my feelings have been so buoyant, that I have at times forgotten that it was at the expense of my own very heart's-life that I was making them happy."

"Yes, I often wondered when I saw your zeal and energy. But

resignation to the will of God carries great comfort with it.

"The true thing, Wentworth, is 'acquiescence,' not 'resignation; it is a much higher order of feeling, and I think a different one. We 'resign' ourselves, when we cannot prevent what is done; we acquiesce, when we would not prevent it. That I trust is my feeling; I would not rule for myself—not for all the universe! nor would I, if I could, take Constance away from Henry. God's ways must be best. There is a verse in the Psalms also, whose beauty is to me excessive—revealing as it does, so much in so few words: 'Call upon Me in the time of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.' Man's words would have been: 'And I will glorify thee!' but God who knows what is our highest privilege and perfection—that indeed for which we were born—holds out as a reward, 'Thou shalt glorify me!' I cannot tell you the sublime ideas with which that passage fills me. The majesty with which the Lord confers as a favour the power of glorifying him, is most striking! and as He certainly knows the value of His own service, we must not regret any affliction which makes us go to him to learn it. I am not yet very old, but I have truly learnt that "affliction" need not be 'misfortune; for nothing can be called that, which brings us nearer to God—the source of happiness! When it is blest by Him, then.

'Sorrow teacheth us the truth of things Which have been hid beneath the crown of flowers That gladness wears,'

and we are the better, and therefore the happier for it."

In a few days Lord Wentworth left Llanaven, promising to return when the marriage was over. It was the wish of all, that it ahould be quite private; and no one but their near neighbours and friends the Montagues were invited, excepting Mrs. Mordaunt and Philip, whom it was thought right to ask as being Lady Constance's nearest relations. Lady Ashton also secretly wished that Philip should come in order to act the part of 'father' in giving Lady Constance away; which, as it must otherwise naturally fall to Sir Roland, she feared might bring with it most painful feelings to him. This thought had never even glanced through his mind; for those who know the reality—the stern, inward reality of suffering and sacrifice, are often wholly unmoved by the little outward trifles which fill the anxious minds of watchful friends with dismay for their sakes; and many a thing which has been anticipated with terror by others, passes over the sorrowing heart for which they were in pain, like the idle wind!

Neither Mrs. Mordaunt or Philip, however, could come, though they wrote the kindest letters of regret and congratulations; and Sir Roland was therefore to act the "father's" part. He gave orders that a rural feast should be prepared for all the tenants and the poor of the various parishes around, and provided everything most liberally for it. Lady Ashton had endeavoured to dissuade him from this, thinking it would be too much for him; but he said he wished it, for that he considered Henry as his heir, and liked that

his marriage should be celebrated accordingly.

The tears sprang to Lady Ashton's eyes as she received this answer, but Sir Roland entreated her not to be unhappy on his

"It is not, my dear mother," he said, "that I determine never to form fresh ties, but I feel I never can do so—never! But I shall not be unhappy; the busy never are so, and I shall find plenty to do."

The day of the marriage at length arrived, and was ushered in by the ringing of bells from the old church-tower. The church itself was at no great distance, so the drive was a short one; but Lady Ashton wishing to prevent the necessity of Sir Roland going in the same carriage with Lady Constance, proposed that she and Mrs. Montague, and the two sisters should go in one carriage, and Sir Roland, his brother, and Captain Montague in another, and it was accordingly so arranged. Henry was excessively nervous and uncomfortable, but Sir Roland was calm and collected, though he looked deadly pale; and the compression of his lips, and contraction of his brow, proved that his nature was under strong constraint. It would indeed have been an insupportable hour to him had he not been sustained by strength from above; for though we

may know that we are to lose what we love, yet no previous moment can compare with that which actually tears it from us. As long as he could remain silent, he was happy in the inward communion which he ceaselessly maintained with God; but if any one spoke to him, his spirit seemed disturbed from its rest, and his manner became agitated. When they arrived at the gate of the churchyard, their carriage being before the other, he descended from it, and was walking towards the church, when Captain Montague, calling to him gally, said,

"As you are to act the part of 'father,' Sir Roland, I believe I ought to leave to you the privilege of handing Lady Constance

out."

"Oh! no-no," said Henry, hurriedly.

But Sir Roland, warned by his brother's agitation to maintain his own self-command, turned back and assisted Lady Constance from the carriage; and then giving her his arm, they walked together along the path to the church-door. There were children and young women strewing flowers in the way, according to the custom in many country places, and the whole churchyard was thronged with the tenantry and poor people, anxious to show their respect, and also wishing to gratify their own natural curiosity. Sir Reland bowed to the right and left, in acknowledgment of the continual salutations of the people, while Lady Constance who felt an agony of heart for him which made her wholly forget herself, walked by his side incapable of taking notice of any one, and trembling so as hardly to be able to sustain herself. Captain and Mrs. Montague and Lady Florence came next; and the latter gaily smiled and bowed to all around, who could not but admire the lovely creature shining forth in all her bloom and animation, a perfect contrast to her pale and silent companions. Thoughts painfully oppressive rose to poor Mrs. Montague's mind as she remembered how different was her own hasty and imprudent marriage, and how great the anxiety which followed it; and recollections somewhat similar also clouded her husband's brow. Henry and his mother came last. She, with her kind and courteons manner seemed to acknowledge individually every creature in the crowded area, while Henry, pale with agitation, bowed on all sides, yet his troubled eye seemed to rest on no one. At length they all stood in their places near the communion table, and the clergyman began the service. Sir Roland took his station by Lady Constance as he was directed; he felt for a few moments as in a dizzy dream, and took hold of the railings by which he was standing to support himself; but this soon passed, and his mind became completely absorbed in silent, earnest prayer to God. He lost all sense of where he was, saw no one, nor heard a single word of the service. When the minister came to the words—so accidentally and painfully apprepriate—"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" all those who were there, excepting Lady Ashton, Constance, and Henry, naturally looked at Sir Roland; but he was unconscious of everything around him, his mind being at this moment lost in the contemplation of that region where what we love is never taken from us. There was a slight pause, and then even Henry and his mother turned

their eyes to him—the latter with fearful apprehension. The cessation of the voice, however, and the slight movement which was made, roused Sir Roland, and brought back his thoughts to present things. In returning to earth, however, his soul still retained its heavenly feelings; and when the kind old minister—supposing merely that he was not exactly aware of what he had to do-repeated the question, he looked on Henry's agitated countenance with a calm smile, and taking Lady Constance's hand in his, placed it in that of his brother. Lady Constance then first burst into tears, and Sir Roland for a moment became troubled; but earnestly lifting up his heart again to God, the peace he sought returned to him.

As Henry and Constance were going no farther than to Tre-garon, it was arranged that they should set off from the churchdoor, all being anxious to avoid any unnecessary trial to Sir Roland. When the ceremony therefore was over, and the business of signing, &c., was all done, they proceeded together along the crowded churchyard towards the gate, where their own carriage was waiting to convey them to their new home. When they had nearly reached it, Henry anxiously turning round and missing Sir Roland, his heart misgave him; and hastily begging the old clergyman, who was walking by him, to give Constance his arm, he flew back into the church filled with undefined alarm. His fears, however, were instantly relieved by finding his brother well; but his attitude of deep despondency, as he stood resting his head against a monument which had been erected to his father's memory, struck him to the very heart. He paused a moment in the church porch, unwilling to disturb him, yet incapable of returning without speaking to him; but the sound of his step caused. Sir Roland to look up, and on seeing him he started, exclaiming,

Henry, why are you here?" "My dear brother!" cried Henry, advancing, and vehemently throwing his arms round Sir Roland, as he burst into passionate tears. Sir Roland instantly calmed at sight of his brother's strong emo-

tion, returned his warm embrace, and said,

"My dear, dear Henry, do not give way so much, nor grieve yourself for me. I may truly say that I have that peace which passeth understanding, that comfort which God alone can give; and though at the moment of parting I felt that faintness which at times comes over me, which made me unable to follow you, yet that is past. The sight of our father's tomb has reminded me of the troublesome life he has quitted, and of the never-ending nature of that scene of bliss he has entered. Do not be anxious for me I am happy—happy for you—and for myself."

"Oh! what can I ever do for you?" exclaimed Henry.

"A great deal," said Sir Roland, with his ever-winning smile; "you must keep, as far as depends on you, every cloud from Constance's brow, and strive continually to increase in the grace and love of God. His blessing be with you both. Now go, dear Henry," he continued for he began to be agitated by his brother's regretful affection; "she—they all will be waiting for you. Go," he continued smiling, "and I will follow you."

Henry strained his hand once more to his lips and tore himself

away, but turning at the door he seemed irresolute; until Sir Roland lifting his hand, said kindly and cheerfully, "Not another word." and Henry at last left the church and hurried back again to the carriage, anxious if possible to hide his agitation from the eves of those around. It was however quickly observed, and being naturally ascribed to the pain of separation from his brother (their mutual strong affection being well known), it only served to heighten the interest of the people, who were all much attached both to him and to Sir Roland. The presence, too, of Mrs. Montague brought back to their minds the remembrance of his gallant conduct at the time of the wreck, and aided in exciting their feelings to the utmost pitch; till, amid the tears of many—loud expressions of good-will and of kind leave-taking sounded on all sides, ending at last in one simultaneous and universal cheer. Henry turned round and acknowledged it with his open, frank manner; while the tear that started afresh in his eye, was of a nature far different from that which had last dimmed it.

Lady Ashton had been very uneasy during his absence, but not liking to follow him, had endeavoured to occupy the attention of those immediately around, by kind inquiries and observations; and Florence, broken-hearted at parting with her sister, had entered the carriage after her, occupying the seat that was waiting for Henry, and mingling tears and kisses with her last farewells. At length, however, she descended; and Henry, after shaking hands with those around him, and turning to acknowledge a fresh burst of cheering, got into the carriage, which immediately drove

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Sir Roland then left the church, and at the sight of one who had so long been to them all that master and landlord could be, the already excited enthusiasm of the people burst forth tenfold, and cheer after cheer rent the air, as he passed among them. He acknowledged their friendly greeting, smiling kindly, though at times with a quivering lip, and then followed his mother and the rest of the party into the carriage; but turning round on the step, he said, in his peculiarly pleasing manner, that he hoped soon to see all who were there at Llanaven, and that not one of them must be missing; and the carriage then drove off amid the renewed cheers of the people.

When arrived at home, however, he felt quite unequal to sustaining the burden of conversation, and soon left the drawingroom; hoping to find that ease when alone which he was unable to obtain while with others. But peace seemed for a time to fly from him. He had thought that when all was over, he should be at rest; but he now found that of all the hours of his life (excepting perhaps the very first of his bitter affliction), this was by far the most overpowering. It is said that the moment of death is not so trying to the survivors, as the day when all that remains of that which has been so dear is finally shut from their eyes; and so it was now with him. Constance had been virtually lost to him for months, and he had learnt to accustom himself to that thought; but he had never realized what it would be when she was actually gone; when he should wander from room to room, and never hear her voice—roam over cliff and shore, through garden, wood, and

glade, and never meet her, or see the traces of her foot! Yet thus it must be through life for him. A visitor indeed she might be, but an inmate, never more—never while he lived would his home

again be her home!

He wandered about bewildered with a feeling as of something lost, for which he must look in vain—but scarcely able to define the cause of the vacant dreariness within him. He could not at that moment look up to God; his heart was fixed earthward—and he was most desolate! At length this deadly, dreamy misery seemed to pass, and the full sense of his loss rushed overwhelmingly over him. His spirit sunk beneath it; but when that storm was past, he was relieved, and his heart again lifted itself to God.

Henry too—he was gone! gone from the home of which he had so often been the life and joy, to form a new home for himself! gone—to exchange the thoughtless freedom of his boyish days, for

the cares, and deeper duties of maturer life.

"Yet still it is but for a time," thought Sir Roland, "and then all is peace. Yes, all must be peace," he exclaimed, looking up to Heaven, "if God be faithfully followed. It is only when withdrawing our gaze from Him, and looking to the troubles around us, that our faith fails, and we feel sinking in the bitter, bitter waves of this stormy life."

The rural party, consisting of many hundreds, were assembled by two o'clock in the park at Lianaven, and Sir Roland went amongst them, exerting himself to the utmost to be cheerful, lest he should damp the general festivity by the appearance of gloom on his own countenance. He succeeded in a great degree, but was not a little relieved when Lord Wentworth (who at his own earnest entreaty was to return immediately after the marriage was concluded), made his appearance. He instantly resigned his chair at the head of the table, where his principal tenants were assembled, and after addressing a few words to them, he introduced Lord Wentworth as his particular friend, and one who was much more fitted than he was to do the honours of the feast to them; and

then retired amid loud and reiterated cheers.

He felt it impossible to talk on ordinary subjects, and dreading lest his absence of mind should be observed, he would not return to the rest of the party, but strolled by himself for some time, and at length descended to the shore; but finding that this listless mood was not calculated to strengthen his powers of endurance, he walked on at a quicker pace towards Carncombe, determining to visit the old and infirm of the village who had not been able to come to the feast. It was a great effort to him to approach the spot, at the foot of the cliff, where so many trials had been his; and where he had not been since the time when his mind was so completely overwhelmed, under its first sudden stroke. He passed it, however; and was enabled to thank God for the comparative ease and support which he then enjoyed. He went to see all who remained in the village; and found subject of gratitude in every visit. The presents which he liberally bestowed on the occasion, cheered the hearts of all; and made him feel, while witnessing

their pleasure, that it is "more blessed to give than to receive;" while the words of faith and trust which he spoke, animated the flagging spirits of the suffering, and made them partakers of that "comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God."

### CHAPTER LVI.

"Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer, Before all temples, th' upright heart and pure."

MILTON.

"Every day is dedicated to the service of the Lord, and bears upon its golden hours this inscription, 'Holiness to the Lord.'"

REV. C. B. TAYLOR.

A FEW months after the marriage had taken place. Sir Roland entered into Parliament, and his hands were then full of business. though of a kind particularly disagreeable to him; for it brought him in continual contact with many whose actions, conversation, and principles were wholly repugnant to him; and the business itself was often carried on in a manner and spirit as revolting to him as his former experience of diplomatic proceedings had been. Still there were some who had honesty, and a few, though very few, who had religious feeling, and with those, whether of his own party or not, he chiefly associated; avoiding the society of the others as far as courtesy and public duty would permit, and continually praying when forced to be with them, that at least, if he could be of no use to them, he might be preserved from the contamination of their conversation, and the corruption of their principles. Ever delighted to return to Llanaven, he frequently collected round him there, those whom he most valued in life. Visits were continually exchanged between the inmates of that place and Tregaron, from participating in which he never shrank; and the great efforts he made to master himself, enabled him to feel that the pain of such meetings gradually decreased, while Henry's happiness with Lady Constance was a never-failing source of joy to his heart. He was still, however, conscious that they themselves were not wholly at their ease with him: and that they did not like to show the happiness they enjoyed in each other for fear of paining him. But he trusted that in time that restraint would wear off, and that they would learn rightly to understand his feelings.

Time sped on; but the leaves of another summer had not yet fully clothed the trees at Ilanaven, when the bells of the church were again ringing out their cheerful peals; and this time, for the birth of one, whom Sir Roland felt was destined to be the heir of all his possessions.

Lady Ashton and Florence had been staying some time at Tregaron; and Sir Roland, taking advantage of a time when there was but little to be done in the House, had run down to Llanaven, being too anxious to remain in London; and his happiness was

unspeakable when he heard the joyful news. It was early in the morning that it reached him, and he instantly wrote to his brother in terms of the deepest feeling, and desiring everything that was

kind to be said from him to Lady Constance.
"And now, my dear Henry," he added, at the conclusion of his "as you are blest with everything which can make your heart happy, I entreat you to let me partake your happiness with you. I have ever seen that you and Constance have feared to shew your mutual affection, and to let your joyful spirits have their way before me, thinking in your kind hearts, that it might pain me. But such would not be the case. I should be a thousand times happier, if I felt that I was no check upon you; and if you would let all the expression of your feelings flow out before me. Now, at this most joyful moment, I ask this of your friendship: think of me, -not at all; but let me be to you as one whose attachment you know to be strong and sincere, and do you be to me as affectionate friends. Let me see the full delight of your hearts in each other, and in this new claimant on your affections, and then I shall be

happy."

He despatched this letter, and desired the servant to return as soon as possible, to let him know how all went on; and then proceeded to give orders to his steward for preparations for another great day of rejoicing amongst the people. As he was returning home after a long walk, he saw some one riding up to the house at full speed, and was alarmed lest any ill news might be arriving. But the next moment he perceived that it was Henry himself, who, on seeing him, threw himself off his horse, and giving the reins to the servant, bounded down the green slope to meet him. scarcely read Sir Roland's letter, before he ordered his horse, to ride over to Llanaven; and with that delicacy of feeling which was so singularly blended in him with habitual recklessness of action, he insisted upon his coming back with him directly to Tregaron; and without making the slightest allusion to the latter part of his letter, he immediately adopted the spirit of it, and spoke with the fullest and most open delight of all his happiness. Sir Roland was easily persuaded to accompany him back; and ordering the carriage, they set off together, leaving the horses to follow. Henry dilated ceaselessly during the drive on the excessive joy he felt,—a joy which any one who has been in his situation, and is blest with feelings like his, will well understand; and Sir Roland entering with the warmest sympathy into his enjoyment, asked a hundred questions about the new comer, and everything in which Henry

Lady Ashton was surprised and delighted at seeing Sir Roland arrive, with his brother; and he himself felt most happy that he

had come.

After he had sat some time in the drawing-room, Henry came in, saying, that he must go up with him to see the baby. He rose and followed him; but it was with a strange confusion of heart that he entered the room where the infant lay asleep. In former days the thoughts of having children of his own to watch over, and love, and bring up in the ways of God, had ever been most delightful to

him: now,—that prospect he felt was shut out for ever; and it was impossible but that some natural regrets should struggle in his breast. But when he saw this child of his brother's lying in its peaceful slumber, he felt he was no longer childless, but that this little one would be to him as his own.

He was forced in a short time to return to town; but as soon as he could escape, he came back to Llanaven. His intercourse with Tregaron was now, indeed, all he could have hoped it. Lady Constance was perfectly recovered; and she determined as much as possible to follow Henry's example in the freedom of her intercourse with Sir Roland; and he soon found that the difference of their manner towards him, enabled him to enter into all their enjoyments,—especially the unbounded affection they felt for their child.

When the little creature, who was named after him, was old enough to be trusted alone to his care, he would walk about with him in his arms for hours together; and when about a year and a half after, Lady Constance's happiness was further increased by the birth of a daughter, he often begged that her boy might be left at Llanaven, and delighted in having him with him almost all the day. He would fain have adopted him entirely; but he felt that even if the parents would have consented, it would be a great evil to separate the child from its natural protectors; and though perhaps Henry and Lady Constance might have yielded to his wish, out of their great consideration for him, yet he knew it would be a terrible sacrifice to them. He felt for the boy, however, completely as if he had been his own; and his heart once more expanded under the delightful power of love.

Many friends he had too, whose visits were very pleasant to him. His uncle, who, fatigued with the cares of business, had resigned his post at—, often came to stay with him; and through all his raillery, Sir Roland was thankful to perceive that his mind was opening continually more and more to the power of truth; and that nothing seemed to make him so happy as conversing with him or Lady Ashton on the subjects of everlasting life. The Montagues still remained at Carncombe, and were ever welcome. Philip Mordaunt was married; but still retained his affection for Lady Constance, and frequently came down with his young and pleasing wife to see her; and Sir Roland found him a most agreeable companion, and one whose mind was much awakened to the importance of spiritual things. Mrs. Mordaunt, too, cured of her horror of "Methodists," confessed that at Llanaven and Tregaron at least, the service and love of God seemed "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace."

But of all the acquaintances and friends of their later years, no one was so welcome at both houses as Lady Stanmore Her heart, first aroused by Sir Roland, and afterwards further enlightened by Lady Constance, felt no rest till she was able fully to admit the light of divine truth. She long, and fondly clung to the world, and resisted the convictions of her own conscience; but God's mercy was greater than her unfaithfulness, and finally triumphed over it. From the time of Lady Constance's marriage, she and Lord Stanmore had paid frequent visits both to her and to Sir

Roland; but it was the sustaining power of heavenly grace, as shown so wonderfully in the latter, that at last overcame the

resistance of her heart.

She had suspected when first she met Lady Constance in London. that there was some attachment between her and Sir Roland: and in staying at Tregaron, soon after Lady Constance's marriage, she playfully spoke of the "mistake" under which she had laboured. The distress which this unexpected allusion gave Lady Constance,

escaped her eye at first, and she continued,-

"But it is impossible that either you or he could have loved in vain, so I must give up considering myself a 'witch' for the future : but I cleverly thought I had discovered the clue to the secret of his indifference to the many who would gladly have received his attentions at ----; and certain tears which started from your eves when I repeated some words of his that night at Mrs. Mordaunt's, made me imagine that his image was not an unwelcome

one to you."

Lady Constance had turned her head away, apparently to look out of a window by which she was sitting, but in fact to hide the emotion which Lady Stanmore's words produced. The thought of Sir Roland's attachment was ever most grievous to her; and though she saw with thankfulness how much he had been able to overcome his feelings, yet she knew him too well to imagine that an affection such as his had been for her, could so easily be overcome, or the sorrow of its disappointment so soon be made to pass away. She could not answer the observation which had been made, or stem back the tears which started into her eyes. Lady Stanmore saw them fall, and kindly said,-

"I am sorry I have grieved you, dear Lady Constance, by my thoughtlessness; and I now fear I am wrong again, and that there must have been something formerly, which it now gives you pain to think of. It could not have been you who were not loved, or you would not now be bearing his name, through another; but is it possible that he could have been unaccepted where he wished to

please? How could you not like him?"

Lady Constance answered only by pointing with her hand out of the window to Henry, who had just come in sight, walking with

Lord Stanmore.

"I understand you," said Lady Stanmore, smiling, but shaking her head; "yet I cannot quite forgive you. Your husband is certainly very charming, but to refuse Sir Roland, it must have required the heart of a tigress!"

Lady Constance was exceedingly distressed, for she would not willingly have had Sir Roland's feelings made known to any human being; and she felt that her own want of self-command had, though most unintentionally, revealed them. She sat silent for some time, uncertain what to say; but then reflecting that Lady Stanmore was now aware of Sir Roland's affection, she determined that she should be made acquainted also with his nobleness. After a short struggle, therefore, with herself, she began :-

"My dear Lady Stanmore, I have foolishly, by my weakness, revealed that which I had wished should never have been known or suspected by any one; but let me implore you, never to let this subject pass your lips—not even to Lord Stanmore. It would distress me beyond measure that Roland's feelings should be made known. But as you have guessed them, you shall know also how he has borne and acted under all he has had to endure."

She then informed Lady Stanmore of the circumstances under which her hasty engagement had been formed and broken, and how

incomparably Sir Roland had acted throughout the whole.

Lady Stanmore was excessively touched, and expressed her surprise at his being able to command, and subdue himself sufficiently to appear to take such pleasure in his brother's happiness.

"Appear!" exclaimed Lady Constance, "he does take pleasure in it! and it is his own work. He released me, unasked, from my fatal promise; he urged—entreated me to marry Henry; and to him it is that I owe the means of doing so,—for we were both poor—and it was he who gave this place and almost all the fortune we have to Henry." And she oovered her face with her hands and

burst into tears.

Lady Stanmore sat speechless—she seemed suffocating. In addition to the touching sentiments of extreme admiration which she felt at Sir Roland's conduct, an overpowering sense of the nature and value of godly principles, and spiritual feelings, oppressed her heart. She felt there must be a reality in religion which she would never fully admit before; and her soul humbled, yet elevated, lifted itself up in silent prayer, that she too might become a redeemed and devoted servant of God. After saying a few kind and grateful words to Lady Constance in return for the confidence she had shown her, and which she assured her should never be betrayed, and expressing, though but faintly, her sense of the nobleness of Sir Roland's conduct, she retired into her own room, and there did she fervently, on her knees, implore the blessing and forgiveness of her God for the long rebellion of her heart; entreating Him to put His Spirit within her, and to make her wholly His.

From that time the change in her was evident to all; and her natural amiability, enlisted in the cause of Christianity, made her indeed a delightful creature. The void in her heart, which had so long made her restless and uneasy, was filled; and loving and

beloved, she was a blessing to all who knew her.

Mr. St. Clair, returning to England, gladly accepted an invitation to visit Henry Ashton at Tregaron; and was delighted to find him so different a being, both in health and spirits from what he was when last he parted from him. Henry's gratitude and attachment to him were very great, and Sir Roland was truly glad to form a friendship with one, to whom, for his brother's sake, he felt so much indebted. Mr. Singleton also paid frequent and ever-welcome visits to Llanaven, and Lord Wentworth was almost continually there.

Sir Roland, after a time began to suspect that it was not only for his sake, that his friend showed so much indifference to his own fine property in Dorsetshire; but that there was some greater attraction which drew him so often to Llanaven. Lady Florence was now near eighteen, very lovely and very lively, and Sir Roland

could not but perceive that Lord Wentworth was much attached to her. He did not feel equal confidence, however, in her feeling towards him: and anxious that his friend should avoid the fate that had been so harrowing to himself, he determined to speak to him, and entreat him to be sure of the grounds of his hope, before he ventured all his happiness on so young a creature.

Lord Wentworth was not handsome, but his animated look, and bright quick eye, gave a most pleasing expression to his countenance; and the amiability of his disposition, and his high principle, made Sir Roland feel confident that if Florence really liked him, he would omit nothing in his power to make her happy.

"Do you not think Florence very lovely?" he said to him one

day.

"I rather wished to speak to you about her."

"About her? You?" exclaimed Lord Wentworth in the greatest

alarm. "Ashton, you do not mean—you are not—"
"Me? Oh! no," replied Sir Roland, with a sad smile. "No,
Wentworth, my heart is shut to that sort of thing. But I have thought that I perceived that yours was not; and I would entreat you to be sure that you have good reason for hope, before you let your feelings get too much entangled. I have no right to ask your confidence, but only wish that my fate may be a warning to you. I do not say, 'Love not,' far from it; I would say, 'Love,' but

take care that your love is returned." "I have taken care of that," said Lord Wentworth, smiling, with a heightened colour; "and was just wishing to speak to you on the subject, when your question came out and terrified me so much.

"Why 'terrified you,' if your heart was at restabout it?" asked Sir Roland.

"A deadly fear seized me, that you might, without my perceiving

"No. I see that she is lovely, and know that she is good; but my heart can never, I feel, be roused to anything of that kind again. But how have you ascertained that your feelings are returned?"

"By asking her," replied Lord Wentworth, quietly.
"That is good authority, certainly," said Sir Roland, laughing; " and I am most truly happy that you have such to go upon. And have you really settled it all with her? I am so thankful! for my heart has often trembled for you lately.

"Mine has, I know, many a time trembled for itself," said Lord Wentworth; "till at last I thought it would be best to put an end to doubt, one way or the other, and so I spoke to her to-day, and feel

very happy now.

"I suppose you do," said Sir Roland, amused at the absurdly quiet manner which Lord Wentworth chose to assume. "I dare say you preferred receiving a favourable answer to having a refusal.

Well, I am very thankful,—very thankful!" Though a shade of sadness settled on his countenance as he spoke.

"Ashton, will you let me speak one word to you?" exclaimed

Lord Wentworth, suddenly dropping his affected simplicity and apathy, and resuming his natural, animated manner.

"A thousand, if you like."
"But it is about yourself."

"About me! There is not much to be said about me; but say

whatever you like."

"I hardly know how to speak; but what I want to say is, that I wish so much that you would give up the determination never to—form any new ties—never, in short—to marry. I cannot think it right, that one so young should make such a resolution. Your heart is formed for affection, and you should cultivate it.—I know you will forgive me, but it makes me very unhappy to think, that you should cut yourself off from the best joys of life, by a too clinging regard to what is past. I know you love many, and especially that thing,' he added, pointing playfully to Henry Ashton's boy, who was, as usual, sitting on Sir Roland's knee; "but it is not like having things of one's own."

Sir Roland unconsciously raised the child in his arms as Lord Wentworth spoke, with a love scarcely less thrilling than that of a

parent.

"You are wrong, Wentworth," he said, "in thinking I have determined never to marry. It is not so: but I do not feel that I could. The strong efforts I have made to detach my thoughts from the world—for she was the world to me!—seem to have rendered me incapable of ever loving devotedly again, and without that I could not marry. I did not think, indeed, that I could ever again have felt such love for any living being as I do for this tiny thing;" and he pressed his lip repeatedly to the child's soft velvet cheek; "so in time I may feel other affections steal upon me:—but I doubt it. However, do not be troubled for me—I am happier than I can express; and with a far more stable happiness than I ever enjoyed before, because my hope now cannot fail and the more the tempest blows, the closer does the refuge seem to me. 'If it be a daily conflict, it is, through Christ, a daily victory.' 'In the world ye shall have tribulation,' He says, but adds, 'be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' Both these truths I have experienced, and I know that they are truths. Earth is not the home of happiness, for Satan is the prince of this world.

Stands symbol of our faith, and it shall last
As long as man is mortal, and unhappy.
The gay at heart may wander to the skies,
And harps may there be found them, and the branch
Of palm be put into their hands:—on earth
We know them not;—no votary of our faith,
Till he has dropped his tears into the stream,
Tastes of its sweetness."

"Yet no one ever tasted the sweetness of that stream more than you did, even before your heavy trial came," said Lord Wentworth.

"Nothing like what I have done since—oh! nothing like it!" exclaimed Sir Roland. "Then—it was indeed the best of my

blessings; now—it seems the only one—so completely does it swallow up all others. No, Wentworth, I can add my testimony to that of Hernell, where he says"—and reaching down the book, he read—"Man may be disappointed in his greatest hopes in life, without on that account becoming unhappy. I have long suspected, and am daily more and more, by the course of the world, and through my own experience, convinced that there is he other actual misfortune, except this only—not to have God for our Friend."

THE END.

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